November 30, 1935

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

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Nov. 30, 1935

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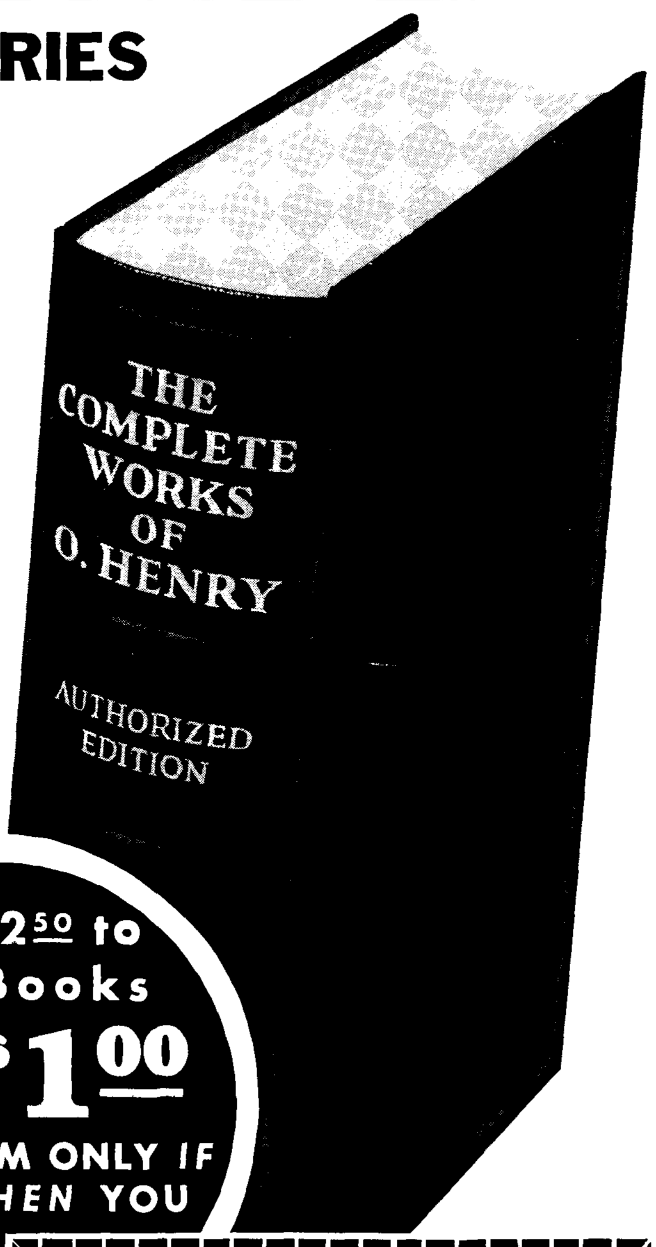

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Next Week

ANYONE who has been hitchhiking across Arizona one minute and the next has been spraying the inside of the El Portal jail with a sub-machine gun will know just how Johnny Reed felt. We, for our part, don't profess to; but we suspect that he was thinking about the girl whom he was helping to join her fiancé. This may sound a bit complicated, but it isn't, being built up in simple stages from a hot-dog stand to a running battle. The story is "Traveling Light" by W. R. Burnett. It begins at seventy miles an hour, but quickly gathers speed.

"FOOD for the Hungry" is a slogan that almost anyone would agree to. But when the Administration came to footing its bill of three and a half billion dollars for feeding the hungry and housing the homeless, there were a good many who felt that it was exorbitant. How could you use all that money for such simple purposes? Surely much of it must have gone in graft. To these questions Harry L. Hopkins, who as Federal Relief Administrator and now as Head of the Works Progress Administration has spent most of the money, gives dramatic answers.

HOW or why Lota Thompson fell in love with a prize fighter she was never able to tell, but she decided to make the best of it. She would get Terry out of the game and lead him along the pleasant paths of Park Avenue. Terry looked into her eyes and agreed. But there was one thing they had both forgotten. Terry was a "Fighting Man." The story is told by Quentin Reynolds.

ONE characteristic of a dictatorship is that it exercises complete control over public opinion. But in Nazi Germany there is an exception. Listen closely and you will hear the defiant voice of Dr. Schacht raised in criticism of the Nazi program. How does he dare? The answer is that Germany can't get along without Dr. Schacht. T. R. Ybarra introduces "Hitler's Paymaster."

KIRBY and Anson were just killing time when they set out to discover why the lovely blond girl looked so frightened. It was "Nobody's Business," but their interest saved a home from being wrecked and severely jarred a very tough character from Chicago. C. S. Montanye lets you into the secret.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS contributes a story of South Seas adventure and of Freddie, the devil child. John McClain, Ruth Seinfel, Ernest Haycox, Francis Wallace, Sylvia Fuller and Lawrence Mortimer are present and performing. You're invited.

This Week

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November 30, 1935

Cover by Howard Butler

MAX BRAND
Thoroughbred. The heroic story of a gentleman rider. Page 7

OWEN P. WHITE
What's Delaying Television? Our newest miracle. Page 10

RICHARD CONNELL
A Certain Star. The girl who refused to shine by reflected glory. Page 12

THOMAS McMORROW
The Sign of the Virgin. Tarat solves the champagne-cork murders. Page 14

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Fifty Seconds' Work. Doc Bagley, a good man to have in your corner. Page 16

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Stand-Up, by John O'Hara. Page 17

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Mixed Bag. Hunting for upland game. Page 18

GEORGE CREEL
Ball of Fire. Carter Glass, independent, explosive and beloved. Page 19

JACLAND MARMUR
Man of Honor. The captain of cargadores sailing with treasure and romance. Page 20

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trail Smoke, Part II. The lines of mystery. Page 22

KYLE CRICHTON
The Girl with One Name. Triple star at eighteen—Margo. Page 28

FRANCIS WALLACE
The Odds Against Honor, Part VI. The hand of the gambler. Page 32

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. A flurry of facts. Page 63

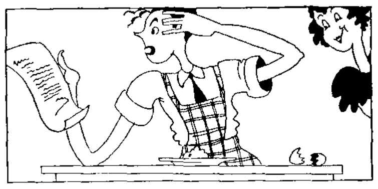
EDITORIAL
With Flags Flying. Page 70

●

Any Week

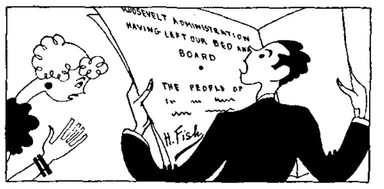
ALL sides are on record now. Directly after we published our piece about Grand Coulee—"Power in the Wilderness"—letters began to pour in from the Spokane district of Washington State accusing us of every unpleasant crime from libel up and down. There was a fascinating similarity in these letters, forcing us to admire the industry of the gentlemen who promoted the vigorous protest. Eastern Washington came along a bit later, in smaller volume, but commending us for our lack of enthusiasm for the Grand Coulee power project. Samples: (From Spokane) "You have insulted the entire Northwest," writes Mr. James G. Horan. "You have libeled the finest wheat land in this country. With the irrigation we will have from Grand Coulee, that section of Washington will increase tenfold in value." (From Seattle) "I am glad to read in my favorite magazine the truth about a political project which bids fair to be one of the biggest flops we have yet seen," says Mr. Alex Furthmann. And that left nothing to wish for except an opinion from a Washington farmer. And now he is making himself heard: "I would have written to you about what you said about Grand Coulee and some of the land in this section long ago," reports Mr. Armand Greuell from Baird. "Every word you said about farming in this part of the country is right."

UNTIL we reached the end of Mr. William N. Nordross' letter we regarded him as a friend. From Superior, Wisconsin, Mr. Nordross sent us "a good remedy for sprains." Wrote he: "Put the white of an egg in a saucer. Keep stirring with a piece of alum about the size of a walnut until it becomes a thick jelly," etc., etc. "Then," concludes Mr. Nordross, "apply it to your brains if you can find them."



THE reasons for Mr. Nordross' bitterness is not clear, although we suspect politics. It may be that Mrs. Anna Glennon Sproson of Hot Springs, Virginia, has an answer for him. "As far as I can see," says Mrs. Sproson, "the Republican candidate for the presidency will run on a save-the-Constitution platform. If elected he can say that the Constitution has been saved. But then what? They will have to save more than the Constitution if they want to keep folks quiet for four years."

"I SEE," says Mr. W. W. Wattern of Holyoke, Massachusetts, "that the Honorable Hamilton Fish of New York is out for President. He also says that the present Administration has abandoned America and Americanism. That would make President Roosevelt a deserter. So, if the Honorable Fish is elected President, why couldn't he balance the budget and lower taxes by putting one of those bed and board advertisements in the paper? For instance: The Roosevelt Administration having left our bed and board, we, the people of the United States, are not responsible for his debts."



AND when he has done that, he might look into a pretty desperate situation revealed to us by a gentleman attending one of the scores of conventions that are always getting in one another's way in Washington. We were admiring the huge splendor of the new home of the Supreme Court. The delegate was admiring too, but apprehensively. "I hear," he said, "they're making all these new government buildings so big because the basements of all of them are filled with machine guns." Naturally we became interested. "It's for the revolution," he explained. "You'd think," we observed, "that the government would have heard about it —and do something." But we're pretty dumb about things like that and he could see it. "The government," he explained, "ain't doing anything about it because it's the government that's going to pull off the revolution. See?"

THIS would have worried us had we not heard from Mrs. Jenny Duryea of Omaha, Nebraska. Mrs. Duryea has a plan "to make all persons getting government or state relief take the oath of allegiance to the American flag before money or supplies are issued to them and cut them off relief the minute they break this oath by word, thought or deed."

WHAT a relief!

THROUGH no fault of the author, we had the wrong Cooper building Russia's great Dnieprostroy dam in Walter Davenport's Passamaquoddy article. It was not Dexter P. Cooper but his brother, Col. Hugh L. Cooper, who did the Soviet job. We were in the right family, anyway.

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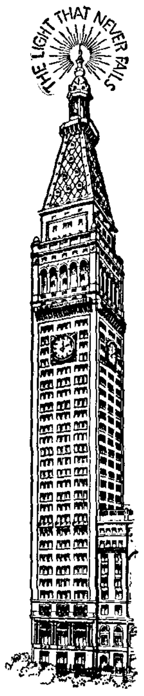
Time for Bed

CHILDREN must have the proper amount of sleep in order to grow, to fight off disease, to become alert mentally and strong physically. Foremost child experts prescribe the definite amounts of sleep which children should have at various ages (shown in the chart). A child should be in the right frame of mind when he goes to bed. If he has been unduly excited, it is difficult for him to relax.

Adults, too, should have the proper amount of sleep. Each day they burn up tissue which rest helps to restore at night. During hours of physical and mental activity the body accumulates fatigue poisons which are thrown off in sleep.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Pain, worry, bad digestion are sleep-thieves. Prolonged loss of sleep makes one irritable and below par, mentally and physically. The tendency to insomnia may often be successfully combated in various ways—sometimes by taking a walk before going to bed—reading a non-exciting book—drinking a cup of hot milk, but above all, by learning to relax. Let go of every muscle, ease every tension, drop your problems until tomorrow and let yourself sink into the bed instead of holding yourself rigidly on top of it. Even though you do not actually go to sleep, such repose will bring a good measure of health repair. But when loss of sleep is persistent, a physician should be consulted.

SLEEP REQUIRED BY THE AVERAGE CHILD

One of the most valuable things you can do for your child is to insist that he gets enough sleep. Make sure that he receives his full amount of Nature's great builder and restorer—sleep.

Age	*Hours of sleep needed*
At birth	20 to 22 hours*
At 6 months	16 to 18 hours*
At 1 year	14 to 16 hours*
2 to 5 years	13 to 15 hours*
6 to 7 "	12 hours
8 to 10 "	11 hours
11 to 12 "	10 to 11 hours
13 to 15 "	10 to 12 hours

*Including daytime sleep

(Compiled from U.S. Children's Bureau Folder 11, "*Why Sleep?*")

Sleep sweeps away the mental cobwebs from tired brains, recharges wearied muscles, rebuilds worn tissue and gives the heart its nearest approach to rest. Send for a copy of our free booklet entitled "Sleep." Address Booklet Department 1235-C.

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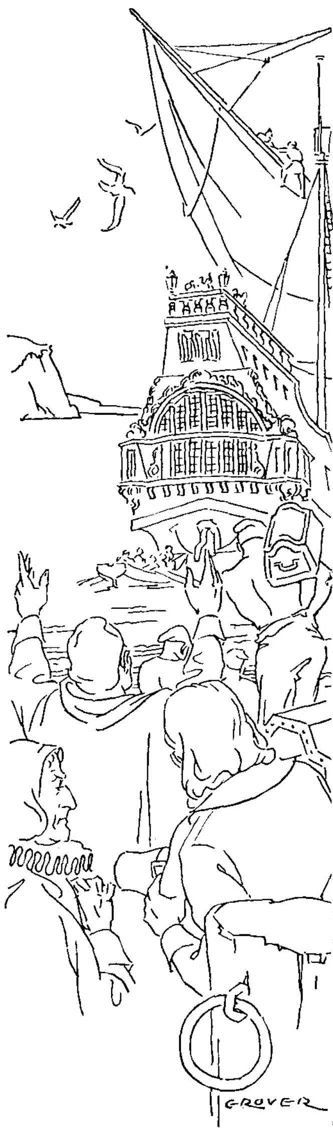

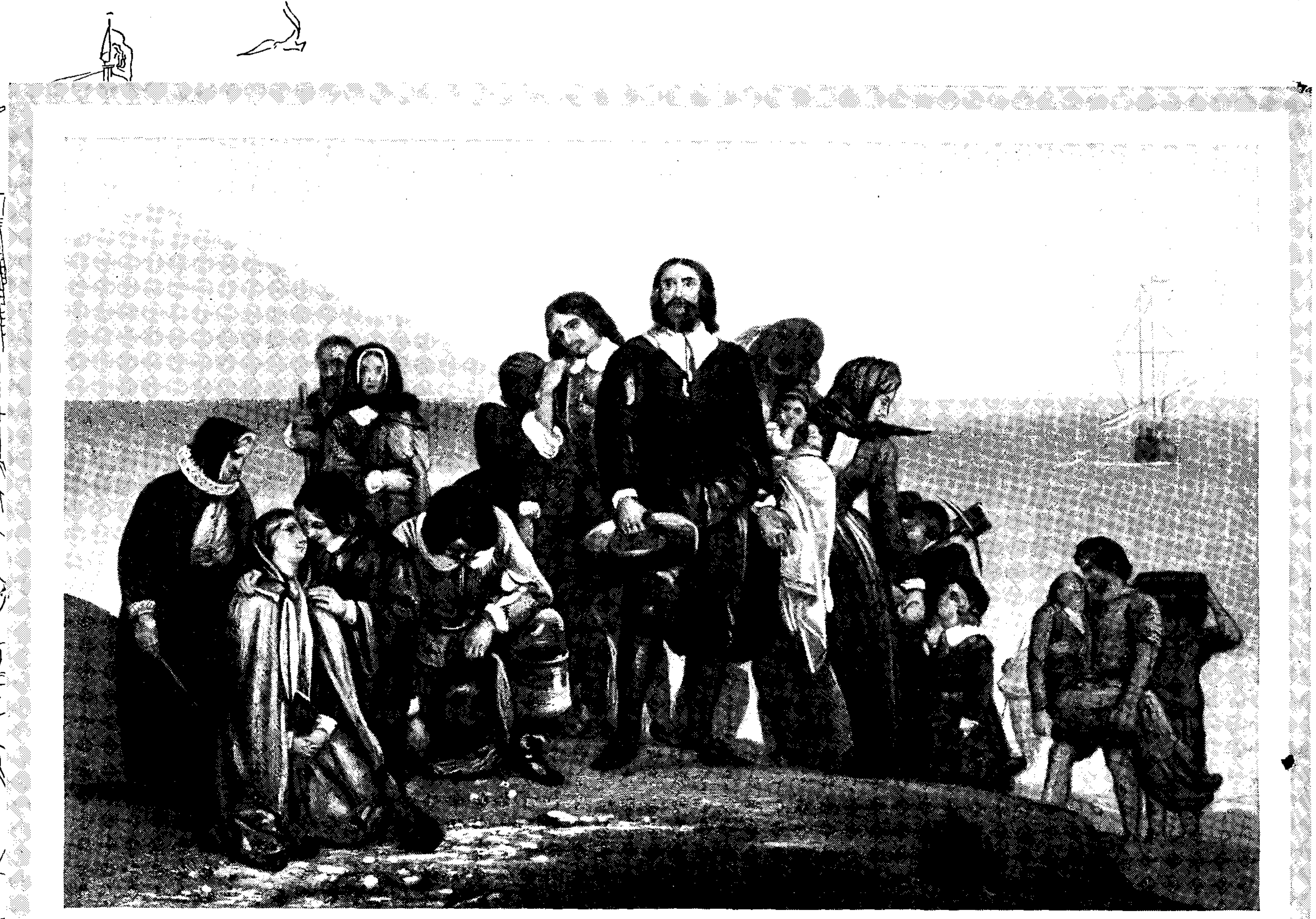

On December 21, 1620, after three months of perilous voyaging in the "Mayflower", the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, hundreds of miles north of their proposed destination. But news of their safe arrival did not reach their homeland until the "Mayflower" had recrossed the Atlantic months afterward.

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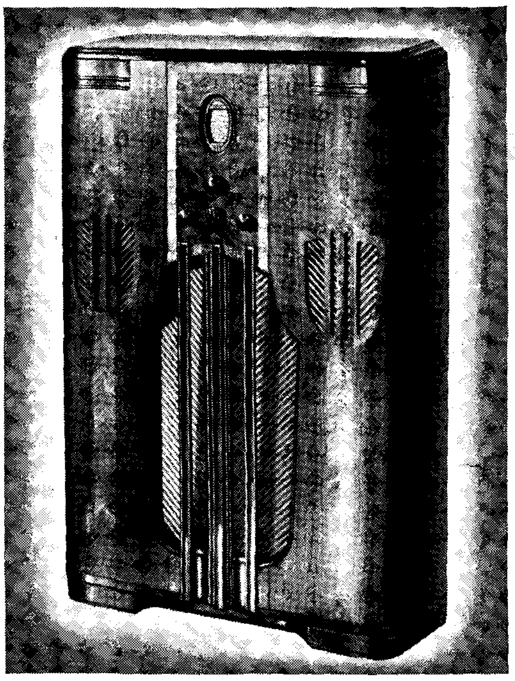

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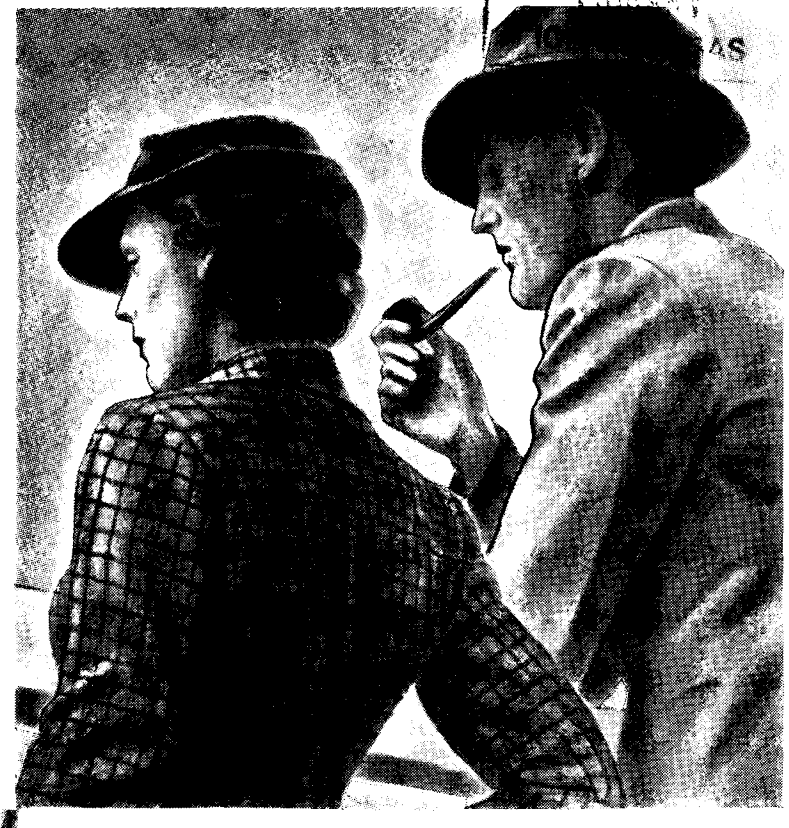
Collier's The National Weekly for November 30, 1935

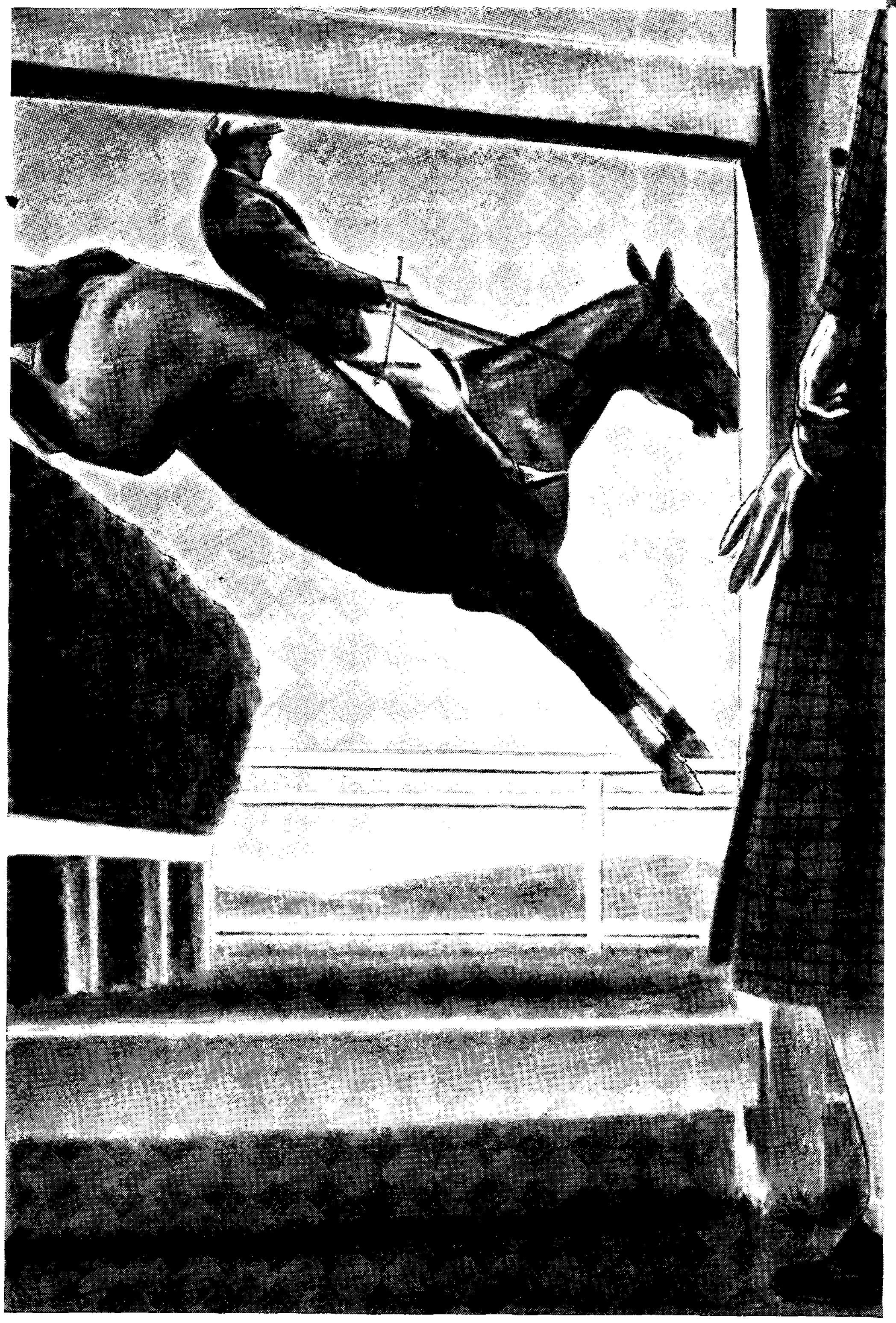
Thoroughbred

The story of Freeman Paget and a horse— and a girl who never forgot he was a gentleman

By Max Brand

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY





Jim Baring said: "I never saw such a pair of hands. He sends electricity down the reins and does the thinking for the horse"

HARRY DELWIN said: "Listen, Free! Will you listen or are you boiled?"

"I can listen," said Freeman Paget, "but I've had enough to stiffen my upper lip a little and the words don't have much meaning. Why don't you take a walk, Harry?"

"What's the matter? Don't you want me around?" demanded Delwin.

"You're so sleek that you shine," said Paget, "and my eyes are too weak to stand the glare. I mean you ought to take more exercise."

"I know what you mean," said Delwin. "But I'm here to talk business."

"Give me fifty dollars," said Paget.

"You've had a lot of fifties out of me. Why should I keep on forking out?"

"Give me fifty dollars," said Paget.

"When do I get it back?" asked Delwin.

"This afternoon, if you play Portulaca in the second race. . . . Waiter! Another, please. What will you have, Harry?"

"I don't want anything," answered Delwin. "Neither do you."

"What will you have, Harry?"

"Well, a thin one. I don't like to drink in the middle of the day, though."

"Waiter, two of these."

"Here's the fifty," said Delwin. "Now will you listen to me?"

"You've paid for this long-distance call. Go ahead and use your three minutes."

"YOU'RE riding Which Way for Jim Baring in the Clarenton Cup."

"I won't have to ride. I'll only have to sit still and watch that horse win."

"That won't bring you any closer to marrying Judith Baring. Unless you want to live on her money."

"We were talking about a horse race," said Freeman Paget.

"We were. The point is that it's going to be a real race, after all. Perry Gibson entered a gray stallion, Bristol, yesterday afternoon."

"I never heard of Bristol."

"You'd hear of him if you went to England. Bristol can beat Which Way."

"All right, but where's the dirt?"

"What do you mean?"

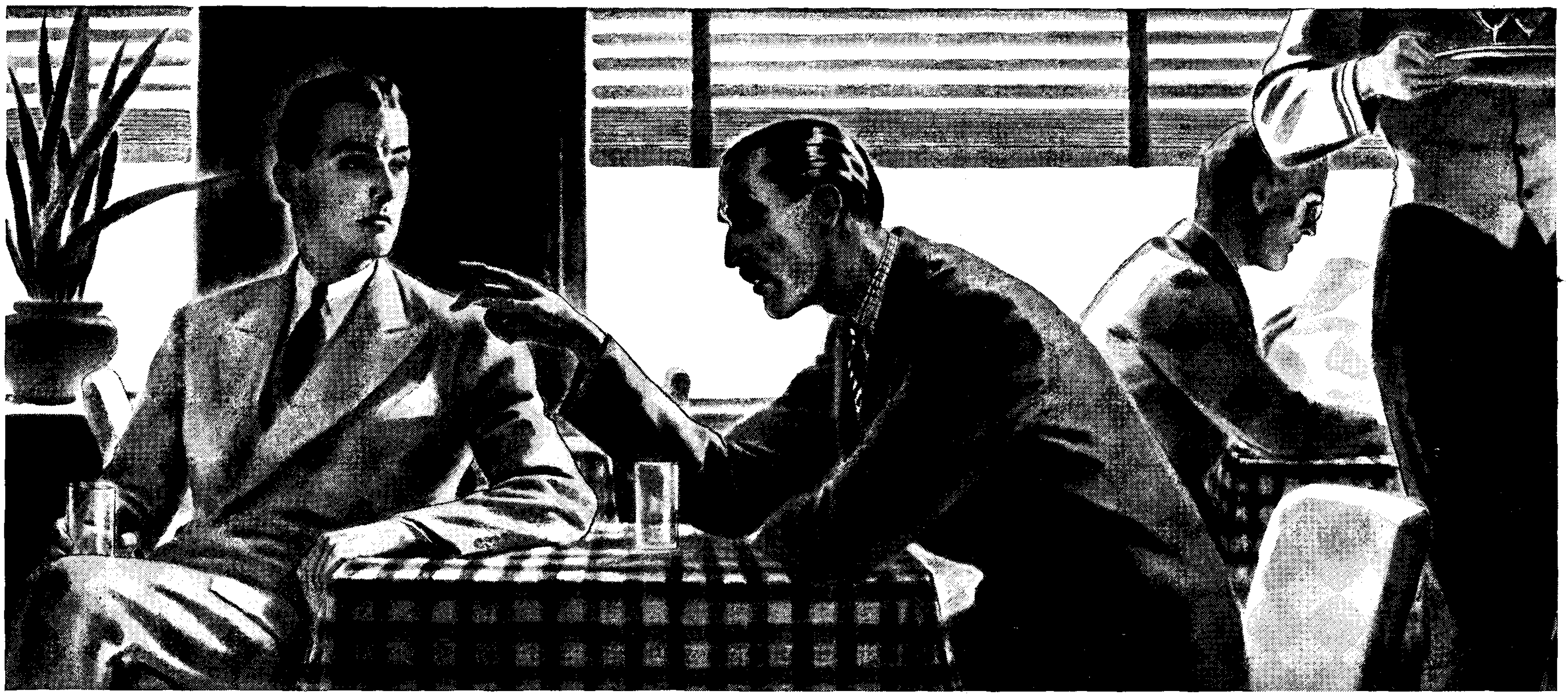
"Whenever I see that hungry look in your eye, I know that the meat is well hung," said Freeman Paget.

"You can't talk like that to me!"

"Your three minutes is nearly up. Go ahead and speak your piece," said Paget.

"I'm trying to give you a helping hand, Free," said Delwin. "And you keep shying away and kicking mud in my face. Listen to me. Nobody knows Bristol. Which Way is going to the post an odds-on favorite. Bristol will open at about thirty-to-one even after the dopesters have watched him gallop and jump. . . . How much money have you in the world?"

"About twenty-five hundred. Want it?"



"Listen to me. You put your twenty-five hundred down on Bristol and you'll clean up fifty thousand dollars"

"Open your ears, Free. . . . You're not drunk, are you? . . . Then listen to me. You put your twenty-five hundred down on Bristol and you'll clean up fifty thousand dollars when he wins."

Paget pushed back his chair. The feet of it stuttered out a small thunder against the floor.

"You've used up your time," he said. "This call is ended, Delwin."

"Free, listen! Now, for Pete's sake don't kick opportunity in the face! You and the Baring girl have been waiting for a couple of years for you to get placed. You won't marry her money and live on it—and she can't keep on waiting for you forever. Even if she didn't have a penny, the men wouldn't let her alone. Not with a face like—"

"That's enough, Delwin."

"Free, sit down again. Don't pull out on me. Don't—"

"HOW many times have you bribed jockeys?" asked Paget.

"You think I'm a dog. I'm not a dog. It's only when a man sees a chance for a big killing. Sit down, Free, will you?"

Paget sat down.

"Wipe your face. It's dripping," he said. . . . "How many riders have you turned into dirty crooks, Delwin?"

"You won't understand. I'm talking about your own future. You can clean up fifty thousand. With that for backing, there are a lot of businesses that would be glad to take you in. You could step out and marry— I'm sorry. I won't talk about that any more. But—"

"The idea is that I bet my wad on Bristol."

"And get in on the juicy part of the odds."

"I bet on Bristol and ride Which Way. When I've committed myself, you'll know that you can plunge with everything you have. That I'll ride Which Way so he's sure not to win. Then you'll go the limit."

"You know what the limit is? I've got twenty thousand. I can beg and borrow and steal another thirty. I'll put the whole thing on Bristol. With Which Way fixed, it's the surest thing I ever heard of. The odds can't be backed down too far. They won't be shorter than two-to-one at the post. I'll average about ten to one all the way down the line. I'll clean up a fortune, Free, and I'll cut you in on it. You see how clean I'm coming? I want you to feel how much depends on your doing the right sort of a job. I'll cut you in big. And all you'll have to do will be to use the old head a little. Get Which Way into one jam. Just make one mistake. Bristol can win on his merits, anyway—but you'll make it sure."

"Well, all right," said Freeman Paget. "If this doesn't work out you're washed up forever, I take it?"

"Don't talk about that. I'm not going to be washed up. Give me your hand on this, Free, will you?"

"You'll see my money go down on the line," answered Paget. "That ought to be enough guarantee for you."

"There's Turk McFadden just went by the door. Nobody will give you better odds than Turk McFadden. Go and nail him now, will you?"

Paget looked at the ceiling.

"All right," he said, and left the room.

He found Turk McFadden's red face in the middle of a group and beckoned him aside.

"I was just talking with Dave Solomon about you, Mr. Paget," said McFadden. "Solomon says that you have the finest pair of hands he ever saw. He says with hands like yours, you could juggle raw eggs and not get your fingers dirty. If you ever cut out this gentleman rider business, and go right into the profession, Mr. Paget—"

"Have you seen that new entry in the Clarenton Cup?"

"Bristol? Yes. He's a nice piece of goods. Gray, with black silk stockings on every leg. That's the kind of points for a horse to have. He's a big bruiser but as sleek as a referee's whistle."

"McFADDEN, I want to do some business with you; not for the newspapers, either."

"I hope you can trust me, Mr. Paget. Not a word to a soul. What is it, sir?"

"What are your odds on Bristol?"

"About thirty-to-one."

"I want to put twenty-five hundred dollars on Bristol."

"Twenty-five hundred—on Bristol? Did I get that right? But you're riding Which Way, I thought."

"I'm riding Which Way. But that English horse looks too strong to me."

"Ah, that's the way of it, eh? . . . Look here, I can't give you more than ten-to-one, if it's that way."

"That will do all right," Paget said.

"Very well, Paget."

"Goodby, McFadden." Free did not seem to notice the omission of the prefix to his name.

McFadden forgot to echo the farewell, perhaps because he was making a notation in his book.

THE green gray of the dawn had barely turned to blue and gold, but Jim Baring and his sister Judith were already leaning against the fence to watch Which Way at his work, for Freeman Paget was giving the gelding a stiff bit of jumping; between that morning and the running of the Clarenton Cup the steeplechaser would have nothing but a bit of warming-up. Now he flew the jumps on wings, his big-boned ugliness made beautiful with speed.

Jim Baring said: "Free knows how to lighten Which Way in the forehand. That's the great secret. I never saw such a pair of hands. He sends electricity down the reins and does the thinking for the horse. One brain serves the two of them. . . . What's the matter, Judy?"

"Nothing," said Judith Baring.

"You've got tears in your eyes."

"It's the cold of this morning wind," she said.

"There's something wrong with you. Why don't you come clean?"

"I wish you wouldn't bother me, Jim," she said.

"It's Free," said Jim Baring. "There—I touched you that time. It's old Free, and I knew it. I wish he wouldn't be such a damned fool, really. We want him in the family, don't we? But he's such a clean-bred one that he'd rather steal than live on the Baring money, I think. I'm going to talk to him today."

"I wish you wouldn't; please don't, Jim."

"I'm going to. What's the matter with you, Judy? Your lip's trembling. You look like a sick puppy. I tell you, I'm going to put an end to all this damned nonsense. You'll be married to Free within a month or I'll know the reason why."

"I'm never going to marry," said Judith.

"Wait a minute. Judy, are you crazy?"

"I'm never going to marry," she said, and walked quickly away.

Jim Baring looked after her blankly. . . .

Which Way took the water jump, trailing his feet cleverly through the brush. Freeman Paget cut outside the next barrier and eased the gelding to a canter, a trot, a walk. Which Way walked like an ambling cow, his head working back and forth on a ewe-neck, a big, Roman-nosed head that seemed to overweigh the neck entirely.

"He's had enough," said Freeman Paget.

"He's not fine enough," declared Baring, when they had the gelding back in the stable with two grooms rubbing him down.

"He's had enough," answered Paget. "For a distance like the Clarenton, a horse has to have something more than legs. There has to be a bit of gallop left in his belly. Remember that he's by Waylay out of Whichever and neither of them trained very fine."

"He looks like cold blood," declared Baring. "He looks like a big gawk of an Irish hunter."

"Where's Judy?" asked Paget.

"She's gone away somewhere. Free, will you listen to me? She's changing a lot. That blue under the eyes isn't right. She's breaking her heart, Free; do you know that? And all because you're such a damned fool. Now look me in the eye and tell me. Are you a damned fool?"

"Yes," said Paget.

"God bless you, Free. Now you go right on over to the car and tell her what a damned fool you've been. You ask her to marry you, will you? . . . Don't start talking back to me. You've been smacking her down with your rotten pride all this while. Will you go ask her to marry you now?"

"Yes," said Paget.

HE WENT over to the big car and slipped into the front seat under the wheel, beside Judith.

She said: "Hello, Free—" And she smiled at him.

"Judy, will you marry me?" he asked.

"No, Free," she said.

"Have you stopped loving me?"

"No," she said.

"Then what's the matter?"

"I don't know. I'm never going to marry," she answered.

"Kiss me, Judy, will you?"

"Yes, Free."

"Now look here. When we're close

like this, you can't say you've stopped loving me."

"I do love you," she said.

"And you won't marry me?"

"No, Free."

He patted her shoulder softly.

"All right," said Paget. "It's all right, Judy. Don't you go worrying about it. The old instinct is talking inside you. And it's all right. You stop crying, Judy, will you?"

"Yes," she said.

WHEN the bookies are nervous, something happens to the atmosphere at a race track. A noise goes through the crowd like the humming of wires in a high wind. And the bookies were nervous on the day of the running of the Clarenton Cup. On their boards the new horse, Bristol, stood an even-money favorite with the former first choice, Which Way. Money-pressure had done that, but before the odds were cut to evens, thousands had been laid at thirty and twenty to one. Only Turk McFadden, that wise old head, had hedged from the first in a very clever way. So the whisper was in the air and Bristol was the word on everyone's lips.

Jim Baring was watching the saddling of Which Way.

"How are you, Free?" he asked.

"Right enough," said Paget.

"Are you, really? I knew I shouldn't have let you sit up last night. But I had to talk."

"That? Oh, that did me good."

"This Judy business hasn't cut the heart out of you?"

"No, not a bit."

"Old Free!" said Jim Baring. "Nobody can tell what's inside a woman's head. . . . Here's Which Way trying to eat your hand—let's talk about him. Remember that he can do with a bit of the whip if a pinch comes. Let him have his head most of the way and don't think he's running himself out if he drops the others behind him, pretty fast. He takes his fences so big and strides so large that he's apt to float away from the rest of the field after the first scamper. Just keep a nice hold on him and let him work; he won't stop. If he does—the whip! Burn it into him. He won't sulk. He's honest. But you know all this."

"That's all right," said Paget.

"Listen, Free," said Jim Baring. "I want you to watch the gray horse during the race. You see him over there? He's all silk but I don't think he's a yard wide."

"I think he's a yard wide, all right," said Paget.

"Don't like his middle piece," objected Baring.

"He's a little light, but he'll last. And Perry Gibson is up on him."

"They tell me Gibson is as good as a professional," said Baring. "But that doesn't worry me. So are you. However, there's been a big play on him the last twenty-four hours. Have you heard about the big play on him?"

"Something," said Paget.

"There's Wilson ready to give you the leg up. Goodby, Free. You'll give me the best you have. I know that. God bless you! Remember the whip in the pinch." . . .

Baring joined his sister in the grandstand only as the parade went past; and as big Which Way went by people turned bright faces and nodded and smiled and waved at the Barings.

"It's going to be yours, Jim," said fat Mrs. Johnson, who sat just behind. "Think of winning the Cup outright with one horse! That's never been done before; but they can't beat Which Way when he looks the way he does today. Freeman Paget has a lovely pair of hands *and* a seat. There they are at the post. I never can stand it simply, when it comes to the start."

A MOMENT later David Grayson Watkins appeared, a white face and swollen eyes of horror.

"You're not going to let him ride, are you, Jim?" he asked. "Not after the word I gave to Judith yesterday. It was the truth; I just happened to find out. Freeman Paget has bet twenty-five hundred dollars on Bristol! Judith, didn't you tell Jim? You can't have forgotten a thing like that!"

"Of course she told me," said Jim Baring, "but Paget told me before."

"What!" cried Watkins.

"No matter what horse he's riding, he has a right to his own opinion about the winner."

"But—"

"Oh, I know what you mean. I'm sorry you don't understand. Freeman Paget is a gentleman."

"Ah, yes—yes," said Watkins. "I understand, then. Terribly sorry, Judith. Frightfully sorry, Jim. I've made an ass of myself about this. I didn't—ah, well—"

"Why didn't you tell me, Judy?" asked Jim Baring, quietly, as Watkins left.

"I love him," said the girl.

"Do you, dear?" said Baring. "Well, it will come out all right."

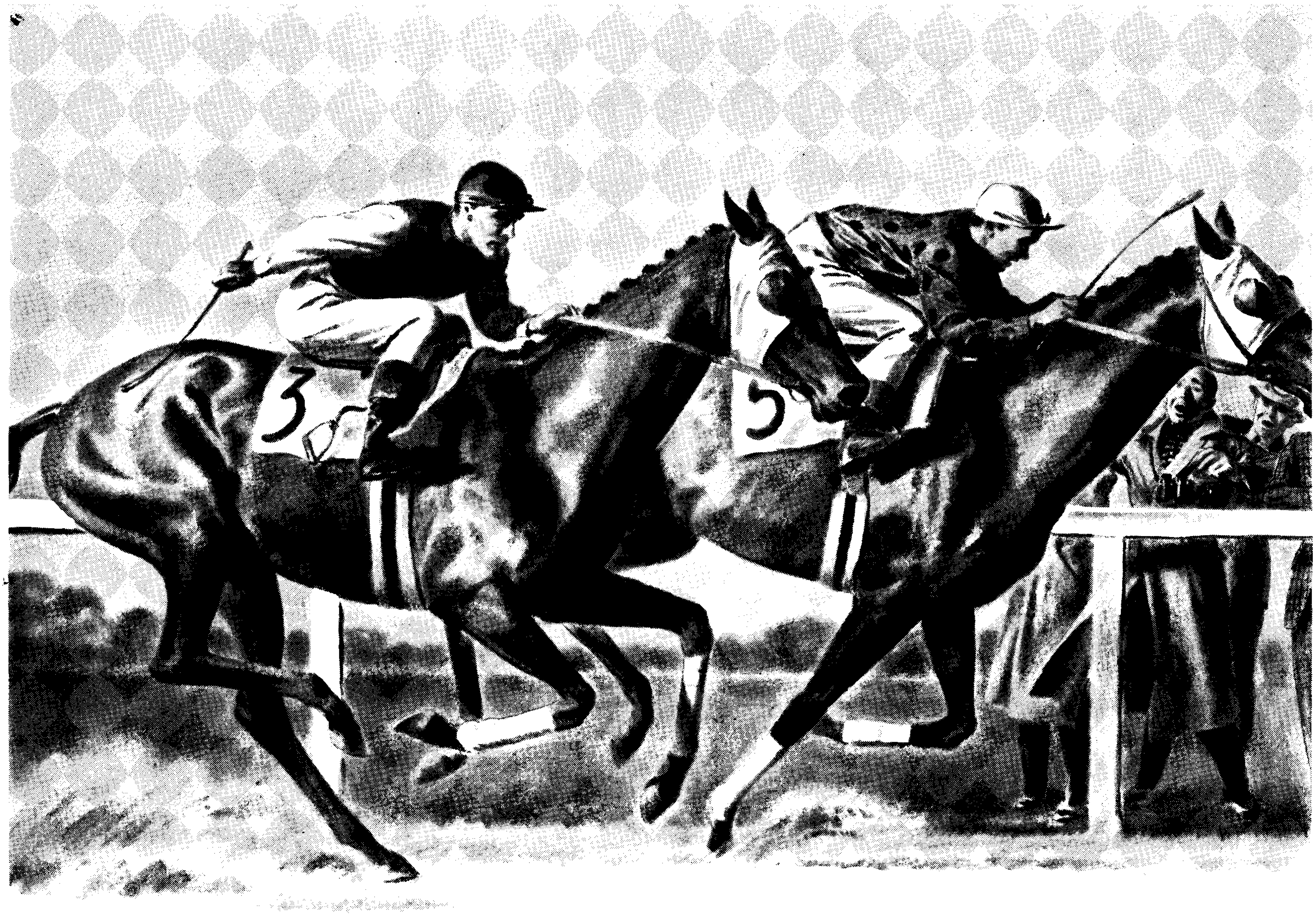
Which Way, disdaining the ground like a cloud of fire, danced and floated all the way to the post but Paget paid little attention to the horse, there was such a weight and cold sickness in his heart. He had to lose twenty-five hundred dollars to win that race. The winning would crush that swine of a Delwin forever. But would it bring Paget closer to Judith? Looking down at his hands as the reins played them in and out, Paget saw that they were lean and hard like the rest of him. They might well have been, he thought, the hands of an old man. From the smoothness of another time the flesh had wasted; the knuckles were sharp ridges; but the change in his body was nothing compared with the change in his soul.

There had been a gradual alteration, a lowering to days of idle drifting until at last he was a bit of the worthless chaff that blows and whirls and disappears in the rear of the racing season. Now, if Which Way lost, there never would be any explaining. Not if Bristol won. Well, he had a vague feeling that years ago life had been flashed in his eyes like a bright sword from which he had shrunk and all the rest of his days he had been cowering and cowering away.

He faced the race as one faces the surgeon, anxious to be through with the pain.

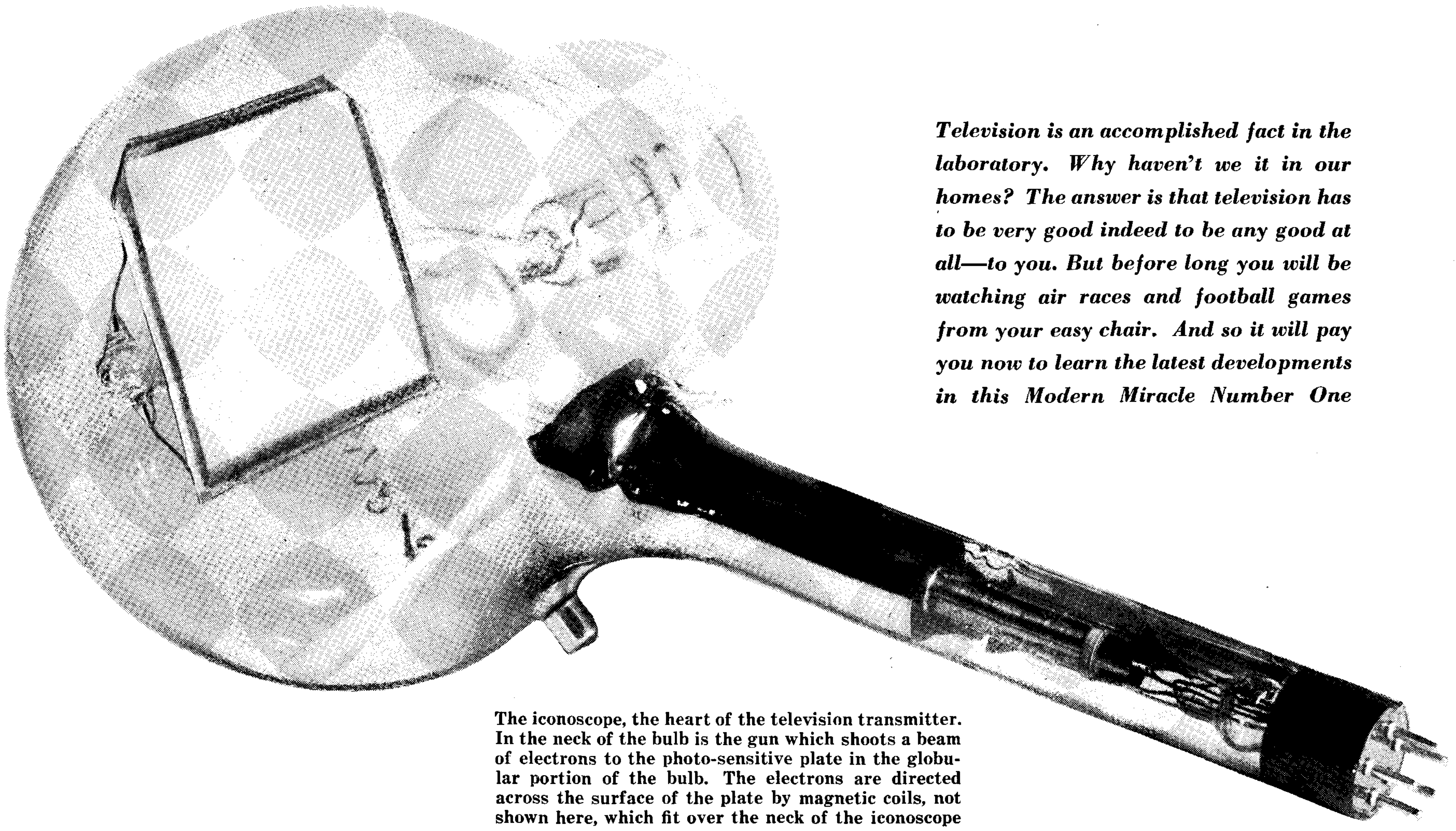
At last they were lined up, from inside to outside in order: Chancery, Elegance, Which Way, Calvinist, Bristol,

(*Continued on page* 68)



The voice of Perry Gibson screeched like the cry of a sea bird: "Too damned bad, Free! Pull up, old-timer"

Television is an accomplished fact in the laboratory. Why haven't we it in our homes? The answer is that television has to be very good indeed to be any good at all—to you. But before long you will be watching air races and football games from your easy chair. And so it will pay you now to learn the latest developments in this Modern Miracle Number One



The iconoscope, the heart of the television transmitter. In the neck of the bulb is the gun which shoots a beam of electrons to the photo-sensitive plate in the globular portion of the bulb. The electrons are directed across the surface of the plate by magnetic coils, not shown here, which fit over the neck of the iconoscope

What's Delaying Television?

By Owen P. White

THE exact day and hour seem to be shrouded in forgetfulness, but at any rate it was a great moment in history when, in the year 1906, two Frenchmen, named Rignoux and Fournier, busy in their small laboratory, put the finishing touches to a queer-looking contrivance upon which they had been working for months and pronounced it ready. And indeed, it was a queer-looking contrivance. One end of it consisted of a checkerboard of sixty-four squares, each one of which was connected by two wires to a corresponding tiny shutter in a similar checkerboard set up on the other side of the laboratory. In front of this second checkerboard stood a screen.

"But now, will this thing work?" asked Rignoux doubtfully. Fournier shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps," he replied. "Why shouldn't it? It is complete. We have omitted nothing. But, let us see; let us try it."

They did so. With a lens they focused a prepared picture, made up of simple pattern, upon their first checkerboard and instantly, magically, the sixty-four tiny shutters in the other checkerboard flew open, the light from behind them flashed through; the patterns were dimly reproduced upon the screen, and television had arrived!

Yes, in 1906, after almost forty years of research, television had arrived, but what good was it? Within a comparatively short time, maybe two years, maybe four, as you and I sit in our own homes and watch football games, prize fights and moving pictures, we will be able to answer that question very conclusively. But the two Frenchmen couldn't. They wouldn't even have deigned to try to answer it. For others, television, the elusive thing that they had brought into actual being, might have boundless commercial and financial possibilities, but, as far as they were concerned, what of it? The fact that some day millions of people might be buying television sets meant nothing to them.

On the other hand, the knowledge that where many of their predecessors had failed they had at last fully demonstrated the soundness of two fundamental theories regarding television meant everything. In other words, these two Frenchmen were pure scientists. Theirs was the scientific mind, and as that mind —as I recently found out by coming in contact with it in the mass in the research laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America, where I witnessed an up-to-date demonstration of television—is a far more amazing contraption than any of the weird things it produces, it seems to me that right here I should say something about it.

A Look at the Scientific Mind

To begin, the scientific mind is not at all like my mind, or maybe yours. It has no mother tongue, adheres to no religion, belongs to no political party, swears allegiance to no government, has no money sense, and thus, being wholly free of those hampering influences which, instead of glorifying the human intellect, tend to put it in a strait jacket, it works steadfastly to promote universal progress. The manner in which it goes about its work is also its own. It takes note of a peculiar natural phenomenon (as Watt did when he saw the lid of the teakettle lift, to the end that we now have compound locomotives) and begins to puzzle over it. It speculates. It becomes annoyed. It imagines. In a purely impersonal way it visualizes things that may come to pass a generation or two in the future, and thus, sorely tortured, it settles itself down to the heart-breaking task of research and experimentation.

For example—and right here we will take up one of the most fascinating problems that the scientific mind has ever solved—away back in the year 1873 a man named May discovered, accidentally perhaps, that the element selenium, in addition to smelling like horse-radish when he burned it and being in other respects generally useless, had the peculiar property of changing its electrical resistance when subjected to light rays of varying intensity. To you probably, and certainly to me, the fact that selenium behaved in such an outlandish manner would have meant exactly nothing at all. But with good old Dr. May it was very, very different. If anything in Nature acted in an unorthodox fashion it surely meant something. It had to, and therefore, looking sixty years ahead of his time, Dr. May saw so clearly that the antics of selenium meant *television* that three years before Alexander Graham Bell patented the telephone, and of course many years before radio was ever dreamed of, he actually constructed a "set" for the electrical transmission of pictures. It was crude and it was such a total failure that he didn't get even a flicker out of it, but as modern television —with its iconoscope, one of the most marvelous devices ever produced by the ingenuity of man—is its direct descendant it will be both interesting and instructive to take a look not only at the May method but also at one or two others which came after it.

The First Step Forward

Briefly then, the first effort to solve the television problem was when Dr. May, working alone and with no commercialized millions behind him, tried to transmit vision by projecting a picture upon a selenium plate with a lens, and allowing the selenium to do the rest through its ability to convert light into electrical energy. It didn't do it, though, and Dr. May didn't know why. Another scientist by the name of Carey felt that he did know. From experimenting with light Carey had evolved the theory that if pictures ever could be transmitted it would have to be by breaking them up into fragments—elements he called them— and so two years later, in 1875, he improved upon the May device by using a plate composed of a great number of tiny selenium cells, each one of which, according to his notion, would transmit its own energy and thus send out its own part of the picture. But he failed also because, having too many cells, he had no way of conducting the great number of separate currents from the cells to what we would now call his receiving set.

Block diagram of the iconoscope mounted in the camera. The unit is compact and can readily be moved to any pick-up location

He had, however, through his theoretical discovery that pictures must be torn into countless fragments and thus shipped piecemeal to a receiver which would put them together again, added greatly to fundamental television knowledge. It was as a result of this discovery that, after a long line of other scientists working over a period of more than thirty years and all using selenium plates with a great number of cells had achieved no results whatever, it finally came about that in 1906 our two Frenchmen produced their checkerboard device and with it brought to an end the first chapter of television research by actually transmitting and reproducing a picture.

As anyone can readily see, the device that the Frenchmen had perfected, no matter how fully it justified scientific theories, was entirely unpractical. For a picture to be any good at all it must have detail, which means that instead of being torn into sixty-four fragments it must be, as we will see later, torn into something more like sixty-four thousand, and naturally no man wanted to undertake to construct a machine consisting of that many cells, each one connected with a pair of wires to that many individual shutters.

Old Ideas in New Roles

The scientists, therefore, as their next step in the business of television research, set themselves to the task of developing some method whereby they could not only vastly increase the number of their picture elements but also transmit their electrical impulses over *one* wire, or along *one* channel of communication. In both directions they made rapid progress. First, by adopting Hertz waves, then being used in wireless telegraphy, they were able to dispense with wires; and second, by going back to 1884 and resurrecting what is known as the Nipkow disk from the oblivion into which it had fallen and applying it to their problem they were able to tear their pictures up into many more fragments than formerly.

This Nipkow disk is a very simple device. It consists merely of a flat, circular plate pierced by a series of lens-covered openings arranged in a spiral path in such a way that when it is set up, with a strong light behind it, in front of a sensitive plate upon which a picture has been focused, and rotated at a uniform speed, the "flying light spots" scan the picture along horizontal lines. Or decompose it, as the scientists say, by causing the light-sensitive cells to discharge their electrical impulses, *not simultaneously*, but in such rapid succession that something roughly approaching the optical illusion of simultaneity (which is the illusion that makes motion pictures possible) is procured. Or to put it another way, television as it was now produced by the Nipkow disk method was both a brilliant success and a dismal failure. It was a brilliant scientific achievement because by hooking all their television knowledge up with all that they knew about radio as it then stood the scientists were able to send pictures, via the air, for considerable distances. On the other hand it was a dismal failure because when the pictures arrived at their destination they were too flickery, and too lacking in detail to be of any value.

Television's Stumbling Block

These shortcomings were not due to faulty reception. Whatever was sent was reproduced exactly as it left the transmitter, so that the problem now resolved itself into one of *picking up* the picture, no matter whether it was a studio scene, a politician making a speech, or a prize fight, in such complete detail that when it reached the receiving set it would have as much quality to it, almost, as a photograph. What seemed to be insurmountable difficulties stood in the way of accomplishing such a pick-up. For example, it was estimated (and has been since demonstrated) that if a light-sensitive plate about three by five inches were to be used to pick up a picture in *good* detail it would have to contain seventy thousand elements, or cells, each of which would have to discharge its electrical impulse in exactly the same way that the sixty-four cells in the checkerboard did, except that the seventy thousand must do it successively and not all at the same instant. Furthermore, as we have already seen, for the sake of fooling the eye into believing that what it saw was only one picture the plate had to be scanned by a flying spot, or something similar to it, at least twenty times a second.

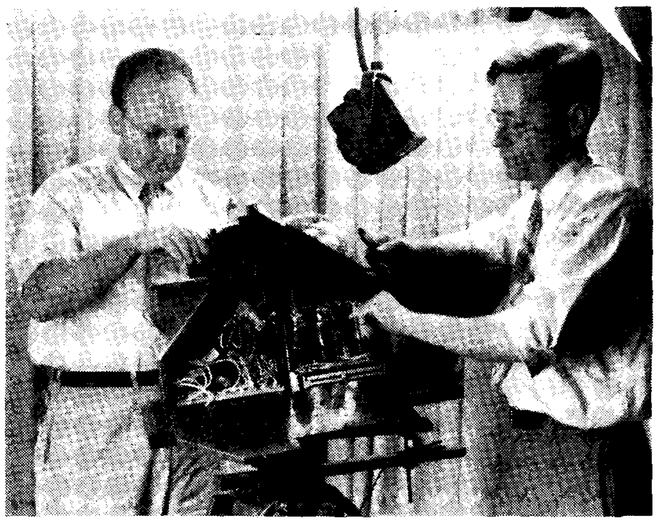
Do you get the significance of that simple statement? It meant (multiplying 70,000 × 20) that each separate cell in the sensitive plate would have only 1/1,400,000 part of a second in which to respond to its illumination and send out its impulse. Or, to put it another way, 1,400,000 impulses per second had to be amplified, put on an antenna, propelled into the ether and picked up by a synchronized receiving set.

Science Reproduces the Eye

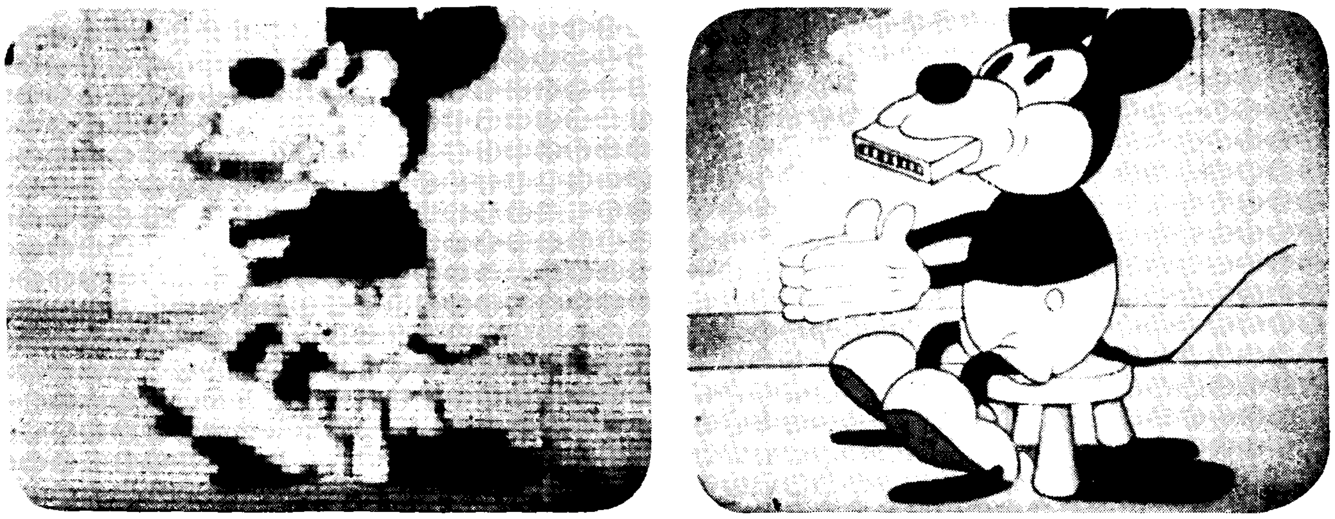
Could this apparently impossible feat be accomplished? With a Nipkow disk, or any other mechanical scanner, it certainly couldn't, because long before any machine could ever attain such speed as was here required it would burn up. But wasn't there anything, anywhere, not mechanical and containing no moving parts, to which the scientists could turn for a suggestion? There was. It was the human eye. Note the analogy. When we look directly at an object visual reception results from the stimulation which each element of the retina receives from the light which strikes it. This stimulation is transmitted to the brain via myriads of nerve organs, whereupon we "see" the detail in the object we are looking at directly as the result of the "separating power" in the cells of our retinas. That was exactly the way in which the scientists, notably Dr. V. K. Zworykin, the

(*Continued on page* 38)

The television camera being adjusted by research engineers



Dr. V. K. Zworykin, who developed the iconoscope



Left: The picture at the left was transmitted with 60 scanning lines; that at the right with 343 lines

A Certain Star

Wherein that exquisite of the knitted-goods trade, Mr. Arty Anson, learns that one lady's glamour is just a pair of smoked glasses to another. Or, as Mr. Anson would say, poison

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

ONE last look in the mirror door of her bathroom and then off and away!

That look told Eva that she was very nearly pretty that day, and certainly smart—as smart, anyhow, as a girl can be who must dress on fifteen dollars a week, and eat and sleep on it, too.

She stood on a peak of ecstatic expectancy only attained in the early twenties and not often then. The glass told her that her new dress, printed silk with canary tulips on a background of vivid red, caught and held the eye, and that her new hat, of fragile carmine straw, big as a truck tire, was remarkably stunning for a dollar-ninety-eight. Those extra-long black eyelashes, from the dime store—a daring experiment—were a success, too, and well worth the hour she had spent attaching them. They, and the carefully etched raven eyebrows contrasted with her rather pale face and straw-hued, elaborately curled hair, and gave her, she decided, allure, just as the salesgirl had promised they would; and allure was the gift for which Eva had long and fervently, though not very confidently, prayed.

Often, before this day of days, she had taken stock of herself, as all girls do, and her point-by-point inventory had disclosed little allure among her assets. She wanted to be a mere five feet tall but couldn't unless she cut eight inches from her long, slender legs. She wanted to be soft and round, not loosely knit and rangy. She hated her hands, which suggested all too clearly that she had spent her girlhood milking cows on her father's farm in Minnesota; and she loathed her feet, which nature had made all too ample and which standing all day behind the girdle counter in Brownston's Hollywood Bazaar had not tended to diminish.

Sometimes, in more optimistic moods, she thought her features were not so bad, in spite of their lack of color and animation. But her name! It began, glamorously enough, Eva, and then tumbled ingloriously to Oosterbaan. And her voice! It was low and not unpleasant, but her accent left no doubt that she had been born and bred an Oosterbaan.

How could she, so handicapped, hope to attract the dashing, debonair Arty—the much-sought-after Arty Anson? And yet, miraculously, she had. Even now he was waiting for her outside her dwelling. Arty was waiting in his much gadgeted scarlet sports roadster to take her to lunch, and what made it completely perfect, to lunch at the Brown Derby where the picture stars went. It was their first date. Reassured by what her mirror told her, Eva resolved it would not be their last.

GENERALLY when Arty Anson breezed into Hollywood to sell knit goods to Brownston's, he took out Bette Corey, who modeled in the misses' sportswear. Eva detested and despised Bette and would have given anything to be exactly like her. Bette was petite, Bette was plump, just pleasingly plump. She had a permanent pout which men found fetching but which the other girls in the store said was due to adenoids. She giggled about everything and nothing, donned a lisp now and then, and if the word "Okay" had never been invented she would have been practically speechless.

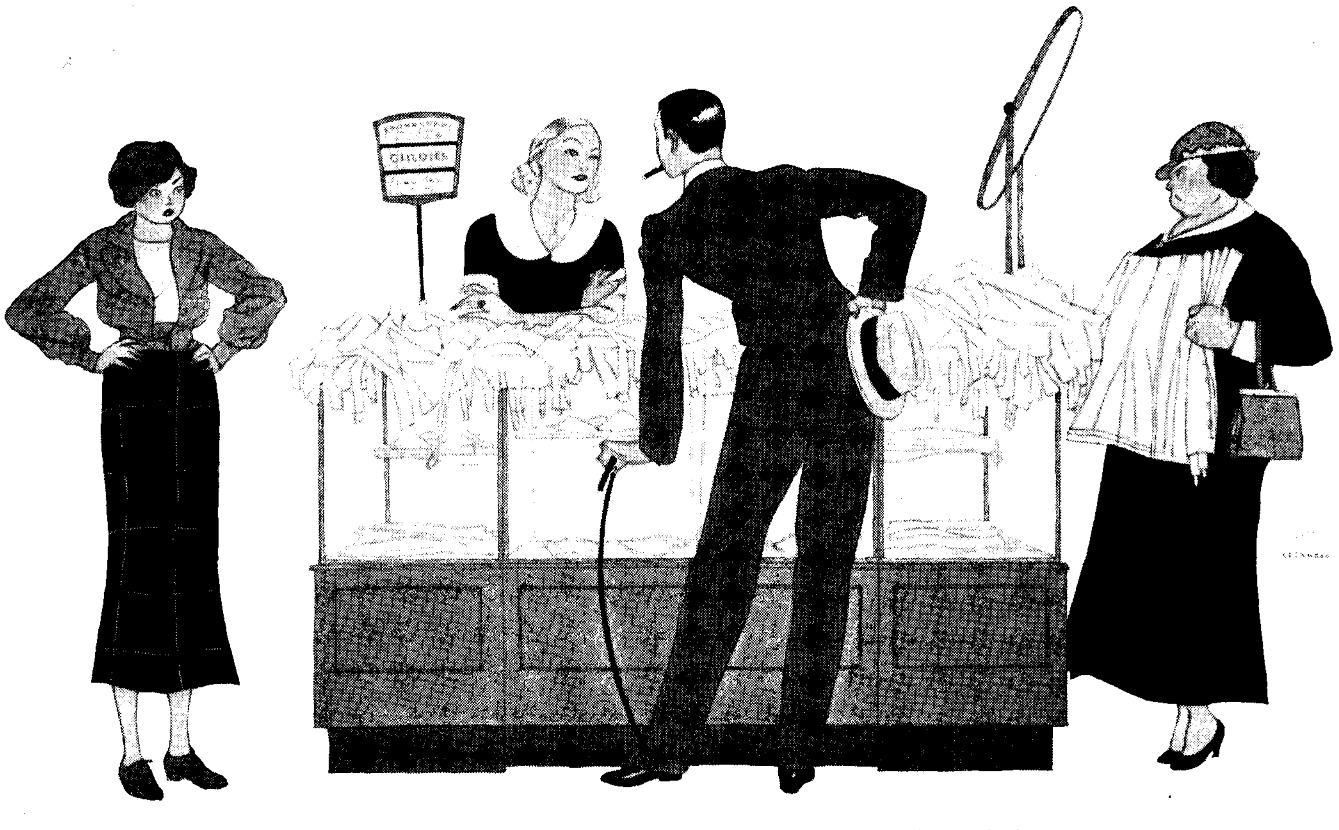
Why Arty, with the whole staff to choose from, picked Bette was a mystery to Eva. She saw it as the one flaw in Arty's otherwise impeccable taste. Arty was obviously a man of the world; he had looks and clothes; he wore beautiful double-breasted vests; the casual way he referred to Clark, Freddy, Kate and Joanie let you know that he was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Gable, Mr. March, Miss Hepburn and Miss Crawford; and, from stray remarks he dropped, it could be surmised that his profile had been admired in more exalted circles than Brownston's, and that under those nonchalant vests a constant struggle went on as to whether he should accept tempting offers to embrace a screen career, or remain true to the wholesale knit goods game. Such was the man waiting for Eva that fair Fourth of July.

Only yesterday morning Eva had considered a tryst with him as a possibility so remote that it could be met with only in a dream; and now it was on the brink of being a reality.

In the morning a rumor had rippled through the store that Arty was in town on one of his regular selling expeditions, and there was much powdering of noses and touching-up of lips in all departments.

He took Bette Corey out to lunch, and she came back with an even more pronounced pout than usual.

To Gwen Flynn, who modeled negligees, Bette said, "He's no gentleman, that's what he ain't. I told him so. I said, 'Okay, big boy, if I never see you again, that'll be okay by me,' and he said, 'Okay,' and I said, 'Okay,' and left him flat."



Arty ignored Bette. "How about eating with me tomorrow?" he asked Eva

This news raced all over the store in twenty minutes. More powdering and rouging were done. Late that afternoon Arty, jaunty in brown gabardine, strolled into Eva's section. Bette Corey was standing at Eva's counter, but Arty pointedly ignored her. He approached Eva and said:

"How's about eating with me at the Derby tomorrow?"

"Me?" said Eva, weakly, incredulously.

"That's who, girlie."

All she had been able to murmur was, "Okay." Then she had tapped her thin supply of capital and had bought a complete new outfit. The Brown Derby—and with Arty!

In the three years she'd been in Hollywood, her only dates had been with Matt Nelson, who came from the same region in Minnesota and who lived at the other end of her bungalow court. Matt's idea of a big evening was to grip her elbow with a freckled paw, steer her down Hollywood Boulevard to Lum Low's for chop suey, and afterward to a balcony seat at the Egyptian Theater, and then to escort her home and bid her good night early so he could go to the dairy and load up his truck for his morning milk route. Matt never said much. He was not in Arty's world when it came to conversation or haberdashery; but he was steady and sturdy, and Eva liked him, because she read a dumb adoration in his round, blue, Scandinavian eyes. But she had had a tiff with him because he committed the social error of calling for her in the white uniform of his vocation. She'd felt sad about their estrangement, but it didn't matter now. What could matter now with Arty Anson waiting for her?

SHE turned from her final inspection of herself. She heard Arty's trick horn sounding an impatient "How dry I am." As she turned, the sole of her new high-heeled pump skidded on the slippery surface of a slab of soap lurking on the bathroom floor.

A cry, a clutch, a splash, and Eva spun round, toppled over and fell into the bathtub.

Her head bumped against a faucet and she lay for a moment, slightly stunned, in the tepid water. When she scrambled out and saw what the fall had done to her gala attire, she burst into the loud, hopeless sobs of one who, after much buffeting, had been dealt one final, finishing blow by the spiteful fist of fate.

Black tears ran down her cheeks from the ruins of her eyelashes. Her dank dress clung to her clammily. Her hat, so crisp, so becoming a few fatal seconds before, was now as formless and forlorn as a dish of strawberry ice cream left in the sun. She plucked the limp hat off and beheld a fresh cause for grief. Her hair, artfully arranged in dozens of tight little ringlets, was now as innocent of wave as a goldfish bowl. It hung straight, stringy, soppy. Through her tears, real and mascara, she saw, crowning horror of all, that where her eye had smacked against the faucet a sizable purple-green puff was looming up. Eva wished she were dead; or, better still, that she had never been born at all.

But, since she had made the mistake of being born, she realized she must do something more positive than stand there, dripping and crying. Her impulse was to run to the window and call out to Arty that she had suddenly been laid low by some dread disease; but she nipped that notion off short, for she had heard of the infrequency of opportunity's knock.

She squirmed out of her drenched garments and scurried to her clothes closet, though she knew full well it contained nothing suitable. Her old silk dress was at the dyers. Her solitary evening dress wouldn't do, of course. Her two cotton dresses were in the laundry. That narrowed her choice down to her brown workaday dress—and the old cream suit. To wear her store uniform even if she ripped the letters B. B. from its bosom, was unthinkable. So, still sniffling, she reluctantly dragged the old suit out of its nest of moth balls. It was of that undistinguished tweed that is turned out by the mile, and it was a parting present from her Uncle Ole, the tailor, when she left her home town. It had the merit of being simple and fitting her fairly well, but for so festive an occasion, so bright a day, it was singularly inappropriate, Eva knew, even as she struggled into it. But a cold desperation was on her now. She had that reckless courage that comes to a girl when she knows that nothing worse can happen to her than has already happened.

SHE rubbed the streaks of tears, make-up and hat dye from her face and jammed down on her partly dried hair the soft black felt hat she wore on rainy days. For her saturated pumps she substituted her only other available footwear, a pair of low-heeled sport shoes.

She tried to smother her black eye in cold cream and powder but the result was a ghastly mess. So she fished out a pair of amber-tinted sunglasses and put them on. Then, with long strides, she marched defiantly out to Arty Anson.

He surveyed her with a startled stare.

"Oh, is that you?" he said. His tone did not suggest pleasure. "Didn't know you at first. Well, anyhow, hop in and we'll go places."

His roadster shot away at that mad pace customary in the City of Impossible Distances, where visiting Easterners get the impression that all motorists are morons studying to be maniacs.

"Lovely day," ventured Eva.

"Is it?" said Arty, beating a stop light. "Do you like chop suey?"

"No."

"You can get other stuff at Lum Low's."

Eva drew in her breath sharply. She made an effort and said:

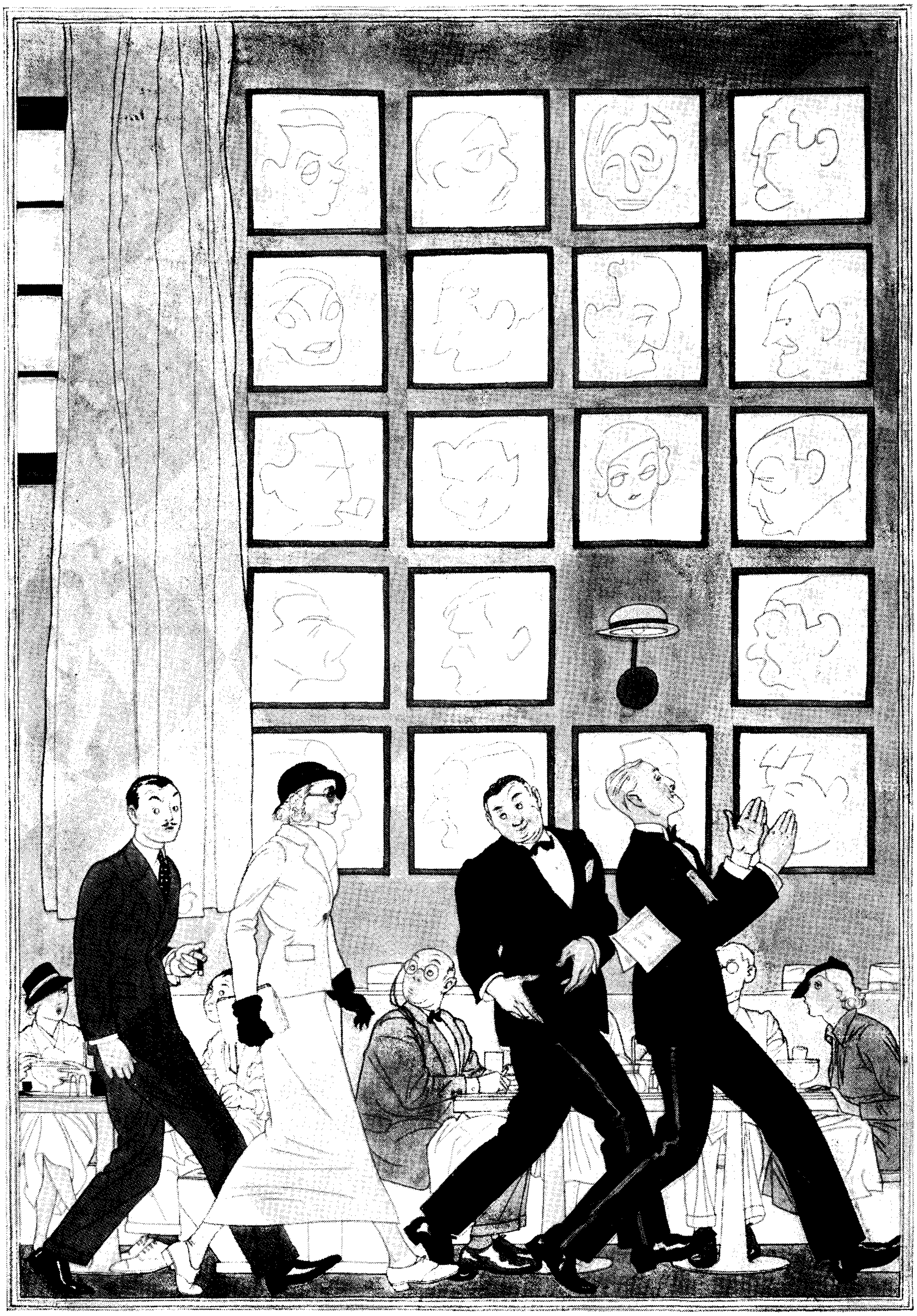
"But aren't we going to the Brown Derby?"

"It's like this," returned Arty. "Today's a holiday, so nobody will be there. All the picture crowd will be off somewhere playing polo, or something; so the Derby wouldn't be much fun today—"

"It would be for me," said Eva.

She knew this was nervy, and she didn't care. She sensed she had lost Arty and she made up her mind to salvage from that wreck of a day at least a glimpse into the enchanted realms of the renowned restaurant where she had never been.

"Okay," grunted Arty, and yanked his car round the corner into Vine Street. He came to a stop before the Brown Derby.



With the air of leading a triumphal march, the headwaiter led them to their table

At the door the stargazers were waiting. They are always waiting at some gate which never seems to open to them. They were clustered about the canopied entrance, a score or more of them, their eyes avid, worshipful, wistful, and in their hands the little autograph albums which is the badge of all their tribe.

"Wait for me while I park the bus," said Arty.

"I'll wait yoost inside," said Eva.

She had to run the gantlet of eyes alone. She made the door with long, swinging strides. Something suddenly stilled the chatter of the stargazers, and Eva saw that they were goggling after her. She pushed into the lobby.

AS ARTY approached the door with slow, resigned steps he was thinking, "Some of the mob may be there and they'll rib me for taking out this scarecrow."

A skinny hand attached to a trout-faced man reached out and clutched Arty's coattails.

"Please, can I have your autograph?" said the man.

Arty did not try to get away. A glow suffused him. He had been a witness of similar scenes but never before a principal. He knew the technic.

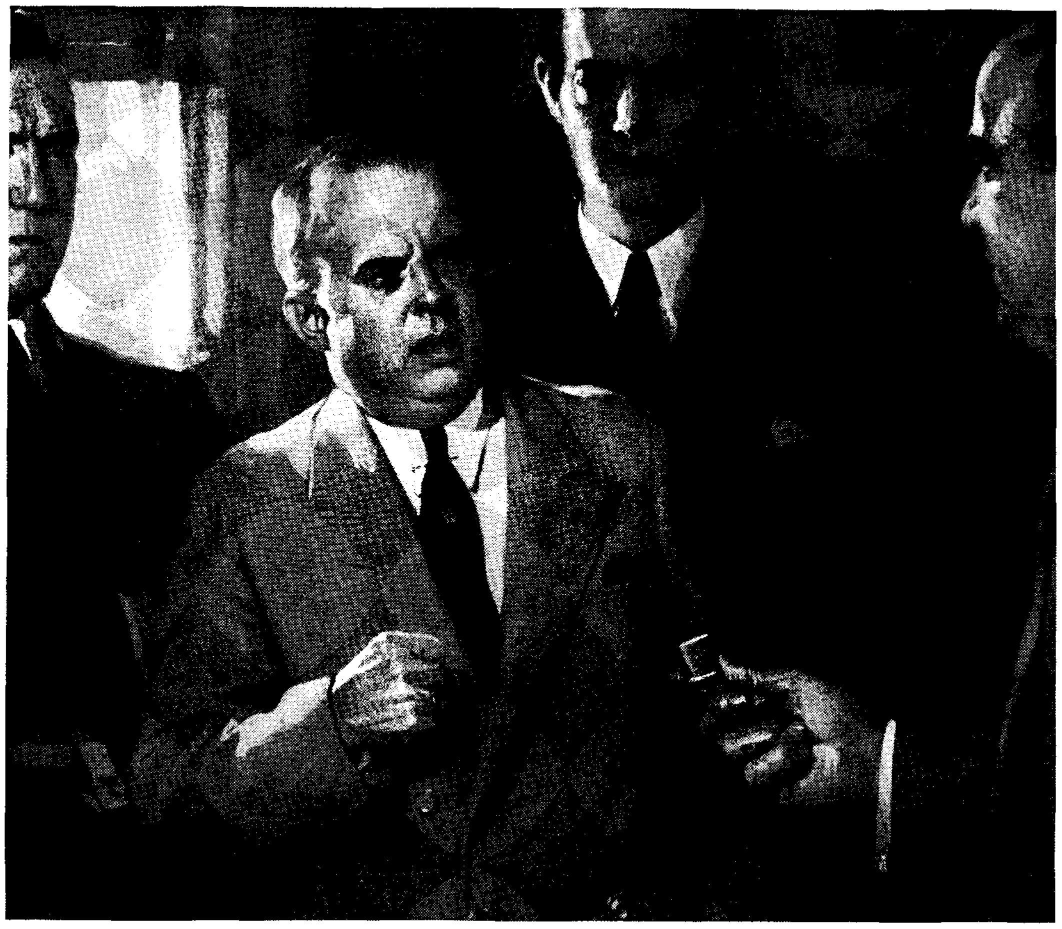
"Why, certainly. Delighted," he said, with a gracious smile, and inscribed G. Arthur Anson in the proffered album in a bold hand.

"Thanks a million," said the trout-faced man.

"A pleasure," said Arty. Then curiosity conquered him. "But why do you want my autograph?" he inquired. "Do you know who I am?"

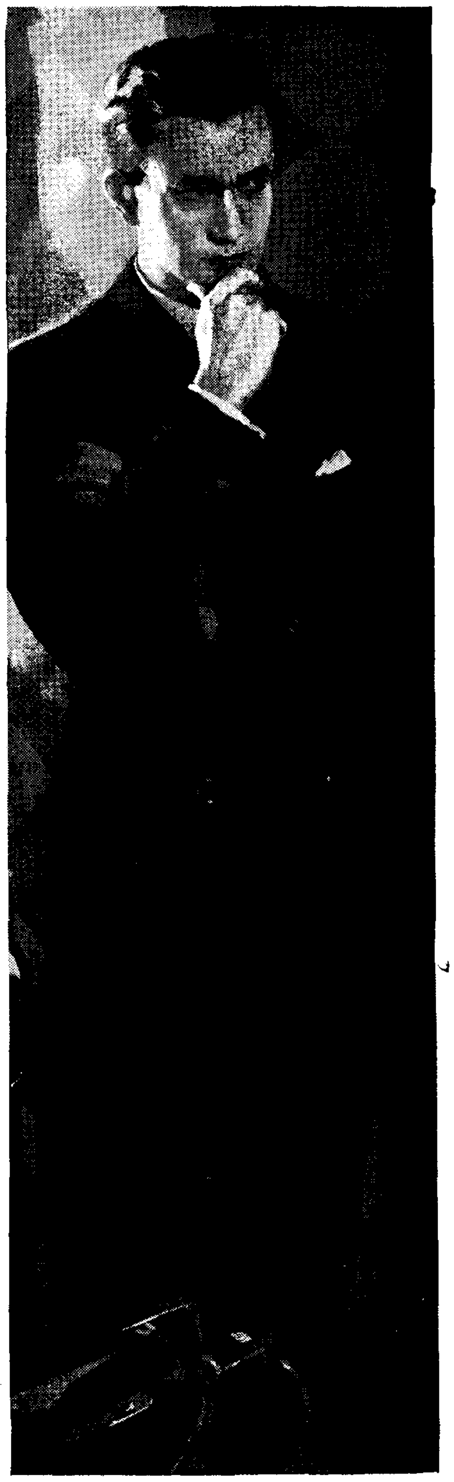
"No, mister," said the trout-faced man. "I don't know you from a bowl

(Continued on page 66)



"What of that, sir?" growled the physician aggressively. "If my friend Aaron wanted me to have his money—"

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOSEPH M. CLEMENT



The Sign of the Virgin

How did Aaron Alan Klee die, and why? The answer, as written in the stars for Astrologer Tarat to interpret, will amaze you

By Thomas McMorrow

THE first of the "champagne cork murders" was merely police business.

The victim was one of the men whom nobody knows, who live handsomely without visible means, and rise at a workaday hour only when they're due in the line-up at police headquarters. His name and local habitation were Harry Grindell, 606 West 70th Street. New York shrugged and hoped that his murderer would be caught, so as to be rid of him too.

The second cork murder was not shrugged off; it was of a substantial and respected citizen. Aaron Alan Klee was found in bed in his apartment at 633 West 71st Street, stark and blue and staring, with a champagne cork in his throat.

This was coming too near; it could happen to anybody now. The newspapers summoned from their morgues the shades of plural murderers who had had distinctive styles, and speculated entertainingly.

Which was good fun, but it was a comfort to note in the stories of the cork murders the name of Tarat, man of mystery and dispeller of mysteries. Tarat was in Klee's apartment when the body was found, in the afternoon of Monday, July 15, 1935.

Tarat had come by appointment with Mr. Klee, who was an elderly invalid. He was admitted by Klee's general servant, a low-set and black-browed man named Robert Gandie, who said:

"Mr. Klee is waiting for the doctor."

"Pray don't disturb him; I shall wait," said Tarat, lifting a long, white hand. Robert watched frowningly the tall and somber figure of the astrologer pacing into the living-room of the small apartment.

"Tarat?" A smiling young man rose and offered a deferential hand. "I've heard you on the radio often. The name is Magnan—Frank Magnan."

"Is Mr. Klee's indisposition something new or unusual?" asked Tarat, seating himself.

"I don't know him well enough to say," said Frank Magnan, contemplating the famous astrologer with interest. "I'm a sort of cousin of his, but I never met him until this morning. I'm from Kansas City. It didn't do him any good to meet his poor relation; he was gay and lively and talking at a great rate this morning. I went out, and he was lying down when I came back around three."

"A QUARTER to three, sir," said Robert. "I was telephoning an order to the stockbroker when you rang, and the Exchange closes at three.

"Mr. Klee," he continued, glancing at the mantel-clock, which showed a quarter to four, "was very drowsy after lunch, and he's stretching his nap a mite. . . . That's the doctor now, I think."

He went to the door, spoke in an undertone to someone outside, stepped into the public hall and shut the door behind him.

He reëntered shortly, carrying an afternoon newspaper, and held the door for Dr. Loren Pinbank.

The physician, a broad and squat figure in a double-breasted suit, seemed unprofessionally hot and bothered. He dabbed at his florid and perspiring brow, and his gaze was intent and perplexed.

"How do," he said in a grumbling bass, nodding curtly to Tarat. He sat down and turned to Frank Magnan.

"Robert tells me you're Aaron Klee's cousin. I'm pretty well acquainted with Aaron's affairs and I never heard of anyone belonging to him. I never heard of a cousin."

"Distant, Doctor," said Frank casually. "A Klee was my great-grandmother. As one of the family, may I ask is anything particularly the matter with Mr. Klee?"

"You're sure it's the same family?"

"No doubt of that," said Frank, opening his eyes slightly at the challenging tone.

"Mr. Klee," said Dr. Pinbank, speaking in a rumbling monotone and staring at the young kinsman resentfully, "would be much better if he didn't think he was much worse. He worries needlessly about his health. As a great man of my art once said, a man who's so sick that he's sick when he's not sick is very sick. Beyond that, Aaron is not very sick."

"A touch of hypochondria," said Tarat with professional approval. "Very frequent in natives of the Virgin."

"Pardon me? That's astrology, I take it."

"He chooses to be sick in a nice, quiet neighborhood, Doctor," said Frank.

"It's got to be a lively neighborhood in the last few years, Mr. Magnan," retorted the physician with a sudden smile. "A man was murdered last month in one of the houses in back here. Found in his bed with a champagne cork pushed into his throat. Possibly you saw it in the newspaper? This is where it happened; just across the fence."

HE TURNED to Tarat and regarded him critically.

"You have quite a reputation in that line, sir. What did you think of the Grindell case?"

"I am not an amateur of crime, Dr. Pinbank. I am concerned with it only when it relates itself to my practice."

"It was a robbery, wasn't it?" asked Frank. "If I remember, the room was robbed."

"Robbery," said Dr. Pinbank, "may have been a minor motive. To kill in that curious and awkward way, the victim had to be made unconscious first, when the intruder might have robbed him and made off. But he had come prepared to kill, and in his own peculiar way.

"Let us hope," he continued, warming to his subject, "that it will prove an isolated crime; wholesale murderers, though, have always something unique in their methods, peculiar and consistent. They don't shoot one victim, and stab another, and garrote a third.

"Take William Burke, who always knelt on the chest and held mouth and nostrils in a soft and powerful grip; fifteen times! And Haarman of Hanover, who killed as cattle are killed, and sold the human flesh in his butcher-shop. Come, Tarat, what do you infer from the peculiar method of killing, when no need to kill existed? Is there in your opinion a cunning and homicidal maniac at large in the city?"

"Very plausible, Dr. Pinbank, if the use of the unlikely champagne cork had been dictated by insane and ghoulish fancy."

"I agree with you, from my knowledge of morbid psychology," nodded the physician, looking quickly from man to man.

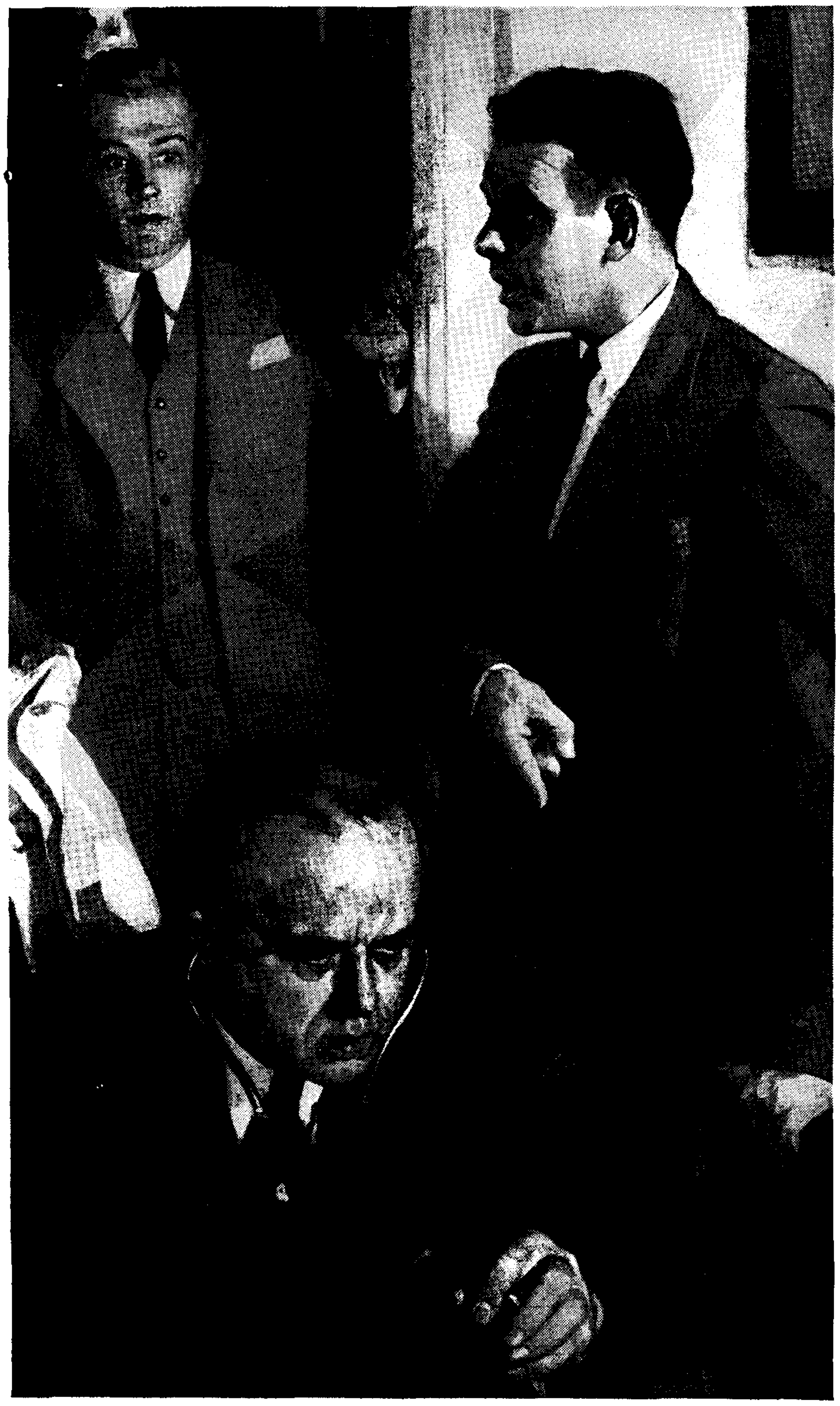
He consulted his watch, murmured, "I'll give him another few minutes," and walked toward the kitchen. "Robert!"

"Coming, Doctor," said the serving-man; and he tendered the newspaper to Frank. "Do you care to see the closing prices, Mr. Magnan?"

"Thanks for the compliment, Robert, but they gave me the cure in 1929."

"I'D QUIT myself, sir, if I could get even," said Robert, a rueful grin on his heavy but intelligent face. He went to the kitchen.

"Is Mr. Klee one of your clients, Tarat?" asked Frank.



"It's murder," declared Robert, straightening to stare wide-eyed at Tarat and Magnan

The astrologer looked through the door into the kitchen where he could see Robert, absorbed in conference with Dr. Pinbank.

"Had I the time, I should gladly await Mr. Klee's leisure. My secretary spoke to him on the telephone Saturday and suggested that he visit me; hearing that he was confined to his home, she made this appointment.

"Mr. Klee is not my client, but I was given an order some weeks ago to cast his horoscope. The order came from 'Robert Gandie, care of Klee,' at this address."

"Probably from Robert here. Well, that shows a nice interest, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps a kindly one, Mr. Magnan. The question that accompanied the order was 'When is the native going to die?'

"My practice is large, Mr. Magnan, and not all my clients are actuated by benevolence. Women have from me the horoscopes of men whose weaknesses they exploit; criminals inquire of me the days when their planets are well aspected to Mercury, lord of thieves. When the motive of an inquiry may be malign I apprise the native or my friends of Center Street, the police. An inquiry as to the death-date of another is always suspect."

"I should say so! And did you tell him what he asked?"

"Certainly not. Nor do I pretend to such a prophetic power. I told him that Mr. Klee would be under unfavorable aspects during much of this year, and that there would be severe afflictions from the malefics to both the sun and the moon this month. His health would need great care."

"Good enough; he doesn't seem to be a well man, though he was so chipper this morning. Tarat, I've listened to you on the air, but I'll confess I didn't get much of your stuff. What did you mean by 'Natives of the Virgin'?"

"MR. KLEE was born September 14, 1862, in Virgo, the Sign of the Virgin. Referring to the zodiacal star-group that is behind the sun through parts of August and September.

"The Virgin, Mr. Magnan, is the sixth sign of the zodiac, and is thus mundanely the sixth house of the horoscope. As that is the House of Health and Sickness, as also of Servants, the native's physical well-being and domestic economy must always be objects of solicitude, particularly when the malefic planets swing into position. Of the malefics in Mr. Klee's chart, Saturn and Mercury are the most threatening."

"And what sort of job, Tarat," asked Frank, looking with more good will than understanding into the rapt black eyes of the astrologer, "are they putting up on him?"

"Mercury, nervous and mental, is the ruler of the sign. Harmoniously, the Virgin rules the sympathetic nervous system, also the abdomen, lower alimentary canal, spine and fingers."

"I see. And what—what about his left leg?"

"His left leg, Mr. Magnan?"

"He's a cripple, you know."

"Highly typical; the Virgo native is often lame."

"I'll tell him," said Frank, topheavy with wisdom, "about Robert asking you that, anyway."

Dr. Pinbank came from the kitchen and busied himself with the contents of the bag that he had brought into the apartment. Robert followed him shortly. They stood together, waiting, exchanging an occasional word, looking toward Mr. Klee's bedroom, the door to which was in the living-room wall.

Tarat had risen to go when Robert went to the door, knocked on it lightly, and then stole it softly open to peep.

He swung it wide.

"Doctor!"

Tarat and Frank Magnan moved hesitatingly, alarmed, solicitous, in the wake of the striding physician.

Frank did not recognize at once the man on the bed. The face was livid, the eyes bulged, the tongue protruded, the lips were blue except for the scurf of a bloody froth.

"Good Lord! It's Mr. Klee!"

Dr. Pinbank was kneeling beside his patient. He rose, whipped out of the room and back again, and knelt again to listen for the heart.

"He's gone. An hour or more."

"Something's shining back in his mouth, Doctor!" cried Robert, bending.

DR. PINBANK thrust his fingers into the mouth. "There's something foreign, far back—can't—quite—get it. By Jove, it's like—like a cork!"

"It's murder," declared Robert, straightening to stare wide-eyed at Tarat and Frank Magnan. "And robbed, too. See, the ring he wore is gone."

Tarat went swiftly to the open window.

It looked across a fire-escape into a narrow court; ten feet away was the rough and blind wall of the adjoining building.

Leaning from the window, Tarat saw that the court let into the rear yards, crisscrossed with sagging board-fences and closed on the farther side by a row of obsolete and broken-shuttered private houses in one of which a champagne cork had been the implement of murder.

The autopsy and inquest did not find with precision the time of death. Pointing out that *rigor mortis* had set in, and that changes are swift following death by suffocation, the medical officer said that Mr. Klee had been dead from one to two hours before discovery.

The champagne cork lodged in the throat was accepted as the cause.

Life had a new zest for millions of shepherded New Yorkers. The cork murderer was no despiser of persons. The unknown and probably raffish Harry Grindell, walking by night and casting no shadow, and the highly conservative, conforming, thriftily living old valetudinarian: it might be anybody now. A newspaper offered five thousand dollars reward for the apprehension of the murderer and sole rights to the captor's story.

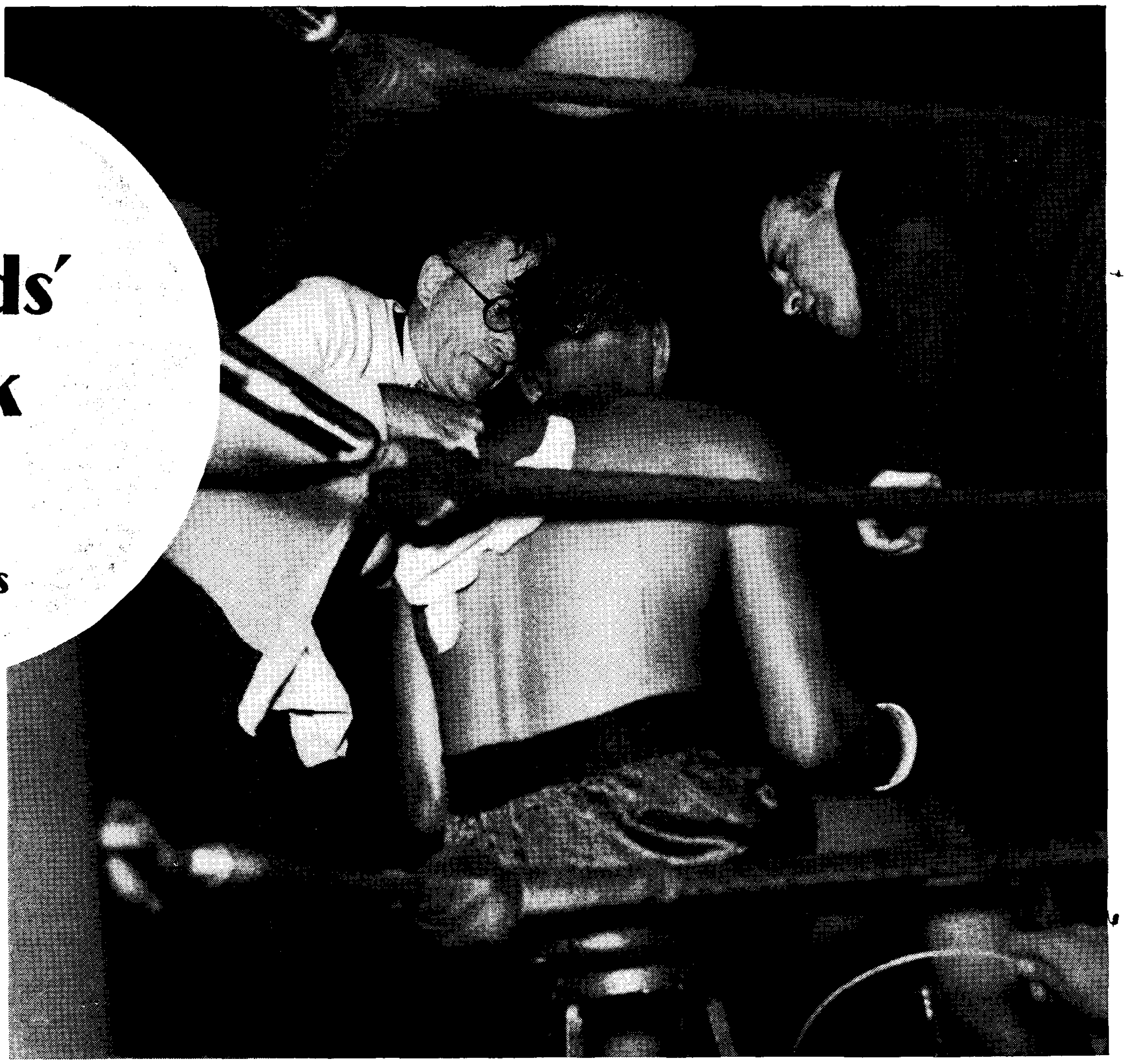
The filing of the will of Aaron Alan Klee, bequeathing his estate to his "dear friend, Loren Pinbank," was slightly noticed, except by the police, who, for business reasons, had kept to themselves a few details of the champagne-cork cases.

Tarat entered the office of Acting District Attorney Wallis James in the Criminal Courts Building on the morning after the will was filed.

(Continued on page 57)

Fifty Seconds' Work

By Quentin Reynolds



PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

There's no time to think; you've got to know. It's between rounds; more than the fight depends on you. Your man's future, even his life, may be at stake. That's when Doc Bagley does his stuff. He's been in the corner for all the great ones of his day

"Doc" Bagley (left), a fighter's best friend after a gruelling round

SID MARKS had a right hand that was loaded with dynamite. It looked harmless enough but when it landed it exploded. Willie Jackson was awfully clever, though, and he really had no right to get in the way of it. But he did. In the very first round Marks threw that right and it nestled on Jackson's chin and the lights went out for Willie. He hit the floor with a bounce and he stayed there until the referee chimed "Nine." Something, some instinct which a real fighting man has, drove him to his feet then and he faced Marks on unsteady legs and his eyes had that tell-tale glaze which means that the brain is numb.

Once more Marks lashed out and again Jackson went down. Again he arose, trying to get close to Marks, trying to hang on until he could get off Queer Street and banish those cobwebs which were befuddling his brain. Four times he hit the canvas, four times he arose and then, just eight seconds before the bell rang, Marks sent in a smashing right that jerked Willie's head back a foot—and Willie fell forward—completely out. The bell rang to save him from the immediate ignominy of a knockout and his seconds dragged him to his corner and put him on the stool.

"Doc" Bagley was in his corner that night. Bagley is the greatest handler of fighters in the world. He has no equal in getting a man back into shape during that one-minute rest between rounds. Actually he has only about fifty seconds in which to work. It didn't seem possible that he could bring Jackson back to anything approximating fighting condition in fifty seconds. First he took a pail of ice water and threw it on Jackson's head. There was no reaction, Jackson's head lolled back and his eyes looked lifeless. Then Bagley massaged the vertebrae at the back of Willie's neck, massaged them vigorously with all the strength of his husky hands.

"When a man is knocked out," Bagley says, "it means that the blood isn't pumping into his brain. It has stopped or slowed considerably. Massaging those vertebrae sends the blood flying through the arteries and into the brain. That is, as a rule."

But it didn't work with poor Willie Jackson and now thirty seconds were gone. Bagley had another trick or two. He took hold of the skin over the bridge of Jackson's nose—right between the eyes—and he pinched it hard, so hard that the skin showed white. Sometimes that sends a message to the brain that it's time to wake up. Ten seconds left now and Willie still lying there dead to the world.

A Case for Desperate Measures

Bagley pulled a package of matches from his pocket. He hated to do this but desperate ailments called for desperate remedies. He lit the match and applied the flame to Jackson's neck. Willie stirred, then started as the pain of it shocked his senses into life, his eyes opened and he said, "Where am I?"

Bagley pushed him to his feet. "Keep your left out and keep moving away. Keep your left out and keep moving away," he said over and over.

Jackson, still benumbed, walked out to meet the eager Marks who, scenting the kill, rushed in. Willie remembered just two things, to keep his left out and to keep moving away. He kept doing both and a round later he was all right. He went on to win the fight.

Bagley says that Willie Jackson was one of the gamest men he ever saw in the ring. Even when the lights went out and he was acting on sheer instinct his heart dictated his actions. Bagley has been handling fighters for thirty years. During that time he has been in the corner of almost every great and near-great fighter. It is he who fixes their wounds between rounds, who whispers advice to them, who sees that their hands are properly bandaged and that there is no horseshoe concealed in the glove of the opponent. His name is Frank Bagley but he is known in every fight club in the country as "Doc." He holds no physician's degree but he is a doctor of practical surgery. He uses a pen knife instead of a scalpel and he knows as much about the science of stopping a cut from bleeding as any doctor who ever lived.

A doctor can take his time about fixing a cut. Bagley always works under a clock; he can never have more than fifty seconds for his surgery. There is no man more qualified to talk about game fighters than Bagley and he lists Willie Jackson very, very high in this department.

"Jackson was once fighting a man named Harry Smith," Bagley tells it. "Willie landed the first punch of the fight, an overhand right that landed on Smith's head. I saw Jackson wince and I knew we were in for trouble. When he came back to his corner he said, 'Doc, I've hurt my hand.' I felt it and I said, 'Willie, you haven't hurt your hand, you've broken it.' Jackson didn't even change his expression. 'Well, Doc, nobody knows it but us,' he said and he went out there and finished the fight. He got a draw. That's heart."

Samson—in Reverse

The beautiful friendship which existed between Jackson and Bagley was almost broken up one night—because Bagley won a fight for Jackson by using a pair of scissors. Willie had long hair of which he was very proud. At the beginning of a fight it would be slicked back but pretty soon it would get disarranged and one long lock would always keep falling over Willie's eyes.

Jackson was boxing Pinkie Mitchell in the old Garden one night. Pinkie had a very tasty left jab which he knew how to use. He'd jab at Willie and every time he landed, that lock of hair would fall down over Willie's eyes. Willie would reach up with his right to brush the hair back and Pinkie would pound a right into his momentarily unprotected stomach. In three rounds Pinkie had piled up a big lead on points. Bagley knew that he'd have to resort to drastic methods. Willie came back after the third round and he sat on the stool and threw his head back.

(Continued on page 41)

Stand-Up

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By John O'Hara

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES W. EARLEY

IT SEEMED as though all the noise in the world were in this huge room. Dishes, people calling for waiters, people not calling for waiters but shouting the names of drinks, the hoo-wah oo-wah of the trumpets as the band played "Swing It," people forever shouting to other people: "So I said to him, I said, 'Listen . . .' " It was a very noisy place, the Palais Blanc, but night after night of it and you get used to it. Night after night of it and you know it's going to be awful on a train to Hollywood, for instance, and not have those sounds that are part of your daily—which is to say nightly—life.

Harry Langrock was consciously enjoying it. Tomorrow, the train for Hollywood and another three months' contract at fifteen hundred a week, turning out those lyrics which were what gave him his reputation. The public part of his reputation, that is. To the Broadway mob he was known as a pretty tough gee with his fists, and to the Broadway babies he was known as a relentless pursuer. But to the public he was known as the writer of those deft lyrics. True, the same kind of lyrics, only better, had made reputations for many other great names of Tin Pan Alley, but Harry had passed almost overnight from the love-above, dancing-romancing phase of his career to the point where he could write a line as beautiful—well, as popular—as the famous:

"*. . . Your love for me was infinitesimal,*
Mine carries on to an infinite decimal."

And the one about:

"*I first saw her at dancing practice,*
In among the show girls and actors,
Then love hit me between the two eyes,
Straight from her blue eyes,
And I knew she was mine, all mine, yes,
mine, mine, mine."

Harry sat there, breaking papers of matches with his strong, hairy fingers, chewing his cigar, which he occasionally dipped in brandy, and impatient while the band plugged "Swing It." He wanted them to play "Dancing Practice." For various reasons he wanted them to play "Dancing Practice."

One reason was that he knew the dance music carried to the chorus girls' dressing-room. The Palais Blanc was a converted theater with the tables where the rows of seats formerly had been, and the band was up on the stage. The music of "Dancing Practice" would remind a certain chorine of Harry Langrock. More than once he had told her (sheer gallantry, without a word of truth in it) that she had inspired him to write "Dancing Practice": "I write a song for you even and do I get a break? I do not. Night after night you go dancing and romancing with that whoever-he-is."

"Sure," she said, "dancing and romancing. The show breaks at three o'clock and then I have to go and change into street clothes. A lot of dancing I have time for."

"Well, romancing, then."

"Oh, sure. Romancing. I told you before where I live. My mother and father and two sisters. I told you before we live in a four-room flat. Great for romancing, that is." Then: "What do you want with me, Mr. Langrock? There's plenty of other girls in the show that like a good time and they're much prettier than I am, some of them. Most of the girls don't live at home, either, so what time they get in is their own business. But with me it's different. I have to be home at four or my mother right away wants to send for the police." This conversation had taken place after the second time she had stood him up. She had agreed to let him take her home both times, and then when he showed up the man at the stage door said she had left with her steady fellow.

His last night in town. . . . Harry called Jack Wills, the highly personable front-man for the mob which owned the Palais. "What about this Peggy Lane?" said Harry.

"Nice kid. What about her? Strictly from virtue, if you know what I mean."

"She wouldn't be your girl by any chance, would she?"

"My girl! Listen, that kid is so nice I even like her for it."

"Whose girl is she?"

"I don't know. Some guy in a band. It's that thing called love, you know what I mean?"

Harry looked at Wills, the tailor's dummy who knew all the faces and had an enduring popularity among cops and columnists and chorines; a guy with a nice mouthful of teeth that would probably hurt your knuckles to punch.

"Okay," said Harry.

Harry sat there, plenty burned. Then came an inspiration from one of his own songs. From not too far in the back of his mind came the line about: "You played hard to get me, I get it, I get it, so get set my pet don't forget I'm gonna get you." Hard to get, that would be the new strategy. Show her he didn't care one way or the other.

He took out his gold pen, the one he had taken from Irving Ruskin when he and Irving, who was president of Greater American Films, had signed Harry's present contract. Harry wrote a note to Peggy on the back of the little card that lay on the table, which stated the minimum charges of the Palais. He told her he was leaving tomorrow, this was the last time he would bother her, and could he see her for half an hour after the show? He called a page and sent the note backstage and in a few minutes the page returned and said Miss Lane would be at the stage door after the show broke.

THAT was all he wanted to know. He left an adequate tip for the waiter (he had no bill; Harry was always the guest of the management), went around and said goodby to a few of the mob, and left the club. He gave the doorman a tip and said he would walk home.

Harry lived in a huge duplex apartment far up on Central Park West, and when he got home he took his exercises, had a warm bath, and went to bed highly pleased with himself and his double sense of satisfaction: the momentary virtue, and the hunch that he had acted wisely for the future. To stand up Peggy Lane would make, he was sure, precisely the kind of impression he wanted to make.

He had a good night's sleep. Next afternoon about three-thirty he was leaving the apartment house to take the train and two men, unmistakably detectives, came up to him and said: "Oh. Leaving town?"

"Yeah. So what?"

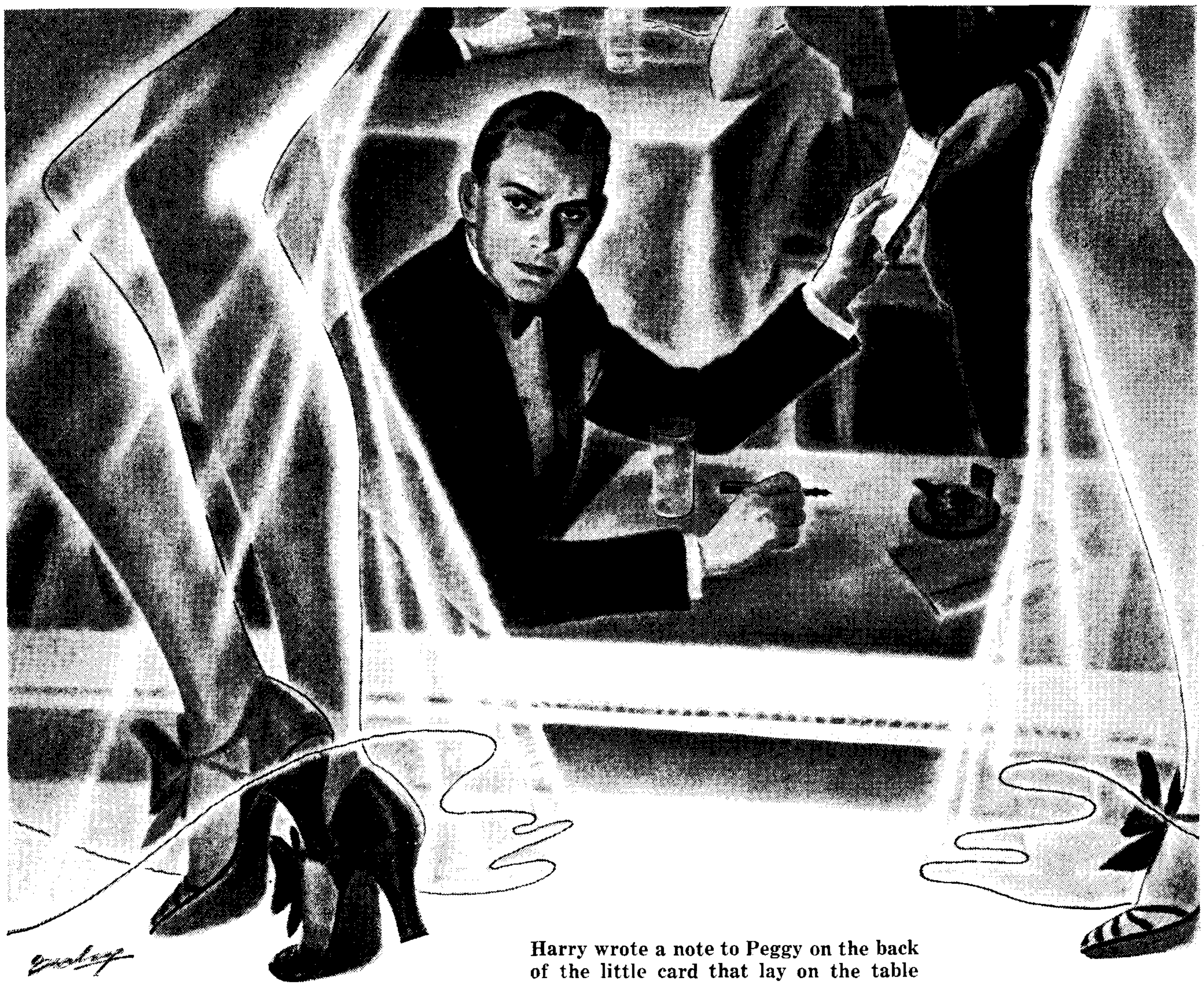
"You come with us."

WITHIN five minutes he learned that he was being held for the brutal murder of Peggy Lane, whose badly beaten body had been found in a doorway about a block from the Palais stage door. She had been last seen by several chorus-girl friends, who knew she had a date with Harry, and apparently he was late getting there, because she was standing there after the last of the girls had gone home. Jack Wills had told the coppers that Harry had a date with her. The doorman at the club said Harry had not taken a taxi home. There was the long period which Harry could only explain by his unsubstantiated story that he had walked all the way home after leaving the club. And Peggy's boy friend was playing a dance job at New Haven at the time she was murdered.

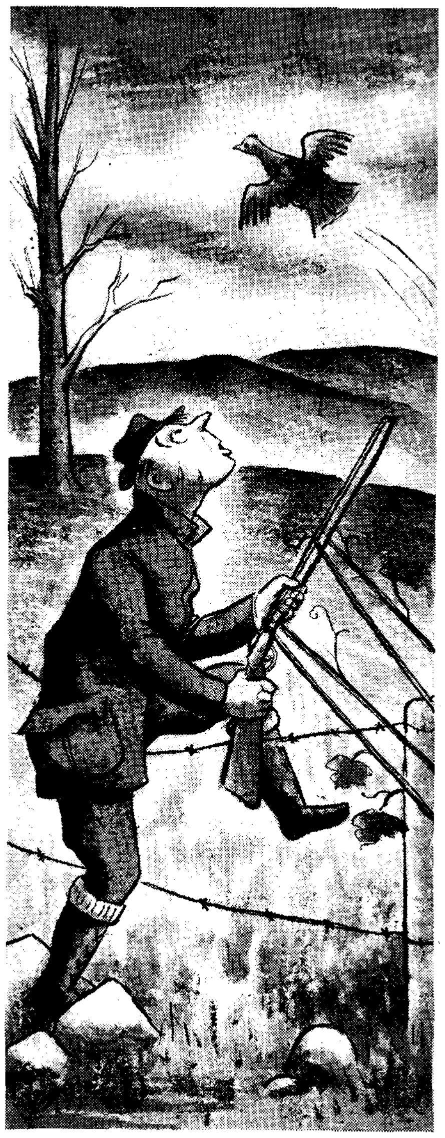
The story, with pictures, made the late editions of the afternoon papers, which Harry did not see. But the movie executives saw them, and the movies wanted no part of a man whom the public believed to be a murderer. His contract was broken under the morality clause.

Even when a hop-head taxi driver confessed to the crime it didn't help Harry, for Broadway is superstitious, and when a guy is marked lousy *and* unlucky he is through.

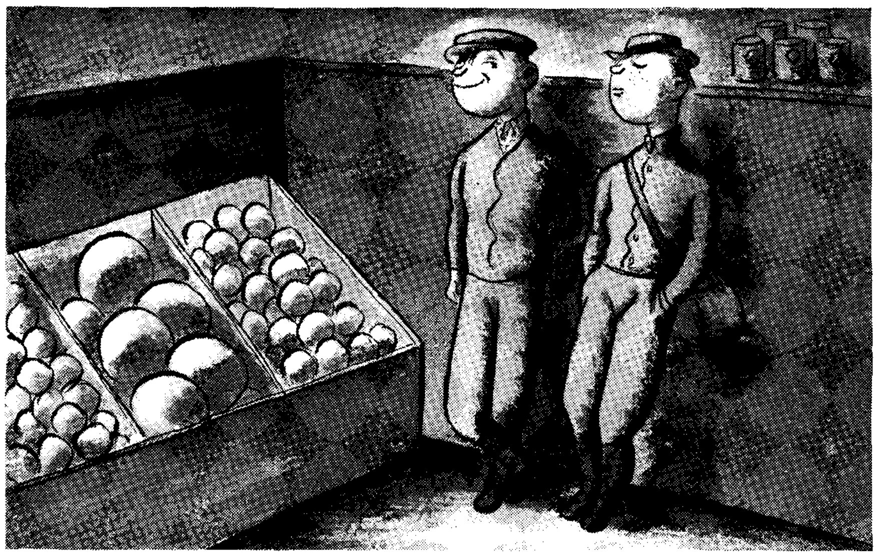
Broadway, reading the papers, knew if Harry had not deliberately broken the date with Peggy, she would still be alive. No taxi driver would have had a chance with big, tough Harry Langrock and his powerful hands.



Harry wrote a note to Peggy on the back of the little card that lay on the table



Upland game has a gift for getting up at the most trying moment



That pair of gawky kids knows, in spite of all this talk of birds, that there's nothing like rabbits

The pause at midday is one of the most pleasant moments of the hunt

Mixed Bag

By

Corey Ford

and

Alastair MacBain

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

Zoom! There goes a ruffed grouse. You missed that one, but your dog is already freezing on another point. "It don't matter whether you hit them," says Lem. "It's fun even if you don't." He takes you hunting for upland game

OLD Lem Sommers has got it all figured out. Lem is commonly conceded to be pretty near the best wing shot in Granite County, and if a pa'tridge gets up in the autumn woods anywhere ahead of Lem, it's going to need plenty of space around it. They say Lem can send a handful of chilled number seven after it slicker'n a schoolmarm's leg, and he knows the best pa'tridge cover around Granite like the way home. Lem says that hittin' a pa'tridge on the wing ain't nothing to it.

"All you got to do," Lem will explain, jabbing the stem of his pipe at the crowd of khaki-clad hunters lounging around Skinner's general store of an evening, "is to figger out ahead just what your pa'tridge is goin' to do when he gits up. That's all you need to know. Like, for instance, you can be pretty sure he'll either fly from left to right, or else he'll fly from right to left, or mebbe he'll fly at an angle this way an' climb, or else fly at an angle that way an' dive, or else he'll go straight up in the air, or else mebbe run along the ground, or else most likely he'll either come toward you, or go away from you, or fly off to either side of you; it all depends. But if you just remember he's bound to do one thing or the other, son, you're pretty positive to git your bird, providin' of course you didn't forget to take the safety off your gun, or put in a new shell, or else the pa'tridge didn't git up just as you was halfway acrost a bob-wire fence, with three, four spikes caught in the crotch of your pants, one boot jammed between a couple of rocks, a length of grapevine tangled around your gun barrel, an' a solid eighteen-inch pine tree between you an' where the bird has went. Otherwise," Lem will conclude mildly, knocking the bowl of his pipe against a hobnailed heel, "they really ain't no trick to it at all."

That's all you need to remember, the next time a ruffed grouse explodes out of the thicket at your feet with a detonation like a seventeen-gun salute, and zooms headlong through the hemlocks with a terrifying roar and crash of branches. Just think of Lem's advice as you swing your gun wildly to your shoulder, smacking yourself smartly on the cheekbone with the stock, lose your balance, and fire both barrels simultaneously into the branches of an oak tree over your head. Think of it as the echoes die, the smoke clears, and a few tattered oak leaves drift placidly downward in the ensuing silence. Think it over as you break your gun, eject the smoking empties, drop a fresh pair of shells into the twin barrels, and, avoiding the slightly pained expression in the eyes of your bird dog, stalk grimly onward toward the next cover.

The Lure of Game on the Wing

"On the other hand," Lem will murmur comfortingly, striding beside you with his shotgun held at high port, ready for the next explosion of feathered dynamite, "that's where the fun of it comes in. 'Tain't the ones they hit that they remember. It's account of them they miss that so many folks go birdin'."

They must miss a lot, if Lem is right. Look over the autumn woods and fields, as you set out with Lem on a frosty morning with your gun over the crook of an arm, your canvas hunting jacket buttoned to the throat against the brisk fall air and your hard boots crunching the frozen stubble. Look around you carefully, as the early-morning mist rolls up into tight caterpillars of fog that hug the streams and rivers, and the red-and-yellow swamp maples and the oaks and sumac thrust upward out of the gray smoke like sudden spurts of flame. Now you will begin to see them, by ones and twos and threes, in red caps and canvas jackets and leather boots, their dogs quartering ahead of them in short, even casts, their faces tense, their guns balanced before them in instant readiness. You will see them shouldering irresistibly through birch thickets and heavy swale, floundering in and out of swamps, fighting grimly through the enemy entanglements of blackberry and cat brier, advancing side by side across the autumn landscape with slow, deliberate step like one of the major offensives of the last (as this issue goes to press) World War. You can count their locked cars parked along the highways by the hundreds during bird season, the tonneaus heaped with a nondescript clutter of gun cases and empty shell boxes and spare socks. You could have counted them by the tens of thousands in any state in the East on the day the upland-game season opened this year. You would have to count them by the millions—there are thirteen million hunting and fishing licenses sold in the United States each year, and it is estimated that by far the largest portion of them are used for upland game—if you ever sought to estimate the total size of this silent and mysterious army that invades the peaceful hills each fall when the frost is on the pumpkin, the leaves are sere and yellow, the cider is mellow in the jug, and the law comes off at last on the grouse and the woodcock and pheasant, the rabbit and squirrel and quail.

It is not an exclusive fraternity, the order of the scatter-gun. Anybody can join. Even a poor man can afford a dog; and the poorest can afford two. The shotgun may be a thousand-dollar imported over-and-under model, with Monte Carlo stock, selective single trigger, bored improved cylinder and modified choke, engraved frame and gold inlaid initials on the forearm; or it may be an ancient 30-inch 12-gauge hammer gun that was good enough for Grandfather—"ef all the skunks this old gun killed around our henhaouse in its time was ever piled into one heap, folks 'd leave taown"—and is still good enough for Grandson today.

Hunting is Anybody's Fun

There is no trophy to hunt for in shooting upland game—one grouse is as large as another, one pheasant as brilliant as the rest, one quail as fast as the next—there is no head to mount, there are no big ones to get away. Even the bags are so limited by law today that a full brace of birds is no great feat. Last but not least, there are no elaborate and expensive expeditions necessary to reach upland-game country. You do not need to venture to the Yukon or Tibet. You will probably find as good upland-game shooting in your own back-yard brier patch as you would if you drove a thousand miles. You can shoot pheasant today within sight of the spires of New York; and some of the best grouse shooting in the East is found within the limits of large and congested cities. Upland game is anybody's fun. The banker, the farmer, the taxi driver, the twenty-dollar-a-week clerk—all of them can shoot; and all of them can miss.

Have a look for a moment at Skinner's general store, where old Lem Sommers is expounding his theories of how to miss a pa'tridge. Skinner's store is located at the crossroads, as you enter Granite, in the center of some pretty fair bird country. It hasn't changed much in fifty years. To be sure, the old cracker barrel has gone, the cider keg has been replaced by a $3,000 electric refrigerator that keeps the beer ice-cold, and the ancient wood stove has given way to a single-pipe furnace grating in the center of the floor, on which the brethren can dry their stockinged feet; but the same nostalgic

(Continued on page 64)

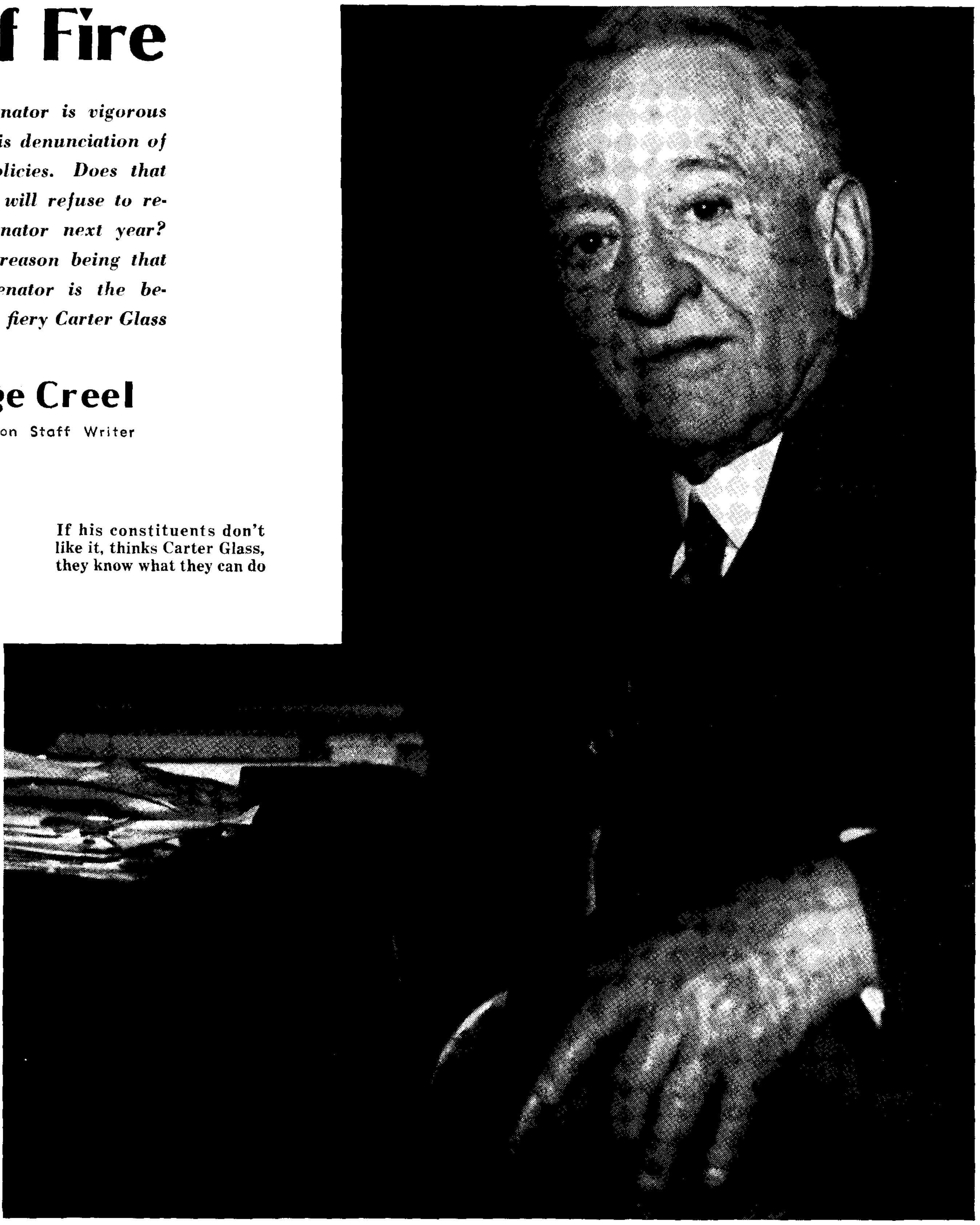
Ball of Fire

Virginia's senior senator is vigorous and outspoken in his denunciation of many New Deal policies. Does that mean that Virginia will refuse to return her senior senator next year? Certainly not—the reason being that Virginia's senior senator is the beloved, dauntless and fiery Carter Glass

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

PHOTOGRAPH BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff
Photographer



If his constituents don't like it, thinks Carter Glass, they know what they can do

TRUTH compels the admission that Carter Glass is no Apollo. He stands about five feet four, and weighs a hundred pounds in heavy galoshes; his hair is a porcupine roach, the beaked nose slips off on a very definite bias, his voice has the soothing note of a file, and the thin-lipped mouth, after dropping down at the far corner, twists up sharply at the other, justifying Woodrow Wilson's remark that "Glass is the only man I ever saw who can whisper in his own ear."

Even so, the senior senator from the sovereign state of Virginia is held in passionate envy by every politician in the United States. Not a one but would adore to stand in his shoes. Other members of Congress, for instance, walk softly and fearfully, voting with ears to the ground and mouths full of grass roots, but when Carter Glass feels a conviction festering in his system, he turns it loose with all the power that is in him, letting the rafters fall where they may.

Never at any time in his thirty-three years of office-holding have his speeches dripped the usual treacle. Facing the Virginia electorate, his head thrust forward at a truculent angle, he fixes them with a pair of fiery, intolerant blue eyes, and explains that while he pledges himself to represent the interests of his state and the nation to the best of his poor ability, at all times they must expect conscience to be his guide and master. If a rubber stamp is desired, a spineless creature devoid of principles and courage, then, sirs, by the God of truth and justice, no man could make a greater mistake than by voting for Carter Glass. To use one of his own acid phrases, he loathes the "perennial and ubiquitous demagogy" of the politician, and makes clear at all times and in all places an unchanging purpose to voice his belief regardless of Presidents and party. If his constituents don't like it, they know what they can do.

But they do like it! As a matter of fact, electing Carter Glass has come to be a Virginia habit. It was in 1903 that his neighbors first sent him to Congress, and he served right along in the Lower House until 1918, when President Wilson persuaded him to accept the Treasury post left vacant by McAdoo's resignation. When Senator Thomas S. Martin died in 1919, popular demand forced Secretary Glass' appointment to the empty seat, and after that he was regularly elected in 1920, 1924 and again in 1930. Nobody in Virginia seems able to remember that he ever had any opposition, even Republicans mournfully accepting his victory as a foregone conclusion.

During the past months, to be sure, there was a fairly definite feeling that next year's campaign might see a break in his hold on the affections of his people, for Senator Glass' daily attacks on New Deal legislation left no room for doubt as to his utter lack of sympathy with many Administration policies. Mere contemplation of the NRA and the AAA ran his temperature up to fever pitch; he did not like the $4,880,000,000 work relief bill; he rewrote the banking bill until Marriner Eccles had trouble recognizing it, and when it came to debating the gold clause, Vice President Garner installed an asbestos screen to guard against flying sparks. "A cheat and a repudiation" was about his mildest characterization.

"This time Carter has gone too far," murmured more politic colleagues. "Virginia is strong for Roosevelt. They'll beat him sure."

Anybody wanting a good hearty laugh has only to take this prophecy with him on a leisurely trip through the Old Dominion. True, one man has announced himself as a candidate against Senator Glass in the Democratic primaries next year, but he is about the loneliest human being in the entire state. When Virginians gather for a meeting of any kind, even a church social, they post pickets to make sure that the presumptuous creature does not sneak his way into the hall, and men and women cross the street at sight of the Person, afraid that their vaccinations may not be in working order. A few laugh at the candidacy as an amusing impertinence, but the major sentiment is one of actual outrage.

The great body of voters are heart and soul for Roosevelt, but they are equally heart and soul for Carter Glass. Every recognized Democratic leader has declared for his renomination, and a survey of Virginia's press discloses that only two papers are opposing his candidacy. Patronage quarrels are back of these isolated antagonisms, and with the sweet candor that marks him, Senator Glass confesses that he greatly prefers the attacks of the editors to their "former nauseous flatteries."

In Lynchburg, that pleasant town of 65,000 where he owns and edits both the morning and afternoon papers, besides pottering around on a model dairy farm, the senator comes close to being an idol. This, mind you, in spite of the fact that he does not use tobacco in any form, although the weed is Lynchburg's prize product, and he has never been known to touch liquor, not even apple jack.

It isn't that the Virginians are ignorant of Senator Glass' attacks on the New Deal. They know all about them, but calmly refuse to regard them as relevant. The one-gallused proprietor of a small acreage near Richmond came close to expressing the viewpoint of Virginia voters when he drawled that "That was jes' Kyartah's way. Of course," he confessed amiably, "we git mad at him now an' then, but, pshaw, it don't amount to nothin'. Everybody knows Kyartah aims to do the right as he sees it, an' we kinda think maybe it's a good thing to have

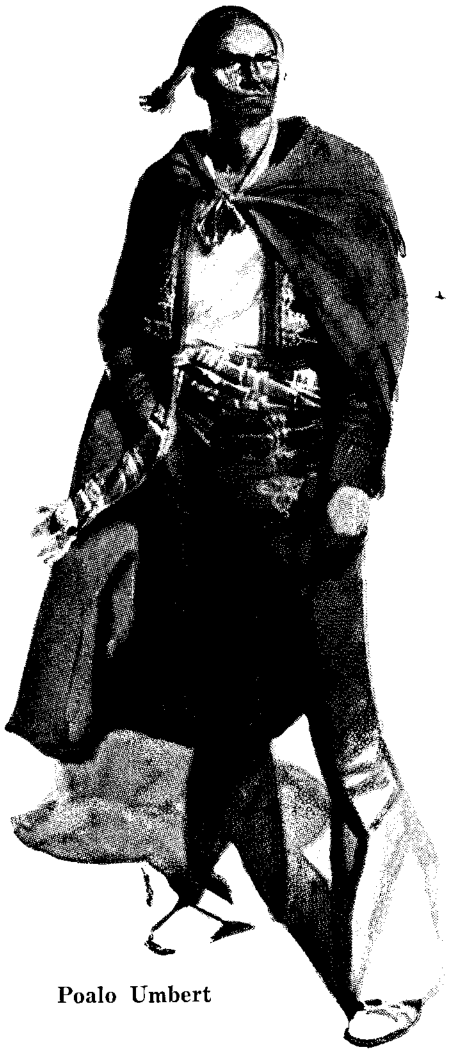
(Continued on page 55)

Man of Honor

By Jacland Marmur

"You are not afraid?" the captain of cargadores asked. "I am afraid of nothing," said the girl. And a glorious adventure began

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Poalo Umbert

POALO UMBERT, who was the captain of cargadores, crossed in silence the shadowy courtyard of the Inn of the One-eyed Sailor. Poalo was a giant, a great man in Cosalvador, and he straddled the trampled earth with dignity and strength. Behind him, towering ponderously above the turrets of that ancient inn, the Sierra tipped the moonlit sky with a jagged edge of silver-black; and the night air was heavy with the smell of the fertile land and the salt, wet wind of the gulf. On the fringe of beach, with his cloak loose at his shoulders and the tassel of his woolen cap at his cheek, he paused, solemnly surveying immensity.

Delicate foam patterns gleamed in the distant reach of the Gulf of Sta. Muritos. The moonhaze just touched the dim outline of the Island of Mirabel: beyond that the ocean rolled. Closer at hand, at the jetty, Poalo's sloop swung her mast in the stars. And on the ivory shelf of the beach where a fire gleamed, a slender black shape bent in the flickering light. Toward this faint beacon Poalo marched, until he sank to the sand across the fire from Natalie, who was roasting Mirabel clams on the beachwood coals. She did not look up.

"It is Poalo," she said.

He made no reply. Pensive, he remained silent for some moments, his large hands on his knees, his strong, sharp features etched in firelight. From the taproom of the tavern the bawdy song of a sailors' carouse drifted faintly on the night. It sounded at that distance like the brave song of courageous men hymning a splendid faith. But the sea was not deceived, and it gurgled and sucked scornfully at the land. Poalo sat brooding.

"NATALIE," he said at last, "you are my friend. I wish to talk a little."

Her laughter sounded instantly, deep and rich as the contralto throb of a vibrating gong. There was in it the vitality of passion, the fullness of maturity. She turned the clams.

"That is as much as to say, Poalo, that you wish to speak honestly, and so must find one who means little to you. I am not complimented."

He smiled a little. The girl, balanced lithely on her heels, tended the clams with the forked end of a stick. Yawning, they hissed with heat as Natalie prodded the flesh to test its tenderness before lifting them away to cool on the flat of a rock. All this she did with an intense air of abstraction, humming gayly a lilting air of the cargadores. But every now and again, out of the corners of her eyes she shot swift, questing glances toward Poalo. In the upflung glow of the coals they looked like bits of gleaming malachite. But Poalo knew her eyes were blue, as deep water is blue at sunrise of rare days at sea. She invited him with a wave of her stick to share the tasty morsels. Poalo shook his head.

"You are gay, Natalie," he said. "I envy you."

"But of course!" Her hand, arrested in mid-air, poised delicately for an instant before tossing aside an empty shell. She drew her body erect, and her head was lost at once in shadow. All that could be plainly seen now was the pulsing white throat of her, and a triangular little shadow that trembled a little, rising and falling with the agitation of her breast, firm and full in a tight-fitting bodice of some blue-black stuff. Then she laughed again, softly and very low. "I am gay because men desire me," she said, "and I know it is good. A fig to all niggardly women! I am not afraid of the desire of men, and I am not afraid of my own." She looked at him quickly. "And I am patient," she added, reaching for another of the charred, hot shells.

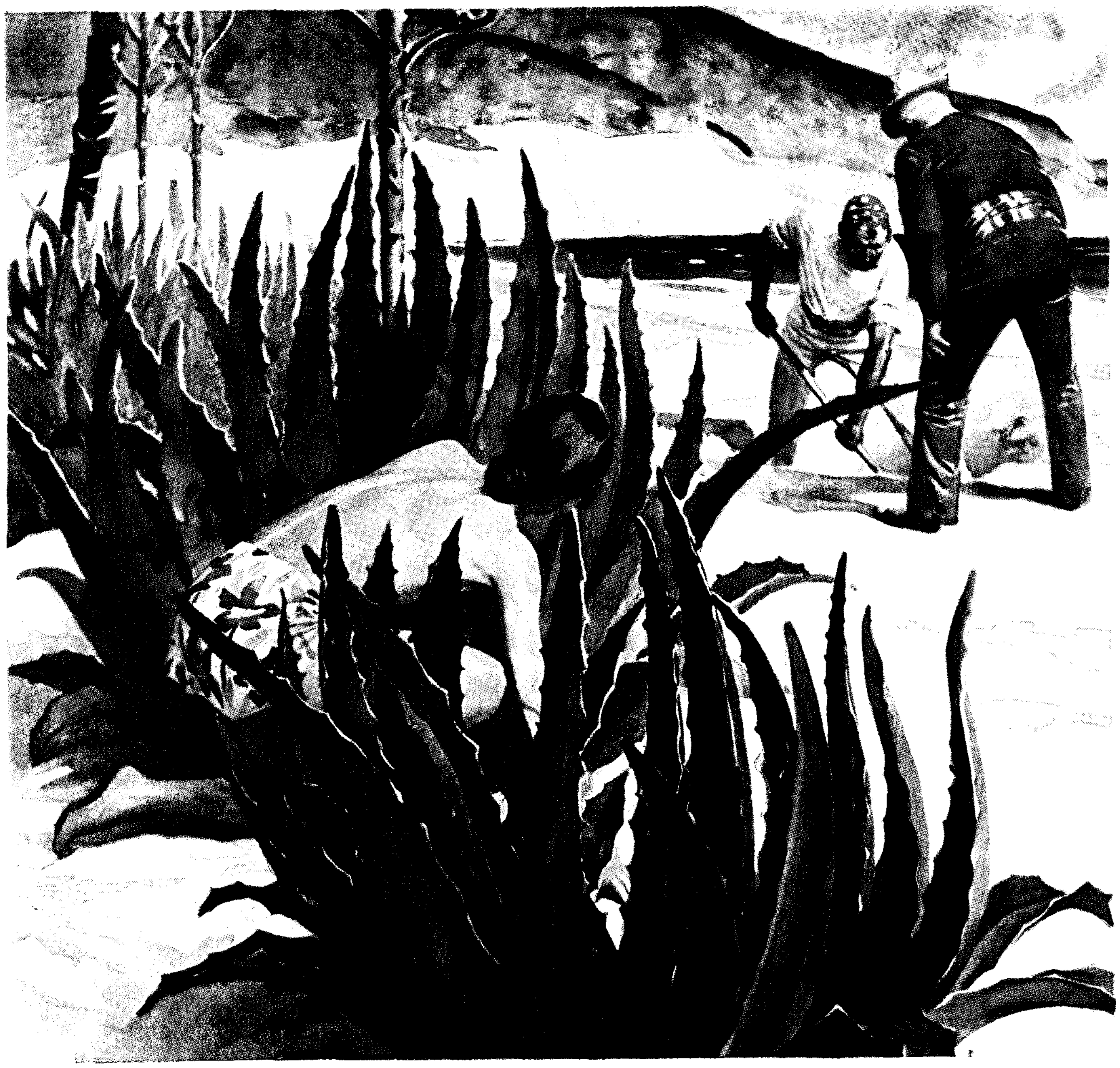
"And I, Natalie, am unhappy," Poalo murmured into the empty gulf. "I am sad because I have lost my love."

"That is nonsense."

HE SHOOK his head, musing. "Her name was Arlena, and to me she was all women rolled into one. Yet I gave her up to another, because she wished it so. When the devil of the pampas went shrieking into the gulf, on a night of great rain and thunder, I took them both across the sea to safety. This I did because no other man but Poalo could. And now I am here again, waiting for the moon to sink, because there is another thing which must be done tonight. Another thing to be trusted to no other man in Cosalvador but Poalo. Yet I am sad, Natalie. The thing I do has no meaning now. Because I have lost my love."

"That is nonsense," the girl said firmly again in her voice that was like no other music. "You have lost nothing. You speak of love as though it were nothing better than a handful of copper coins anyone might pluck from your purse at will. Love, Poalo, does

(Continued on page 60)



I was not ten paces from him when he dug up the treasure

"CANADA DRY"
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
NEW YORK
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SPARKLING WATER

WHEN it comes to a perfect beverage for children, the Champagne of Ginger Ales is a familiar sight in home after home. Its delicate flavor, its crystal sparkle and, above all, its *wholesome purity*, are famous. For example, in the matter of safeguarding purity alone, each bottle of Canada Dry must pass 14 separate tests.

LET A FAMOUS bio-chemist tell *one* reason why Canada Dry has such unusual flavor:

"Canada Dry's exclusive *Liquid Ginger Process* extracts 99% of all the delicate bouquet and flavor of choice Jamaica ginger. No other process does this. That's why only one ginger ale in the world has a really champagne-like delicacy of taste."

THROUGH the years, traditions have grown around Canada Dry until today few occasions seem complete without the presence of this fine, dry, old ginger ale. It is the acknowledged Prince of Mixers . . . flattering to whatever you serve it with.

NO GUEST ever forgets The Castle Harbour in Bermuda, famous for its luxurious beauty and lavish entertainment. Here, as you scan the wine list, along with many a vintage wine, you'll find a world-famous ginger ale. Of course it's Canada Dry.

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The *Champagne*
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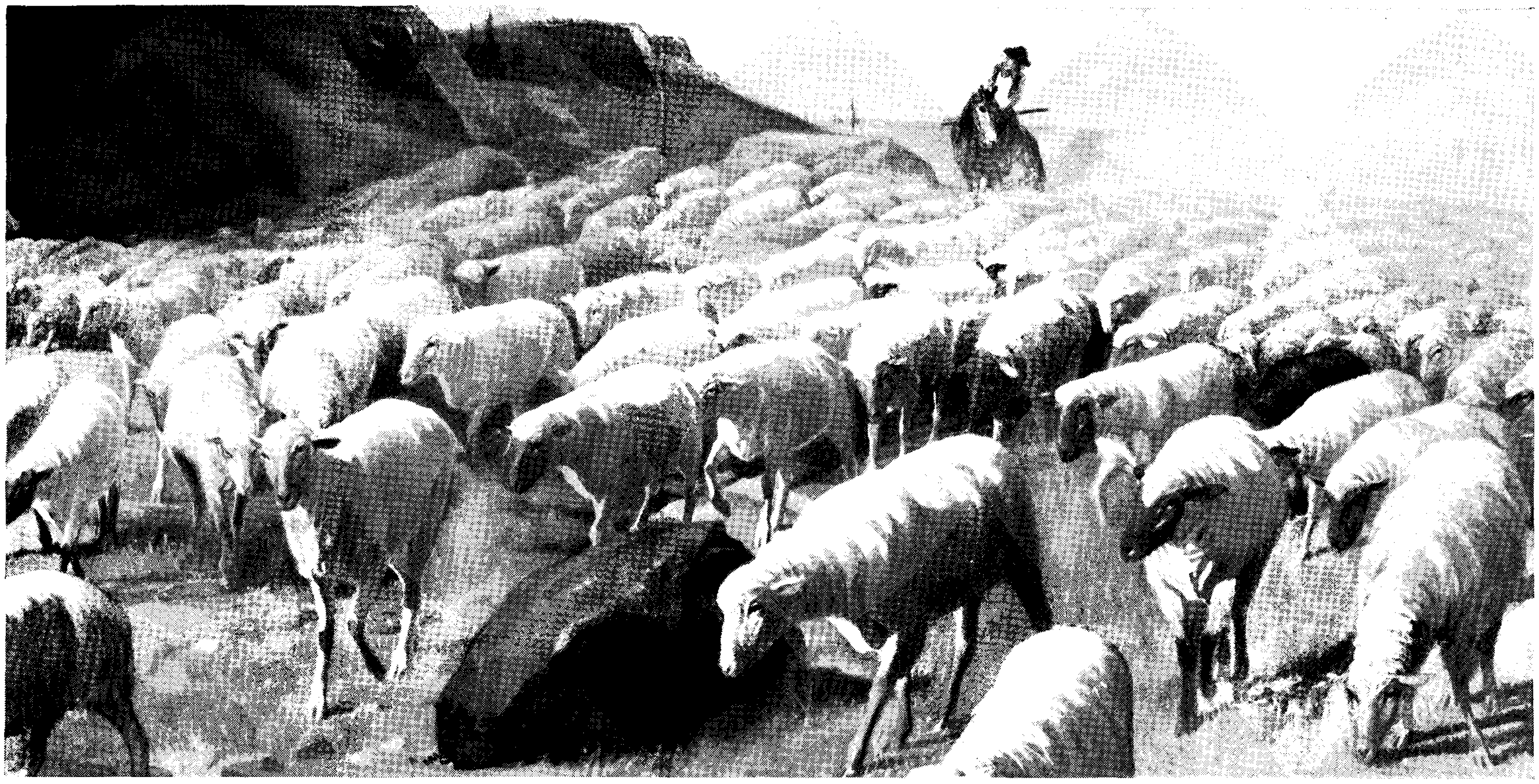
And less than 3c a drink—The big bottle of Canada Dry makes 5 to 8 long tall drinks for less than three cents each. In many ways, it pays to specify "Canada Dry" when you buy—instead of just "ginger ale."

CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER is the purest of crystal water packed with pin-point carbonation . . . so lively you can put an opened bottle in your refrigerator . . . and 24 hours later, it will still be full of zest and sparkle.



Those pointed feet slicing into the pastures of cattle land meant somebody's blood. It had always been so

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

LESLIE HEAD, brother of Bill Head, a prominent ranchman, is murdered—shot to death on Soapstone Ridge, near the little Western town of Morgantown. A stranger, Buck Surratt, who, rolled in his blankets, had spent the night on the ridge, is suspect. He is questioned, and, although innocent, declines to give his interrogators—Bill Head, Marshal Tom Bolderbuck, and others—any but the most evasive answers concerning his past.

Impressed by his self-assurance, Sam Torveen, owner of a nearby ranch, offers Surratt a job. Surratt accepts it; before he rides out to the ranch, he informs Head, in no uncertain terms, that he will not tolerate interference in his personal affairs. But more trouble awaits him at the ranch. The crew are, obviously, hostile to him. One of *them, Chunk Osbrook, deliberately insults* him. Whereupon, Surratt gives Osbrook a terrific beating, while the hands and Torveen look on. Then— "Is that all—or is there some more?" the new arrival inquires.

And no one replies.

II

TWILIGHT flowed across the meadow in indigo ripples and somewhere in the depths of the hills a coyote's howl thickened the land's deep loneliness. A faint wind came off the Gray Bull peaks and rustled through the trees like the echoes of a distant waterfall. Abruptly it was dark, with the lights of the ranch laying rich yellow beams across soft blackness. Ferd Bowie's horse clacked over the creek bridge and Ferd Bowie wheeled into the yard. He said, "All right," and got down.

The crew made vague shapes on the porch. Somebody flicked a cigarette through the air and when it fell its burning tip burst into a vivid spray of light. They had been waiting here, the sense of it very strong to Surratt—and now the waiting was done and they were rising along the porch. Sam Torveen's voice was keen and a little whipped up. "Everybody inside." He turned into the big room, the others at his heels. Following, Surratt heard horses traveling down the road.

Torveen stood in the center of the room, his red hair ragged on his forehead. He was smiling again, crookedly. "Some of them will come in and some will stay in the yard. Ed, you go stand at the corner of the house." He looked at Buck Surratt, that glinting amusement strong in his eyes. "You came up here for reasons of your own, friend Buck. The reasons are about to appear." He moved around the room, closing the wooden shutters against the windows and dropping the bars across them. He returned to the table, caught up the lamp and placed it in a corner of the room where its light would not make a background. Perrigo and Bowie and Chunk Osbrook had posted themselves around this room, making dark and studied shapes. The oncoming men boomed across the plank bridge. They were in the yard presently—and halted. A voice that was familiar to Surratt hailed the house.

"Torveen. I want to see you."

Torveen reached the doorway. He stopped there. He seemed to be suppressing laughter. "Come in, Bill." A boot began scraping behind Surratt and he stared around and saw the kid, Ferd Bowie, weaving a little. He said: "Stop that, kid." The kid's glance burned wickedly on him. Torveen had taken a few deliberate steps back into the room; and now men filed in and made a sober, alert rank there. He recognized Bill Head and the sheriff. The others were strangers to him.

Bill Head's ruddy face veered and his eyes found Surratt. The angry memory of Morgantown wrote itself across the man's bold features. He said to Surratt: "Get your belongings. You're going to Morgantown."

Torveen laid his electric grin on Head. He said: "You offered this man a job today. What for, Bill?"

"To keep my eyes on him," grunted Head.

"He's got a job here—and I'll keep my eyes on him."

"No," grunted Head. "He's bein' arrested."

TORVEEN turned his attention to the sheriff. "You got a warrant, Ranier?"

"Yeah."

Surratt spoke quietly. "What for?"

"The killin' of a man named Leslie Head," said Ranier.

Silent laughter showed across Torveen's eyes. "Tear up the warrant, Sheriff."

Bill Head swung and threw his shoulders forward. "What?"

"He ain't goin'."

The breathing of these men filled the room. Lamplight disturbed and stained their expressions. The shadow of violence lay here. The sheriff's body was stiff and crooked. Bill Head seemed to be rummaging his mind. Surratt thought that his first impressions had been right; the man was slow on the bounce. But it was to be seen now that he had an implacable stubbornness.

"That's bad, Torveen."

Torveen said, almost idly: "I stand back of my men. You should have known that before you came. You might have guessed a warrant would do you no good. There is no way of getting Surratt except by takin' him. You think you want to take him, Ranier?"

Sweat glinted along the sheriff's forehead. His eyes turned and begged Head for an answer. Behind Surratt, the kid's feet were restlessly shuffling again.

Head said definitely: "No. We'll leave the gun play alone. It isn't necessary." He directed his talk at Surratt. "Better consider this and ride into Morgantown tomorrow. You're in a trap. If I don't see you in town twelve hours from now it's open season on you, wherever you're found."

"That's plain," said Torveen cheerfully.

Head's face showed the sting of the remark. It was flushed and irritated. "You better take a long look at your own hole cards, Sam. Come on."

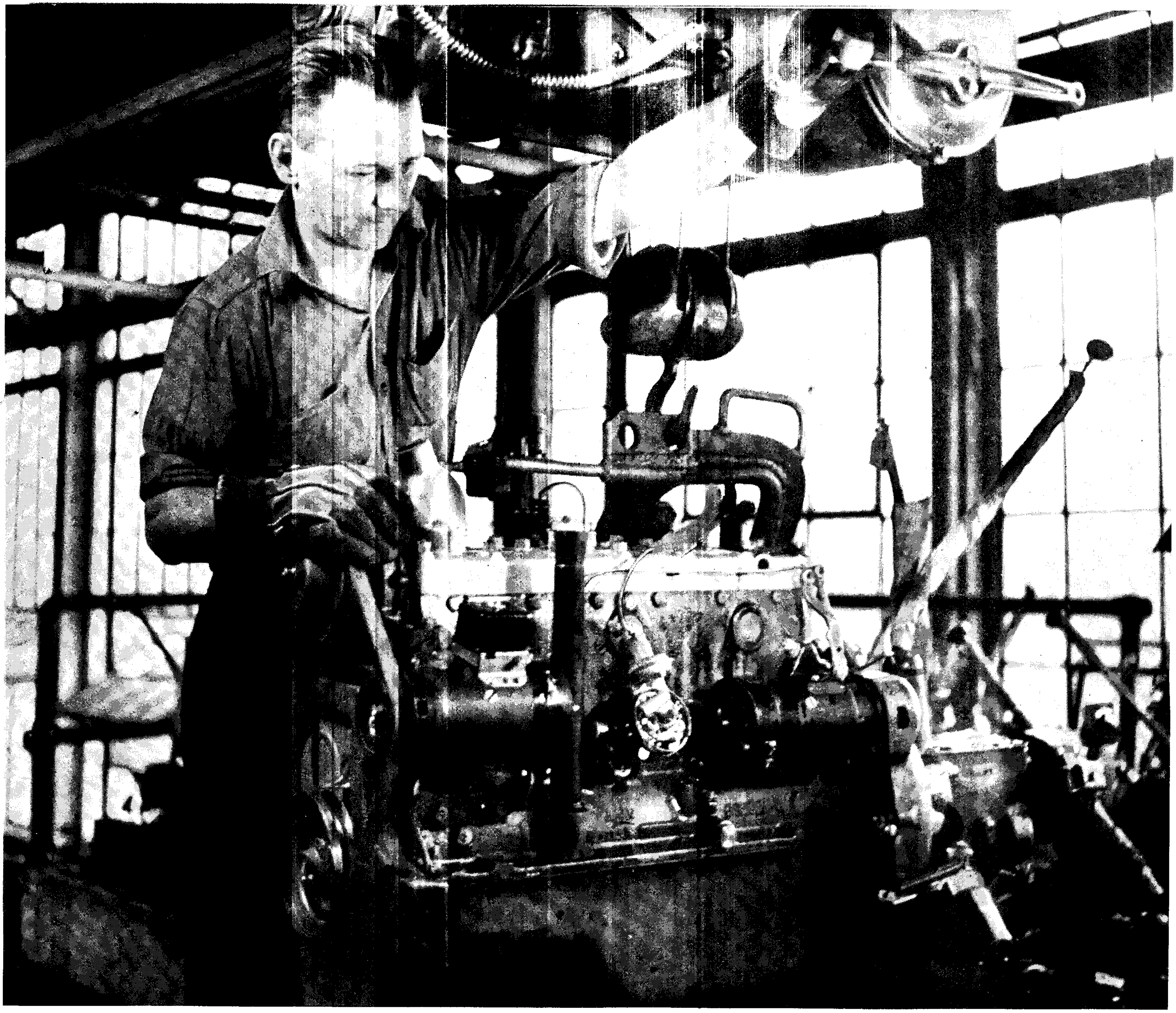
They filed out. Motionless, Surratt listened to them mount and ride away. Nobody spoke until the echo of their departure died beyond the trees. Ed came across the porch then and put his head through the doorway. Torveen said: "You plant yourself on the bridge, Ed, and stay till you're relieved."

IT BROKE up the party. Ed disappeared and Perrigo led Osbrook and the kid out of the room. Torveen turned on Surratt. He had ceased to smile.

"Your reason for comin' up here was to get yourself some protection you saw you were goin' to need. Well, I gave you the protection. That's my part of the bargain. But call it quits if you want. I'll not hold you from ridin' away."

Surratt murmured: "I don't welsh on my debts."

"I didn't think you would," drawled Torveen. "Well, I told you I had my



82 Horsepower Rarin' to Go

ALL IT NEEDS NOW ARE WHEELS to use its power . . . a beautiful new Plymouth to carry . . . and somebody to have the fun of driving it.

You never saw anything more right and ready for the job ahead than this big, new Plymouth engine.

It started off with great engineering advantages. A cooling system that lowers lubricating oil temperature as much as 50° . . . automatic spark control that stops "ping" and gets full power from fuel . . . increased speed and power on 12% to 20% less gas and oil . . . Floating Power . . . money-saving simplicity . . . and plenty more.

Fine workmanship produced each part. Each part had to pass inspections that detect and throw out errors far smaller than the thickness of a human hair.

Then we tested it on a dynamometer . . . a device that measures exactly what horsepower the engine delivers running under load. Finally, this engine *ran* for two solid hours . . . "breaking in."

Now here it is . . . 82 horsepower . . . ready to give some Plymouth owner tens of thousands of trouble-free miles . . . and brilliant performance. And . . . it's rarin' to go!

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reasons, too. You'll discover them soon enough. As for the crew I've got, you know their kind. But I'm in a fight and I can't be nice about my choice of men." He stopped, framing some further explanation. Surratt saw it die. Torveen only added: "What you have to do to those boys is your business, not mine. I guess you've figured that already, so I don't have to warn you."

Surratt turned to the porch. He went along it, stepping into the bunkroom. Osbrook was lying on one bunk, Perrigo on another. The kid sat up to the table, playing solitaire in moody silence. None of them looked directly at him, yet as he unrolled his blankets and pulled off his clothes he felt the effect of a sidewise, covert scrutiny. He rolled into the bunk and put a palm over his eyes and stared above him, slowly balancing the help they had given him against the unqualified hatred they bore him. There was the thread of motive running through this contradiction but he could not ferret it out. They were men who answered only to the whip; they did not understand softness. He knew then he had something to do here.

He turned his head toward the kid and spoke bluntly, ungently: "Kill that light, kid."

Ferd Bowie's head jerked. The sullen hatred that was so strong in him poured across the room. He burst out: "What the hell did you come here for?"

Surratt reared from his blankets. He put a hand on the edge of the bed. "If I come over there, runt, I'll spank you dry. Put out the light."

The kid kicked back his chair, rising. There was a violent agony of choice printed on his sallow cheeks. Nick Perrigo remained still on his bunk and looked at this scene with a bright, scheming attention. But the kid blew out the light and stamped from the room. Presently Surratt heard Perrigo get up and call Osbrook. They went out. A door slammed down the porch. In a moment he heard their voices rising and quarreling with the fainter voice of Torveen.

Something was plain enough to Surratt then. Torveen hired them because he needed them. But it appeared they had gotten beyond his control. Maybe this was why Torveen had offered him the job. He considered it slowly. But he was tired and there was a sharp regret in him for the ways of life he could not escape and the hope of something he could not name and could never reach; and presently he fell asleep.

SURRATT swung into his saddle. "I'm going to have a look at this country."

Torveen murmured idly: "That's all right."

Morning swelled across the meadow in warm full waves of sunlight. Surratt's horse pitched gently around the yard, strong with the desire to travel, but Surratt was watching Nick Perrigo, who remained so still and dissenting by the bunkroom door. There was a challenge in this man, rising from some obscure purpose. And then Surratt let the pony go, lining out over a meadow still sparkling with night's dew.

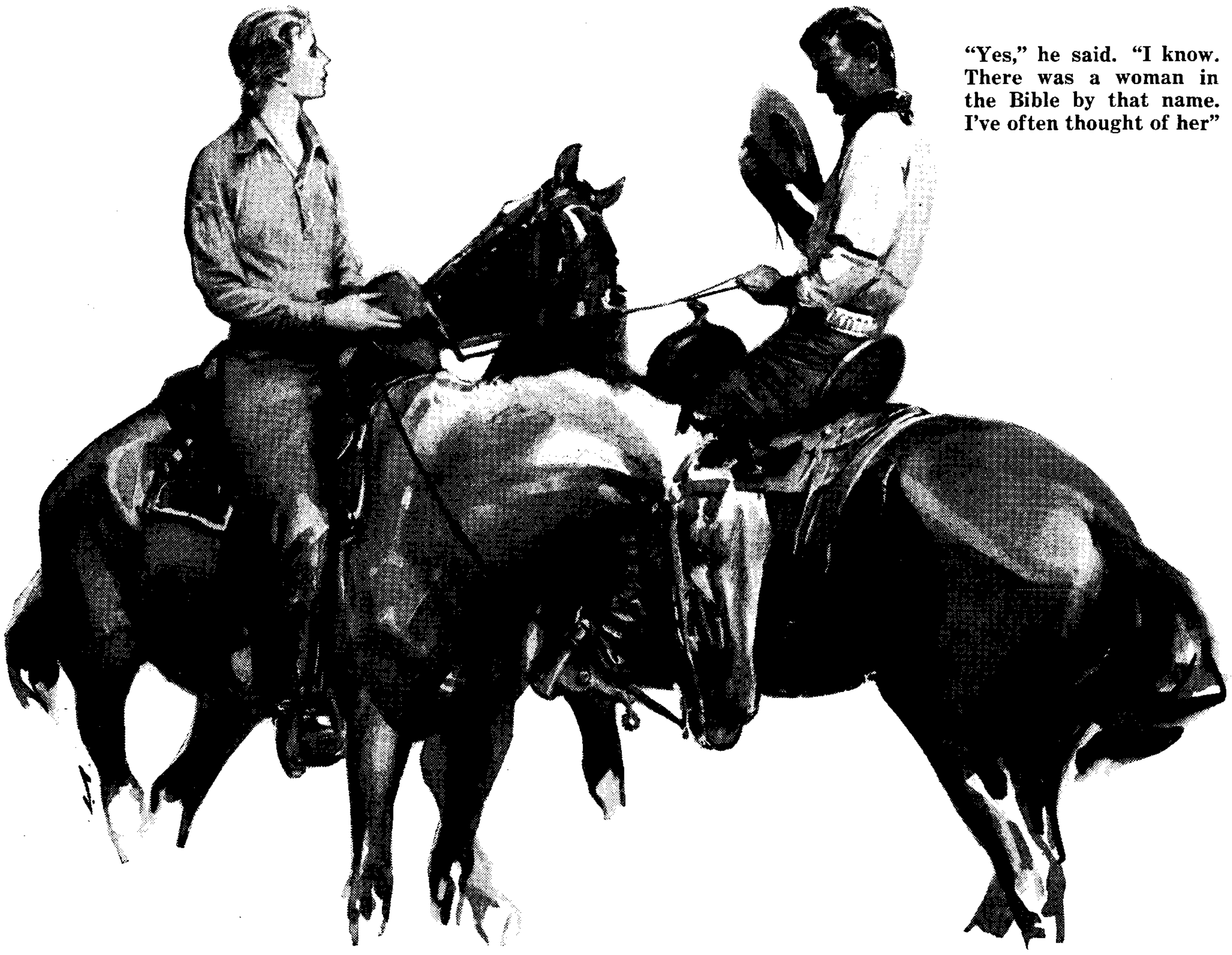
The sky was flawlessly blue and a piny smell lay thick and pleasant in this upland air. Five hundred yards beyond he reached the trees and passed into them, following the climbing curves of a broad trail. He looked back at this point to find what he had expected he might find; a rider cut away from the ranch house and trotted over the meadow at a different angle, soon disappearing.

But the morning laid its ease upon Surratt and he was smiling in a way that relieved the gray sharpness of his smoky eyes, and his glance traveled the quiet brown corridors of these hills with an eagerness long unknown to him. He passed the scar of a woodcutter's camp, thereupon falling into an ancient corduroy road. The day was turning hot, a faint drone of the forest's minute life disturbing this shadowy stillness. A bird's scarlet wings flashed out sudden brilliance across the trail. Impelled by the restless vigor of his body, he kept climbing and two hours later came to a bald knob high on a ridge where two roads crossed and an ancient signboard pointed northward, reading: "Carson's Ford." He went on out into the clearing—and stopped.

Eastward the timber rose in continuous green folds. But elsewhere, from this high vantage point, the hill country lay clearly visible under the gold streamers of the sun. Far to the west the desert rolled on beneath its own sultry flashing—on to copper and blue horizons. Nearer, crowded against the trees, the housetops of Morgantown made a rectangular pattern against the tawny earth. He caught all this in one sweep, and turned then to look directly below him. He had climbed the southern side of the ridge and saw at his feet a valley running away from the north slope of the ridge. Narrow and summer-yellow, it lay between stiff-pitched hill walls, with fences setting off its surface in square design and one long ranch house sitting in the center of it, surrounded by outbuildings. A river cut a black-green serpentine course down the valley's middle, crossed by a bridge; on the road beside the river were the lifting dust puffs of some stray rider.

HE CONSIDERED the picture with a definite approval, and then looked regretfully to the high east where the Gray Bull peaks marked the boundary of some far country. There was a feeling in him to be on his way, to run with the days and leave his campfires behind him, one and one, until the rash and footloose mood in him turned cold. But even as he thought of it, he remembered his obligation to Sam Torveen and turned back to the trees.

A woman sat on a roan mare and waited for him, just inside the trees. When he came up to her and stopped—because she barred his way—he saw that her eyes, gray as his own, were direct and strong with interest. She wore the same clothes he had seen on her the morning before in Morgantown, a man's denim overalls stuffed into boots, a man's wool shirt loose across a firm and rounded chest. She held her hat across the saddle horn and deep yellow hair ran faintly lawless back from features as serene and fair as he had ever seen on a woman. Restlessness swayed her a little.



"Yes," he said. "I know. There was a woman in the Bible by that name. I've often thought of her"

He said: "Good mornin', Miss Cameron," and lifted his hat.

There was a smile lying behind the contour of her lips. "I wondered if you'd remember me."

"Why not?"

She said: "Well, you had your mind full of other things yesterday morning."

"My name," he told her quietly, "is Buck Surratt."

"I was about to ask you," she murmured.

He said: "What is that valley down there?"

"It belongs to my people."

"What's beyond the ridge?"

"Another valley, where the Peyrolles run." Her head turned and indicated the timbered masses in the higher east. "If you ride that way you'll run into Head country. Martin Head. Bill's father." She looked at him with a more direct interest. "Leslie Head's father also—the boy that was shot near your campfire the other night."

He said, "My campfire was out."

Her chin lifted with a certain resoluteness. Her voice at the moment had the candid directness of a man's. "I came here to talk to you about that."

"How'd you know I'd be here?"

"I've been following you ever since you left Sam Torveen's place."

Admiration was strong in him. She had a poise and a serenity. Good breeding defined all the regular features of her face and made them expressive and stirring. He kept his peace, waiting for her to go on.

"Were you curious about that shot, Buck?"

HE REACHED for his pipe and packed it and lighted it. He swept a gust of good smoke into his lungs. His mind was on the question, but he noticed the sudden gravity of her smooth cheeks. He said finally: "I did a little looking around."

"You went down to the cabin?"

"Yes."

"Inside?"

He said, "Yes," again, very slowly.

Her question was rapid and concerned: "Did you find something in that cabin, Buck? Something you put in your pocket and carried away?"

Her hands, he observed, were long and slender and supple; and she held them quietly folded on the saddle horn. A slanting beam of sunlight reached through the trees to accent the yellow luster in her hair; and that rich color deepened the ivory tints of her skin. But there was something breaking through the rough man's clothing she wore—the fire of a womanliness that touched him and fed his senses powerfully. It played tricks with him, unsettling the cool run of his thoughts, disturbing his ease. He had known many women, but not the kind of woman this tall, graceful girl was.

She said: "Give it to me, Buck."

A slow wistfulness got into his answer. "Many people have trusted me."

She straightened. Her words came back almost impulsively—and quite direct. "I trust you, if that is what you want me to do."

"What kind of a man was this Leslie Head?"

Her face was in the bright sunlight, but her thinking cast a shadow across it. It wasn't fear he viewed there; it was the memory of a thing bitter and unpleasant. She murmured: "Speak no evil of the dead, Buck."

"He had enemies?"

"He had no friends."

(Continued on page 44)

☆ ☆ *With* ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

You Can Provide Money for the Future:

- **TO EDUCATE CHILDREN**
- **TO SET UP A RETIREMENT FUND**
- **TO TAKE CARE OF DEPENDENTS**
- **TO CREATE A CASH ESTATE**
- **TO ACCUMULATE FUNDS FOR TRAVEL AND RECREATION**

United States Government Bonds for many years have been the prime investment for banks, corporations and other purchasers of securities.

United States Savings Bonds are direct obligations of the Government and combine safety with certain provisions designed to meet special requirements of investors. They offer a fair return for those who seek investment of funds on hand and for those who wish, during their productive years, to put aside regularly some of their income at compound interest for future use, whether for themselves or as gifts to others.

United States Savings Bonds are sold on a discount basis—for example, a bond worth $100 at maturity can be bought today for $75. Unlike coupon bonds or other Government obligations, these bonds do not pay immediate interest, but constantly increase in guaranteed cash surrender value from the first year until they mature at the end of ten years, when their face value will be paid in cash. They may be redeemed at any time after sixty days from date of purchase at fixed prices. They are, therefore, not affected in dollar value by market conditions and are free from fluctuation. These bonds are essentially savings bonds. A maturity value of $10,000 of these bonds issued in any one calendar year is the maximum amount which may be held under one ownership.

Approximately 600,000 United States Savings Bonds have been issued since they became available on March 1, 1935. The sales total to October 1 of this year is in excess of $180,000,000 maturity value—an average sale of more than $1,000,000 for every business day.

The Treasury Department seeks to extend the ownership of this form of security in the belief that the purchasers will benefit from their investment and the Government itself will benefit through a wider distribution of its obligations.

United States Savings Bonds may be bought at any post office, or direct-by-mail from the Treasurer of the United States.

Your Investment Increases 33 1/3 % in 10 Years

$18.75 . . . *increases in 10 years to* . . . **$25**
$37.50 . . . *increases in 10 years to* . . . **$50**
$75.00 . . . *increases in 10 years to* . . **$100**
$375.00 . . *increases in 10 years to* . . **$500**
$750.00 . . *increases in 10 years to* . . **$1000**
Redeemable in cash at any time after 60 days from date issued

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OR IF YOU PREFER, ORDER BY MAIL

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TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPARTMENT C-3, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Enclosed find check, draft or money order for—

NUMBER			
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....	$50 United States Savings Bonds at	$37.50	$.................
....	$100 United States Savings Bonds at	$75.00	$.................
....	$500 United States Savings Bonds at	$375.00	$.................
....	$1000 United States Savings Bonds at	$750.00	$.................
		Total	$.................

Register in the name of and send to
*Name*____________________
*Street Address*____________________
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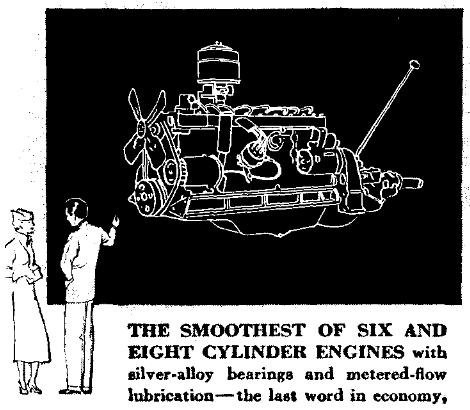
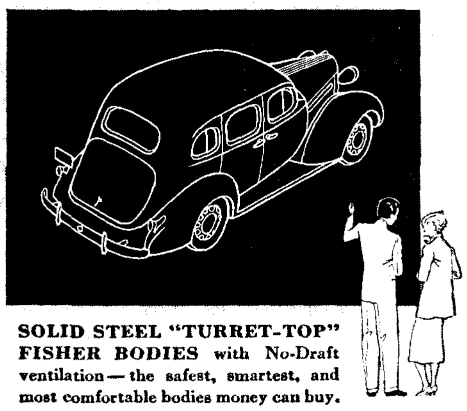
Your personal check will be accepted, subject to collection, or you may send bank draft or money order. Do not send currency by mail. Make checks payable to Treasurer of the United States.

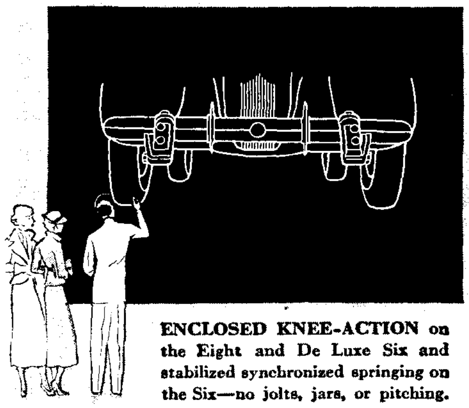
All that's Best of All that's New!



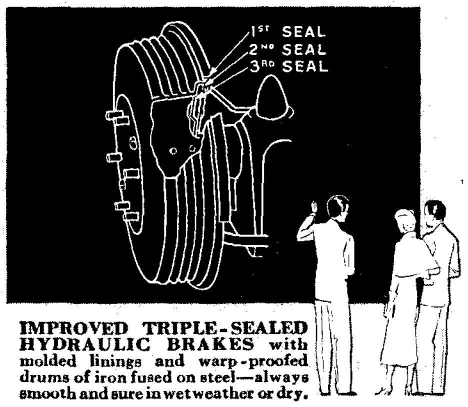
THE SMOOTHEST OF SIX AND EIGHT CYLINDER ENGINES with silver-alloy bearings and metered-flow lubrication—the last word in economy.



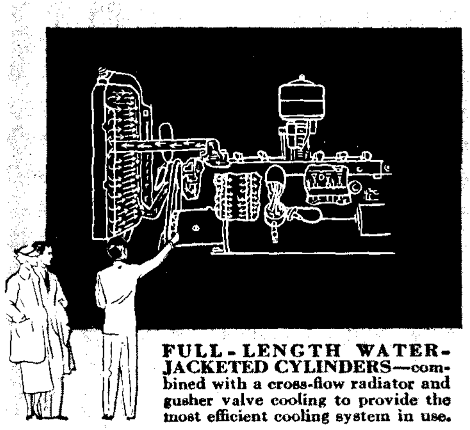
SOLID STEEL "TURRET-TOP" FISHER BODIES with No-Draft ventilation—the safest, smartest, and most comfortable bodies money can buy.



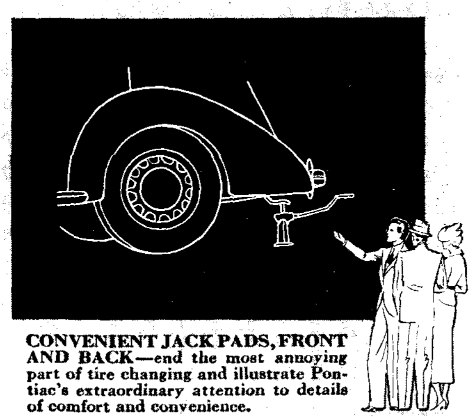
ENCLOSED KNEE-ACTION on the Eight and De Luxe Six and stabilized synchronized springing on the Six—no jolts, jars, or pitching.



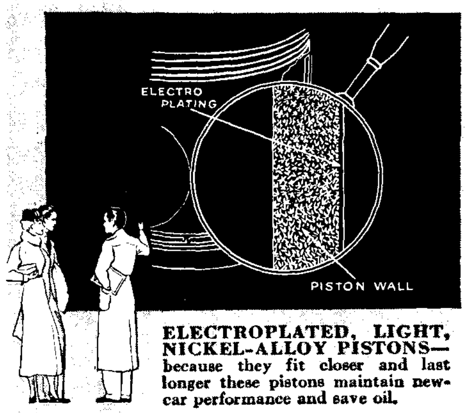
IMPROVED TRIPLE-SEALED HYDRAULIC BRAKES with molded linings and warp-proofed drums of iron fused on steel—always smooth and sure in wet weather or dry.



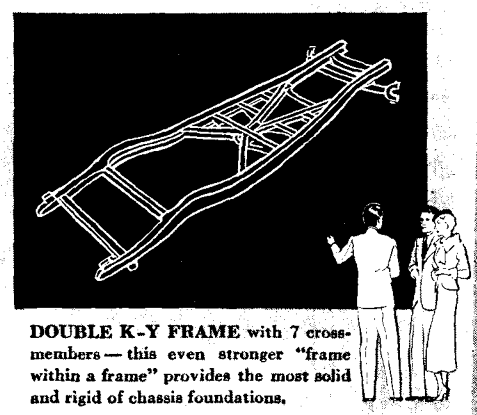
FULL-LENGTH WATER-JACKETED CYLINDERS—combined with a cross-flow radiator and gusher valve cooling to provide the most efficient cooling system in use.



CONVENIENT JACK PADS, FRONT AND BACK—end the most annoying part of tire changing and illustrate Pontiac's extraordinary attention to details of comfort and convenience.



ELECTROPLATED, LIGHT, NICKEL-ALLOY PISTONS—because they fit closer and last longer these pistons maintain new-car performance and save oil.



DOUBLE K-Y FRAME with 7 cross-members—this even stronger "frame within a frame" provides the most solid and rigid of chassis foundations.

$615*

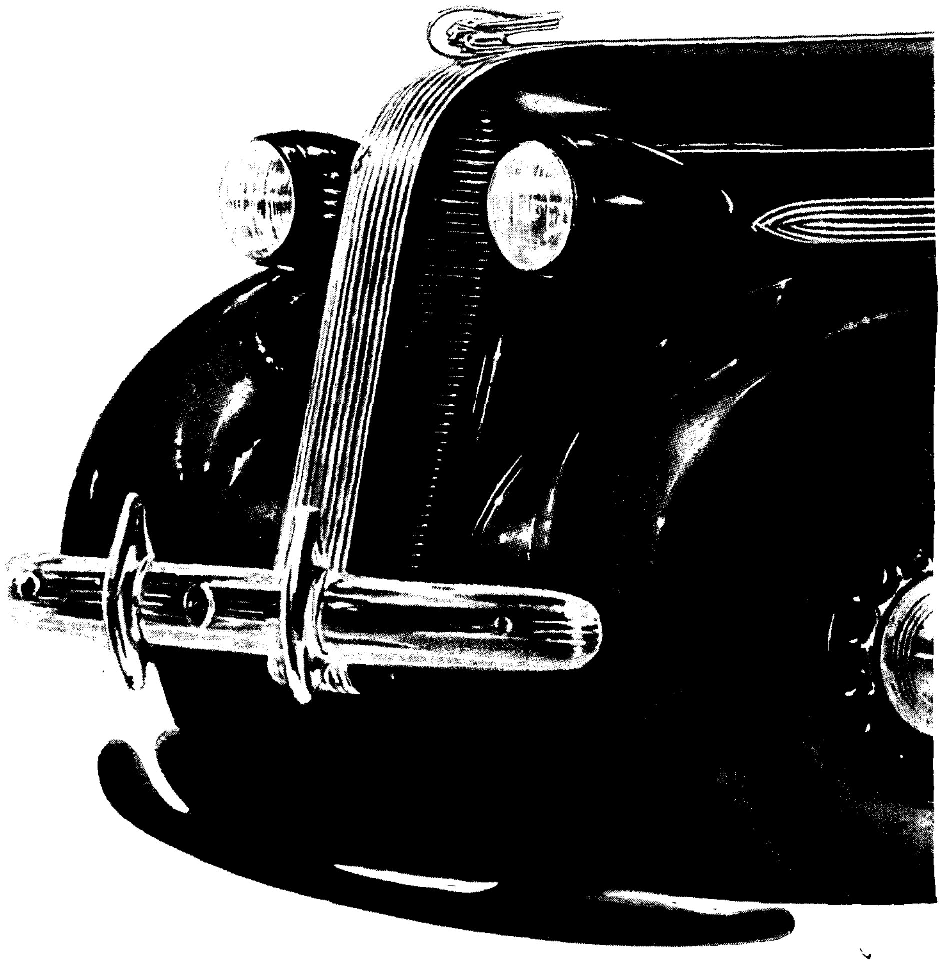
**List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at $615 for the Six and $730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Standard group of accessories extra. Available on easy G.M.A.C. Time Payments. A General Motors Value.*

BUY A PONTIAC

1936

Last Year•

This Year• MORE



and the Silver

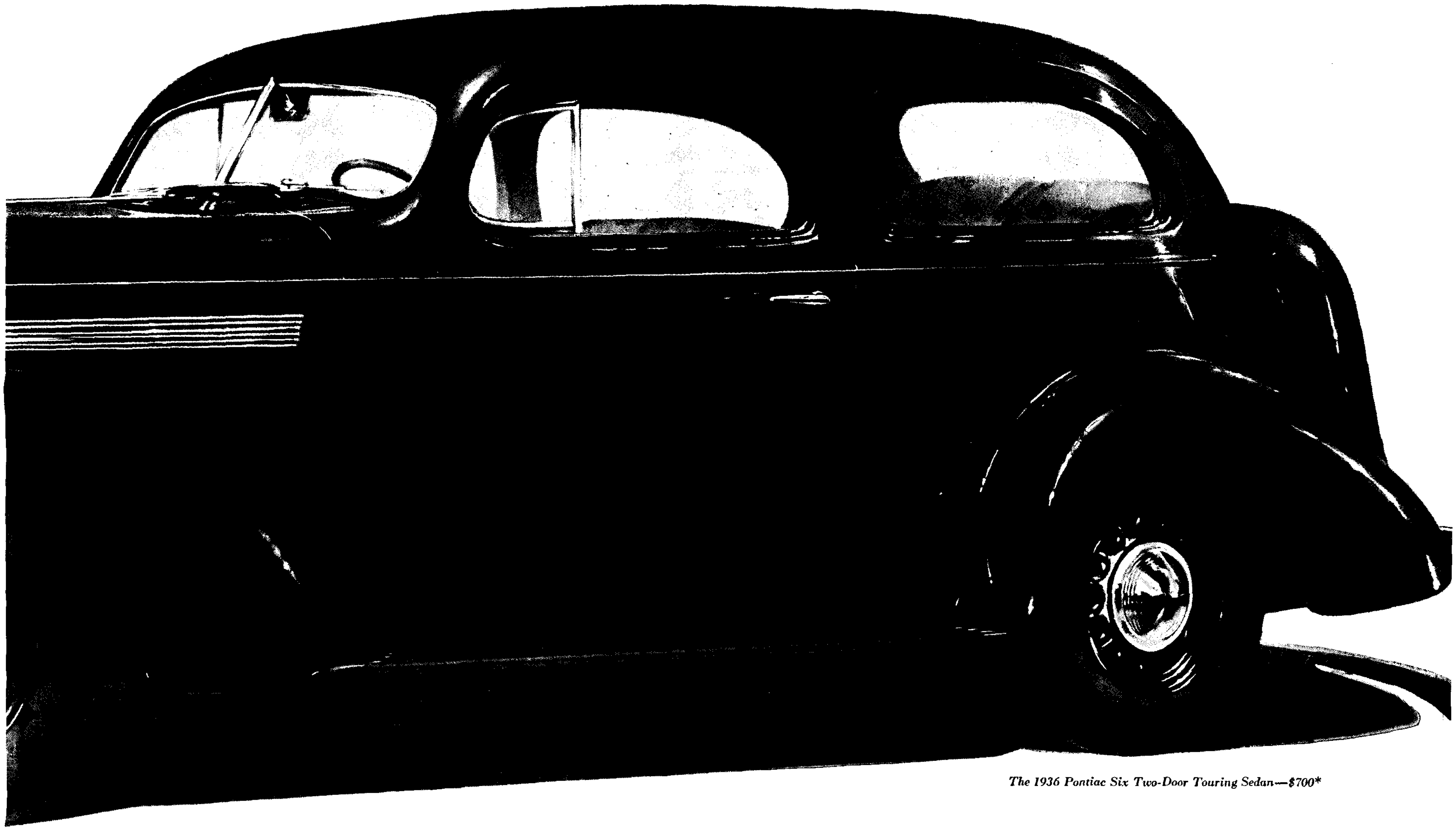
IS BUILT TO LAST

About a year ago, Pontiac produced its first car with the now-famous Silver Streak, and America promptly christened it *the most beautiful thing on wheels.* It seemed impossible then to improve on Pontiac's smart "speed-lined" design, but—well, look at the mag-

PONTIAC SIXES *and* EIGHTS

The most Beautiful thing on Wheels

BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER !



*The 1936 Pontiac Six Two-Door Touring Sedan—$700**

treak for '36

00,000 MILES!

cent car illustrated above. A new treatment of radiator, lights, hood . . . a new use of sparkling chromium . . . a smart new ng to the fenders, running boards, and rear end—and the miracle achieved. *The Pontiac for '36 is everywhere acclaimed even more a pleasure to the eye than the original Silver Streak!* . . . And something more than thrilling beauty arrived with the new Pontiac. *The 1936 Silver Streak is built to last 100,000 miles.* Think it over, and you'll readily see what a difference that makes in every phase of performance. Engines built to last 100,000 miles must be smoother and quieter from the start. Brakes built to such a standard must be far better brakes. Bodies and frame must be more rigid and sturdy. The ride must be more gentle. And, of course, *economy reaches its peak.* In fact, a car that's built to last 100,000 miles naturally excels in *everything* you want and need. So keep an open mind until you see and drive the Silver Streak for '36. Depend upon it—*you have never looked upon its like before!*

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Dancing, singing, acting in the movies, acting on the stage, one by one Margo has added them all to her bag of tricks. Now she thinks she's entitled to two names

The Girl with One Name

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Margo, after playing in Hecht and MacArthur's Crime Without Passion, appears currently in Maxwell Anderson's Winterset

NOT content with being young and unknown, the girl let herself be known as Margo and a lot of people were sore.

"Margo what?" they asked. "Margo Tillinghast? Miss Margo? Who does she think she is—Bernhardt?"

They started being sore when she appeared in the Hecht and MacArthur picture, Crime Without Passion, and were still being sore when she turned up this year in Maxwell Anderson's poetic drama, Winterset.

In addition, her past experience had been as a rumba dancer rather than an actress and this was held to be inexcusable. It explained, however, why she was Margo. When you're a rumba dancer or a ballroom dancer of any kind, you don't go around with a name like Margarita Bolado or even Miss Effie Arbuthnot. You're known either by your first name or your last name . . . Ramon and Rosita . . . The Cansinos . . . The Marcos.

She's a Mexican, the Bolado girl, but she has spent most of her life in this country. She was dancing at the age of five, hopping about in cheesecloth to the Meditation from Thais and the Death of the Swan. When she was six, she was brought to New York in the entourage of her grandmother, whose heart couldn't stand the altitude of Mexico City.

"There were Grandmother," says Margo, "and an uncle and an aunt, another aunt and another uncle, two cousins, three dogs, a servant and I. My father was dead and my mother stayed in Mexico."

She studied ballet with Fokine and Spanish dancing with Cansino, who was very famous at the time. One of the uncles was Francisco Castillo, treasurer of Mexico under De la Huerta, and he later got into difficulties because he was on the wrong side of the political fence but got away in time to be a voice instructor in Los Angeles.

Where the Audience Ruled

After a year or two in New York, the family moved to Los Angeles where Margarita attended Grant Grammar school and Le Conte Junior High School and was no good in arithmetic and not much better at anything else but dancing. The union of art and education finally split up by mutual consent when Margo began dancing at the Santa Barbara Festival and later at the Hill Street Mexican theater in Los Angeles.

The Mexican theater, it has been generally conceded, is the worst in the world, and the branch in America was no exception. Margo danced in the chorus, did solo dances and had walk-on parts. She was twelve at the time and spent a great deal of energy dodging the California Labor Commission because of her age and earned fifteen dollars a week. She was there for three years, got occasional raises at the rate of seventy-five cents a raise and finally ended at twenty-five dollars.

The Main Street was some place. The audience had none of the restraint of the American audience, taking what part in the proceedings they felt was justified by events. When the hero came out hunting the villain and cried, "Where is he?" a gentleman from the gallery yelled: "He's right there behind you in the tree, you lunkhead."

Ignoring this, the hero cried again: "Where is he?"

"Behind you in the tree!" cried the helpful man in the gallery.

Whereupon the hero addressed the gentleman in the audience.

"If you go on like that, I won't be able to play at all," he said. "If I don't say 'Where is he?' the show can't go on."

He then turned back to the stage, cried "Where is he?" in a loud voice and everybody was satisfied.

Margo invented one of her most popular dances at the Main Street. After practicing for three months on an intricate and very lovely toe number, she introduced it to her happy public by taking two steps and falling flat on the newly waxed stage. She got up, took two more steps and went down again. The paying patrons thought this extremely humorous and went into a state approximating dementia. For Margo it was a painful and tearful experience, but she was still including the number in her repertory years later when she appeared at the Waldorf-Astoria ballroom in New York.

During these years a contest went on between Margo's mother, who wanted her to return to Mexico City and be a lady, and her grandmother, who wanted her to be independent and have a career.

Grandmother, the Liberator

Grandfather Castillo had once owned practically the entire state of Campeche and was the proud father of sixteen children. He was of the old school which held that the place of the daughters was at home behind thick curtains. He would buy his girls the finest gowns from Paris and never allow them out of the house to show them. As a result the daughters would walk about the hacienda in the creations of Poiret and Lanvin and wearing carpet slippers for comfort. Grandmother Castillo was of another breed. She hated the confinement of the old conventional life and dreamed of the day when her daughters could be human beings in their own right. When Grandfather Castillo died, Grandmother urged her daughters into the world. They didn't want to be independent. So Grandmother took out her pride in Margo.

(Continued on page 59)

The MAN Who In 1843

Had To Do His Thinking . . . Alone!

THE man who was the first to insure his life in The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York had to do most of his thinking alone.

Before February 1, 1843, when this Company became actively engaged in bringing mutual life insurance before the public, life insurance had small place in the national consciousness. Experience available to a man *then* seems pitifully limited to us to-day.

How eagerly that first policyholder would have welcomed a full discussion with someone who might have removed all doubt from his mind as to the future *safety* and *security* of this new plan of providing for himself and his dependents!

How different is your situation to-day! At your command without charge, no matter how much or how little thinking *you* have already given to life insurance, is the advice and counsel of an experienced agency representative of The Mutual Life.

Mutual Life representatives are first of all advisers. They represent a company whose members and their beneficiaries since 1843 have received over three billion dollars in payments under their contracts and which has accumulated assets of more than a billion dollars to meet its present and future obligations. *No company is better able to meet its life insurance obligations.*

WELCOME THE MUTUAL LIFE REPRESENTATIVE WHEN HE CALLS

He will present life insurance in a broad sense, perhaps more broadly fitting your exact resources and requirements than you may realize. *Talk with him*—his knowledge, his training and experience may be of inestimable value to you.

The least expensive experiences in life are other people's if you make use of them. Give fresh thinking, as many are doing, to rebuilding and re-establishing your life insurance.

SEND FOR BOOKLET: NO OBLIGATION

Read "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing," published by The Mutual Life. It explains why each dollar that comes to *you should have at least a few cents in it* that do not belong to the *current* year of your life at all, but which should be devoted to a *later* year when the value will be greater if only because the need is greater! Write for it.

The Mutual Life
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DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*
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THE FIRST AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1 1843

$10, TO NAME THIS

ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH OF NASH DE LUXE "400" FOUR-DOOR SE

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WORLD'S FIRST COMPLETE SEAMLESS ALL-STEEL BODY The Nash "400" has a one-piece, seamless all-steel top, steel floor and steel body with girder-steel frame. Safer . . . and it will stand up years longer.

$665

and up f. o. b. factory. DeLuxe models only $10 to $25 higher. 1936 LaFayette $595 and up, f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. Convenient terms, new low rates through the Authorized Nash-C.I.T. Finance Plan.

The new 1936

Also new 1936 Ambassador models in two series . . . big, luxuriou 125-inch wheelbase . . . priced at only $835 and up, f. o. b. factor

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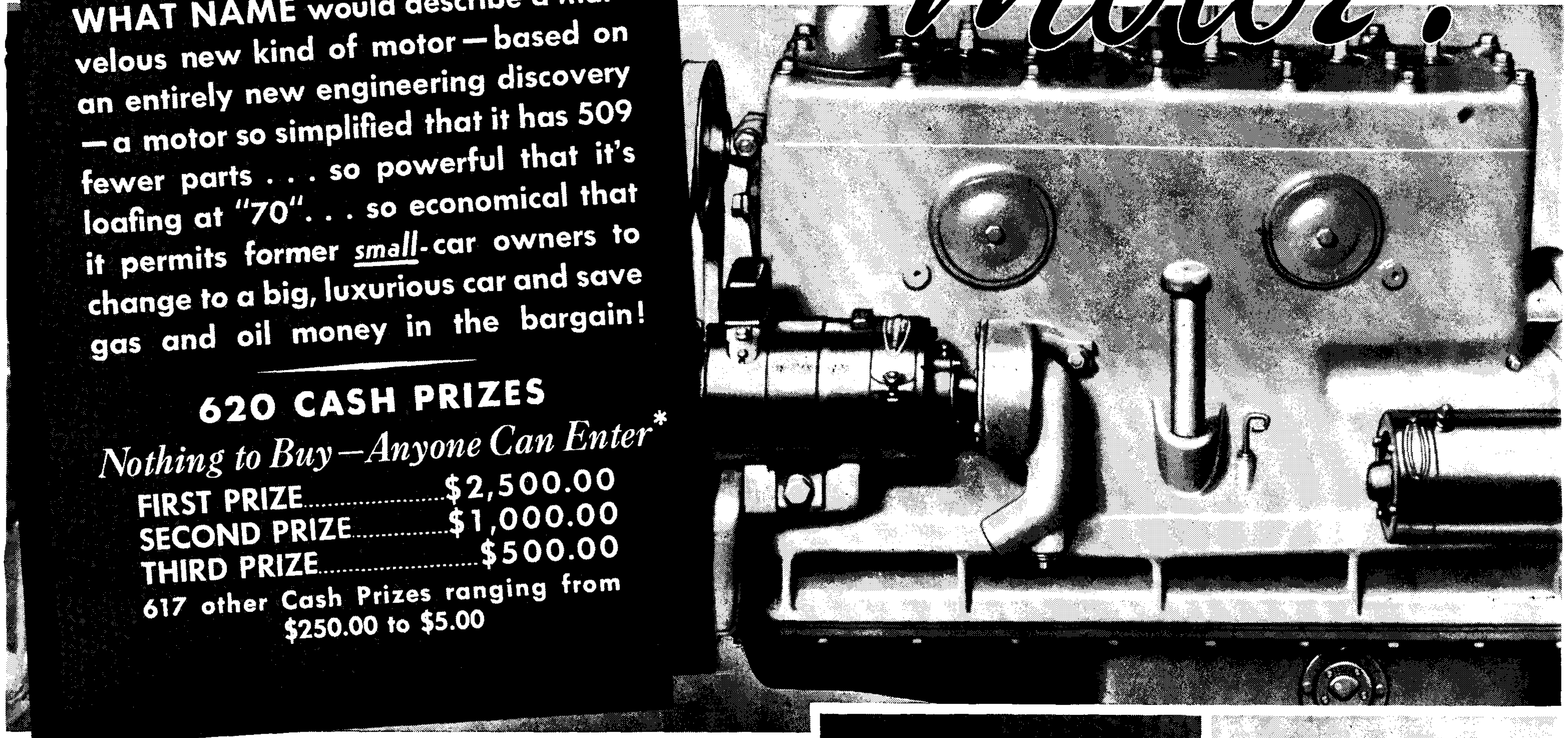
AMAZING NEW KIND OF *Motor!*



WHAT NAME would describe a marvelous new kind of motor—based on an entirely new engineering discovery—a motor so simplified that it has 509 fewer parts . . . so powerful that it's loafing at "70". . . so economical that it permits former *small*-car owners to change to a big, luxurious car and save gas and oil money in the bargain!

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*Nothing to Buy—Anyone Can Enter**

FIRST PRIZE	$2,500.00
SECOND PRIZE	$1,000.00
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617 other Cash Prizes ranging from $250.00 to $5.00

See it . . . drive behind it . . . in the new Nash "400"—a big, luxurious, SUPER-SAFETY car built for today's high-speed traffic!

You haven't heard much talk about an automobile *motor* for years. Because there has been nothing *new* to talk about!

But this year, the big news of the automobile world is the amazing new *kind* of motor in the new Nash "400"! A motor based on an important new engineering discovery! A motor so simplified in design that it has 509 fewer parts! A motor so powerful, so smooth, so effortless, that we're offering $10,000 in cash prizes just to find words that will even describe it!

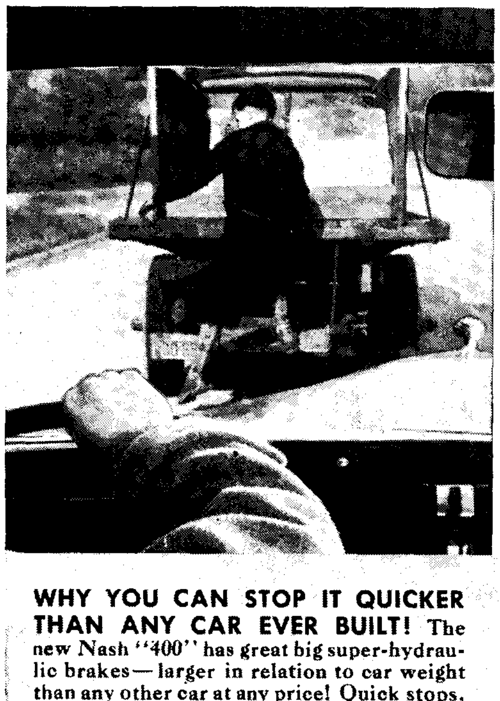
But that's only part of the story. This sensational new engine has been built into a car that will give thousands of motorists a new conception of a low-priced automobile!

Americans are "mile-a-minute" drivers—as much as we all deplore it. People *will* drive fast. For every *careful* driver, there are hundreds highballing over the highways at 60, 70, and even 80! So Nash has done something about it!

We've made the new Nash "400" a big, luxurious SUPER-SAFETY car! It's a much WIDER, lower car, with a *wider rear tread in relation to car length than any other car made* . . . because 126% more auto fatalities happen on curves than from all other causes combined!

We've given it the world's first seamless, one-piece, all-steel body with girder-steel frame, steel roof, steel floor! And GREAT BIG SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—*larger in relation to car weight than in any other car at any price!* All of these vital safety features—and many others—in a car with a motor that provides the instant pick-up and speed which often avoid those accidents that brakes can't prevent!

Go to the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom today. Ride behind this sensational new kind of motor in the Nash "400". Then tell us what words would describe it. It's fun . . . it's easy to do. Anyone can win one of the 620 cash prizes. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.



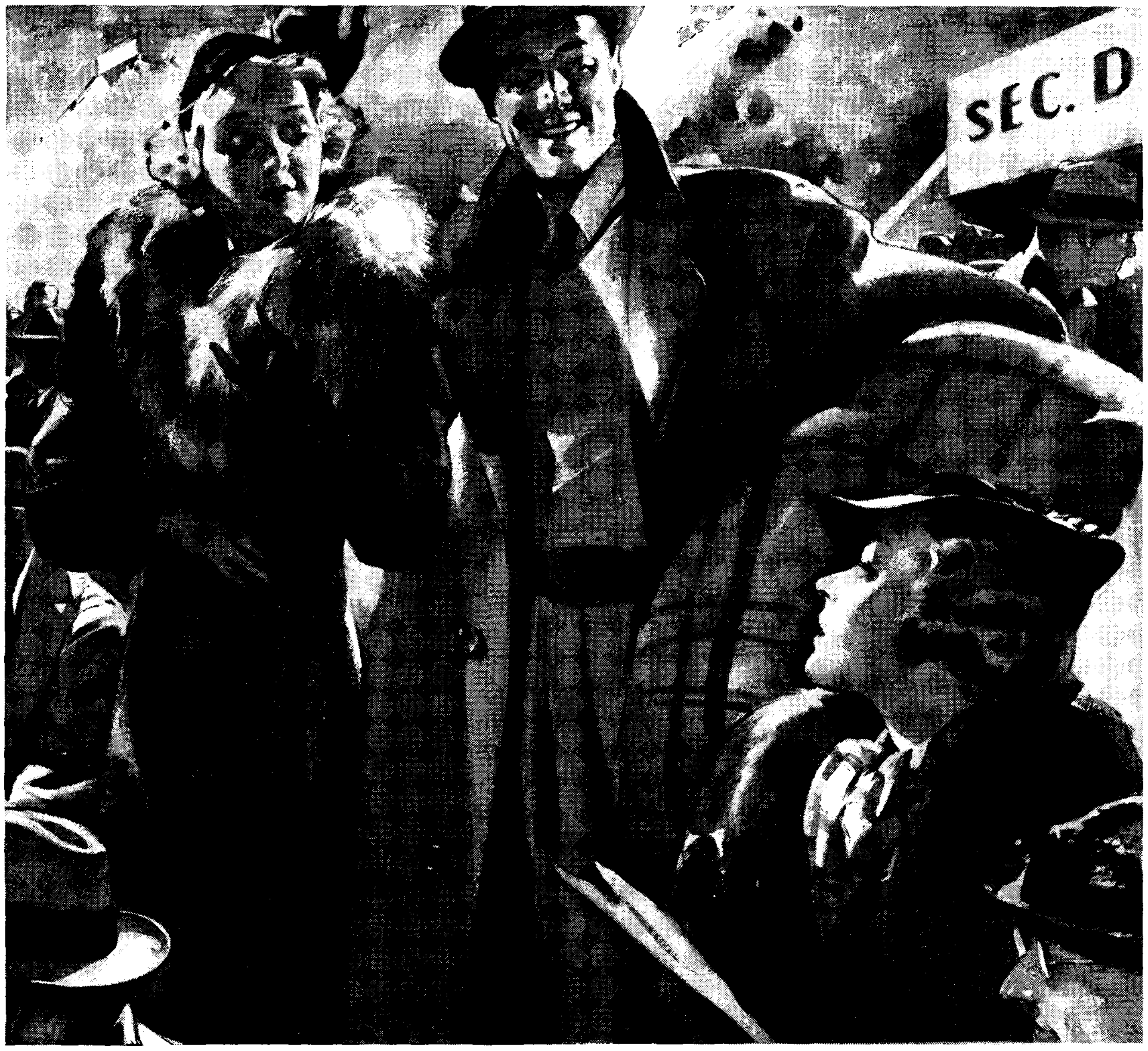
WHY YOU CAN STOP IT QUICKER THAN ANY CAR EVER BUILT! The new Nash "400" has great big super-hydraulic brakes—larger in relation to car weight than any other car at any price! Quick stops. No swerving. Brakes last years longer.

WHY IT'S THE HARDEST CAR IN THE WORLD TO TIP OVER! The Nash "400" is lower...wider in relation to length than any other car. Remember, 126% more auto fatalities happen on curves than from all other causes combined!

NASH "400"

Nash Automatic Cruising Gear available at slight extra cost. Reduces engine revolutions one-third at high speeds. Saves as much as 25% in gasoline; as much as 50% in oil!

*Anyone can enter this easy contest. Nothing to buy. Just get simple rules and free entry blank at Nash display at Auto Shows or at any Nash-LaFayette showroom



The eyes of the two girls held for one brief period of frank understanding

The Odds Against Honor

By Francis Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

CLARK JENKINS, a poor boy who comes from a coal-mining region, and Cal Calhoun, his roommate, are stars on the Atlantic football team. Clark is strictly honest: he has, however, accepted financial aid from Tony Scotti, a gambler. Cal is more ambitious than scrupulous.

Shortly before an important game, Clark is crippled by a "bad" knee. Cal gives the news to Scotti who, with Harlow and Dawson, two notorious gamblers, bet heavily on Atlantic's opponent. Clark and Cal quarrel.

Margaret Bailey, daughter of Jim Bailey, millionaire owner of a string of race horses, *hopes* that Clark is not involved in Scotti's operations. But presently the newspapers print a sensational story, in which it is made to appear that Clark, working with a group of gamblers, has betrayed his team.

The Atlantic authorities investigate the charges; but Clark is exonerated. The newspapers feature the story.

Meanwhile, Clark and Cal have come to the point where they no longer speak to each other—except on the football field; and the team has been moving forward toward its great, climactic Thanksgiving game with Erie, reputed to be unusually strong.

Greatly mystified by a sudden shift in the betting odds which makes it appear that Erie is being powerfully backed, Pete Jenkins goes in search of Scotti, whom he finds, surrounded by gamblers, in a well-guarded hotel room. Scotti says that he is betting on Erie. "I hear," he says, "some boy from Atlantic no play." Then, following a brief conference with one "Blackie" in an adjoining room, he says, "Come on, Pete," he exclaims, "Blackie wants me to do something."

VI

THE lobby was now a fluxional human tide. All furniture had been removed from the front section to make room for the constant flow. There was not room to walk, merely to move, to jostle shoulders. There was no path to the door at all. An odd muffled overtone resulted from the shuffling of feet.

Pete and Tony pushed through. Outside, Pete asked: "What's up—where we going?"

Tony laughed. "We goin' no place. Blackie say he think we take a walk. He gimme hell!"

"Wanted to get rid of me, huh?"

"Now don't get sore, Pete. Blackie all right. He don't want take no chances. Dis big stuff—maybe plenty trouble after. He don't want anybody mix him up, see? Somebody see you with him, maybe say, Clarkie Jenkins' brother with Blackie, see? It's better for you to stay away. Better for Clarkie. See?"

"Yeh—I see that all right. It's on account of Clark I came here. I knew something was up and I don't want him to get mixed up in it again. That's why I want to find out just what's up."

"Oh, dis no Clarkie. We know he no take. I tell Blackie that when he ask me." His eyes squinted to a gesture of secrecy. "Know who I think? I think that Big Shot Cal. He take hot stove without gloves any time."

"You think it's him, huh?"

"I think so—hey, where you goin', Pete—"

Pete was pushing his way through the lobby mob. Tony followed frantically, alarm in his fat face. "Hey, Pete, take it easy—"

PETE stopped at the house phones and was obviously trying to remember a number when Tony arrived. "Hey, who you callin', Pete—"

"It's okay. Wait a minute—I'm thinkin'—" He grinned, shook his head and spoke to a middle-aged man who was waiting: "Hey, buddy, what year was it we had that big war with the British?"

"1776."

"No—not that one, the next one—you know, Lake Erie—"

"1812."

"That's it. Thanks." He released the thumb he had held on the phone connection and spoke to the operator: "Okay, sweetheart, take it easy. I was just rememberin'—gimme 1812."

He held the receiver between ear and shoulder without touching it, and lit a fresh cigarette. He spoke to Tony: "I got a certain way of rememberin'—hello, 1812—I want to talk to Miss Bailey—sure she's there—she's with Mom—oh, yeah? Well, nuts to you, too, Wise Guy—hey—"

Outraged, he flicked the receiver to get the operator's attention and explained to Tony: "Some fresh guy answered—then some guys started yelling in the room—"

"Drunk, I guess," Tony said. "Everybody drunk."

Pete was talking to the operator: "Now listen, sweetheart. I asked for 1812 and you gave me a bum number—oh, no, you didn't—you gave me a fresh guy—I'm calling Jim Bailey's suite—what—" he winked at Tony—"my mistake, darling. 1218, huh? I musta got it backwards. Okay, sugar, busy tonight—oh, Miss Bailey—I'm late, see—well, all I know—what's that—gee—okay. I'll be right up. Tell him to wait. I've got some dope."

PETE slumped back against the wall and gazed questioningly at Tony. "Nobody has heard from Clark all morning. He was supposed to meet me. He was supposed to call the jane."

His face suddenly contorted. "Know what I think? They've snatched him. They couldn't buy him and they snatched him. Come on."

Tony grabbed his coattail, pushed him up against the wall. They were in a secluded corridor and passers-by thought them just a couple of football drunks. "Hey, wait a minute—where you goin'?" Tony was breathing heavily from exertion.

"I'm going up to see those crooks, and if they've harmed that kid I'll kill 'em every one—I'll kill 'em every one—"

Pete was insane with rage. "Wait a minute, lemme talk to you—" Tony was wrestling with him.

"That kid working his head off to get someplace and a bunch of lousy chiseling rats try to ruin him—you too, damn you, you're the one that brought 'em in."

Tony stood back and raised his right hand. "Pete, I swear on my mother I never do nothin' to hurt Clarkie what I know."

Tony was crying tears and shouting loudly, pounding his fist on the wall. "I like that boy like he was my own boy. I won't *let* nobody do something to him."

Pete calmed down. "Okay, then, we got to do something and we got to do it quick. Jim Bailey wants me to come and see him upstairs. You go back to Blackie's and see what's going on. Then I'll be up."

Tony's little eyes burrowed into his tense face. "Wait. First we got to find out if Clarkie is gone. Then we got to be careful. You come up there raisin' hell and they knock you off like that—" he whisked his hands across each other and shouted—"I tell you I see it done with guy who squawk."

"I don't give a damn—"

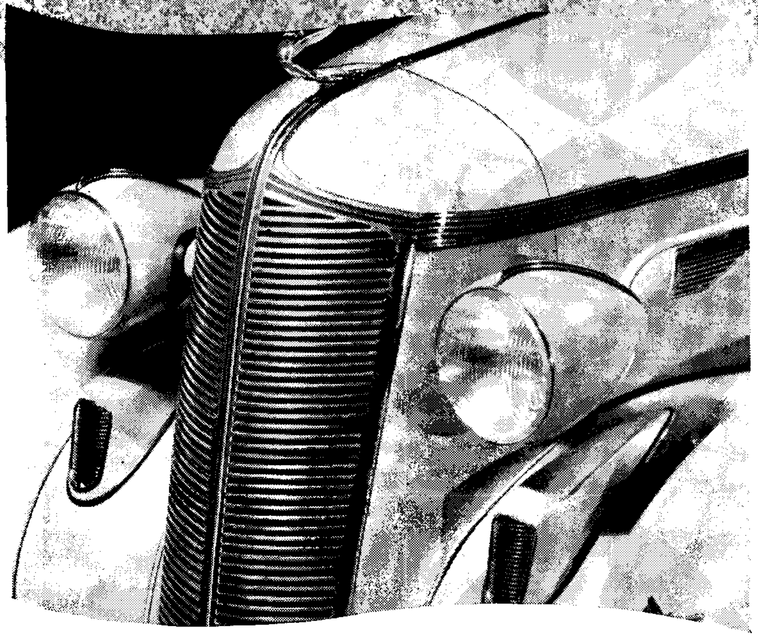
Tony was smiling. "All right. When we got to get tough, we get tough; but first we be smart, see? Blackie smart—Tony smart, too. He knows Clarkie is my boy. He tell me he get Cal. If he double-cross me—" He brushed his fingernails across his teeth in a grating gesture.

"Now you go see Jim Bailey and see what he say. I see you twelve o'clock right here—anything before that you call me 1802. Maybe everything all right. Maybe Clarkie call up by now. But if he ain't—" Tony shouted the words.

A strong man seemed to have suddenly tenanted that temple of jovial fat.

Football men were expected to attend the first two classes on the morning of a home game but Cal Calhoun

Your Passport to Smartness—



THIS YEAR, AMERICA'S SMARTEST CAR IS IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD . . . THIS CUSTOM-STYLED DE SOTO

SOME THINGS IN LIFE when once experienced are never forgotten. The bouquet of a grand old Burgundy . . . the glamour of a gown from Paris . . . the thrill of catching your first tarpon.

An experience like this is coming soon . . . your first ride in a 1936 De Soto.

You've seen thousands of cars before, many of them that cost fortunes. Yet the beauty of this custom-built De Soto will stamp itself on your memory. The indescribable luxury of its interior will thereafter be your standard of comparison.

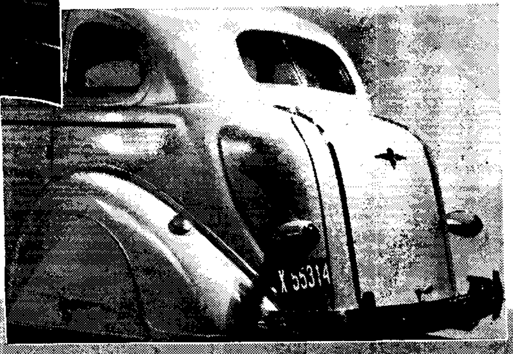
Take the wheel. Before you drive this car a mile . . . something will happen inside you. You'll feel a tingle that has eluded you for years . . . the *pure joy* that a beautiful car can give!

You'll realize what fun it would be to turn vagabond . . . to make the rounds of Palm Beach, Hot Springs and Newport . . . to be the target of admiring glances, and frankly enjoy it.

Maybe it's the magic-carpet comfort of De Soto's Floating Ride. Maybe it's the lightning response of De Soto's mighty 93-horsepower engine. Maybe it's the solid satisfaction you get from the Gas-Saver Transmission (up to 25 miles to the gallon).

But something about this new De Soto will "get you" . . . capture your imagination . . . as no car has ever done before.

The beautiful new De Luxe and Custom models are now on display . . . ready for you to see. Ask your De Soto dealer.



(*Above*) Relax in French roll tufted cushions deep as a divan. Door panels are pleated and tufted. (Custom models.)

(*Right*) That built-in trunk carries all your baggage and the spare wheel.

DeSoto sets the Style

A PRODUCT OF THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION

graciously excused himself and returned to his room.

The telegram, its warning voice suppressed, disturbed him so that he could not rest. Mentally, he was shouting at it.

I am not his keeper. Why should I get myself tangled up for a guy who doesn't even talk to me. He told me to stay out of his way, didn't he? Well, that's all I'm doing, isn't it? If I'm supposed to be the perfect louse I might as well be one.

I want him to come back, don't I? I want him in that game. He can't play tough football today and I can. So I want him there. They won't be any more satisfied to see him than I will.

How do I know what he's up to? Maybe he'll be back any minute and wouldn't want anybody to know he was gone. Maybe he knows what he's up to. Maybe he's a cute guy after all.

Well, if he is, that's his racket. I know my business and I'm doing all right. All I've got to do is make All-America today and I'll be set for life. So to hell with you, see? I'm getting my rest.

Maybe that's him now.

THE squad met for tea and toast at eleven. There would be no more food until evening. Football is a game played on an empty stomach.

Clark wasn't there. Cal took the telegram to Joe Gates.

"I guess you should know about this. It came this morning, woke me up. He wasn't in so I thought he was at breakfast. I told Spike if he saw him to tell him—but he hasn't come to get it. I thought I'd give it to him here."

The Skipper turned to the others assembled at the long table. They were being served by student waiters.

"Where's Jenkins?"

Jenkins wasn't there. "Anybody seen him this morning?"

Nobody had.

Spike said: "I think he went downtown to meet his mother. I suppose he got snared in traffic."

The Skipper said gruffly, "Maybe he's out walking around the lake." The squad roared.

A poem entitled "The Romance of the Bashful Back" had been found on the bulletin board in the dressing-room, author unknown. The last line of each verse, "He takes a walk around the lake," was coupled with such as "And when his knees begin to shake" and "Or when his poor heart starts to quake."

"If anybody sees him, tell him I have a wire for him—somebody from home probably wants four on the fifty-yard line."

They left, grinning.

"When he comes, Cal, tell him to call me."

Cal walked away light-hearted. It was off *his* shoulders anyhow. *He* was in the clear.

In his office Joe Gates said to Spike Adams. "I don't like it, Spike. Clark's not the kid to do a thing like this—even to meet his mother. Think the boys were worried?"

"No."

"I clowned a little to pass it off. Think I'll open this telegram."

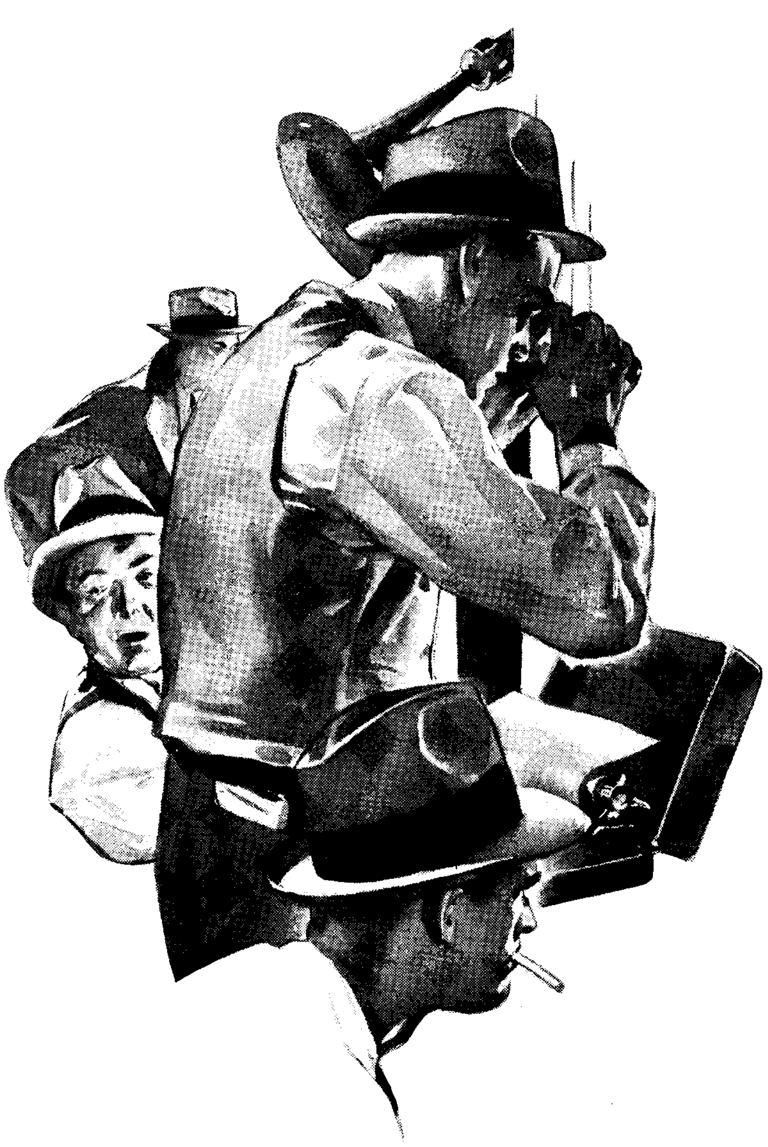
He read it, passed it to Spike. "What do you make of that?"

"Sounds like Pete was trying to warn him about something."

"And he didn't get the warning and he's gone, for all we know. And in two hours he should be on that field. You live in Dormont Hall, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Hear any noise after eleven last night—any phone calls?"



Spike wondered what was in the minds of the people in the Bailey box

"I'm on the second floor and away from the phone. I was working and thought I heard the bell ring but it stopped right away and I didn't pay any attention—usually when it rings you know it because nobody wants to answer it."

"How far are Jenkins and Calhoun from the phone?"

"It's outside their door. They're always squawking."

Gates called for his secretary. "Martha, see if the phone company can let us know of any calls into Dormont Hall last night after eleven—and trace them."

He walked nervously.

"There may be nothing to it, Coach."

"There's plenty. Did you see where the odds have gone? That's not natural. We figure to beat these guys—knock them cockeyed. We didn't beat Midwest without him. Looks like the gamblers think we won't have him for Erie."

"Brad Anthony—"

"And the flock of them. We wouldn't have a chance. That Midwest business would lick us. We can't say he's hurt and can't play—because of that other thing. Spike, we've got to *show* that kid in two hours or they will blow football wide open."

"Maybe he'll—" The phone rang.

"Answer it—I'm not here unless it's something about Clark."

IT WAS the phone company. There had been a call for Dormont Hall last night at 11:43. It had come from the Palace Hotel, not from a room but from a pay booth.

"Doesn't prove a thing. That would be the safest place to call from."

"How did you know there was a call?"

"Cal said he thought he heard a bell ring and Clark making some noise sometime later but he thought it might have been a dream. Well, it wasn't a dream."

Spike hesitated. "Cal said that?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Nothing. I wondered how you knew about that call."

The phone was ringing again. Spike answered.

"It's Jim Bailey. He's at the Palace. It's about Clark."

Gates rushed to the telephone:

"Hello, Jim. . . . No, not all morning. He's not with his mother then. . . . I think it was last night. He answered a call around twelve and that's the last. . . . Looks like the same guys to me—all right. . . . Think we can trust him? . . . Good. Yes . . . Yes . . . Okay . . . I'll have them at the gym. You come there . . . Jim—you know Spike Adams, our press—yes, well he knows and if you can't get to me he's okay. Lord, I hope so. What time? I'll be there. Goodby."

He turned and looked at Spike. "Well, they've got him."

"Criminy!"

"Jim Bailey's working on it but there's not much chance. Not even the cops could find him in two hours and we can't call them in because then the newspapers would be sure to have it. Tony Scotti says he isn't in on it but he knows something and he's with us on account of Clark. Jim believes him. Tony knows where Harlow and Dawson's headquarters are and will stick with them and try to find out something. It's the same outfit as before.

"Bailey and Clark's brother Pete are coming out now. They're bringing Clark's mother. She'll go to the stadium with Bailey's daughter. The old lady doesn't know anything about it yet.

"Bailey and Pete are coming to see me at the gym. See that they get through. Jim wants four tough kids.

"Come down between halves and let me know what's been going on, what the reaction is in the press box, anything else. See that Bailey gets whatever he wants. Don't tell anybody anything—can you handle it?"

"Sure."

"Jim thinks they'll let him go right after the game. No reason for keeping him. If they do, and leave no trail, who would believe him? Or us? Thing I'm afraid of is that he gave them a battle and—"

AS IF fully conscious of the importance of this event to the little people below, the late November sun turned a bright smile of warmth upon them. Heavy fur coats became handicaps on the difficult climbs along the sides of the cement mountain. It was ideal football weather, comfortable for the spectators, but not too warm for the players.

The stadium was almost filled at one o'clock—an hour before the kickoff. The great crowd, impatient to get to the scene, not wanting to miss any of the spectacle, fearful of the late traffic jam, had moved an hour ahead of its usual schedule and created the jam at that time. But the weather was so pleasant and there was so much of anticipation that good humor was not disturbed.

This was the hot spot. The best writers were here. Broadcasters were already blathering preliminary prattle through loud speakers up and down the main streets of all America. The recognized national champion, the Rose Bowl candidate, might come out of this big game. It had power to hold that section of the public which is interested in all big things but in nothing until it becomes big.

The crowd felt all this, the titillation of actually being where other people wanted to be. There would be newsreels of this; the newspapers were waiting to splash it in type; the radios would send it all out, hot and steaming through the magic air—but these people would *see* it, be a *part* of it.

They formed the chorus of the grand opera, the mighty choir of seventy thousand voices which would support, with faithful responses, the shadings of the theme, echo with quick gasps its high notes, roll with its climaxes into grand music of intensity.

Below, the rival bands were already beginning the orchestrations.

MARGARET wondered how this crowd, laughing, chatting in pre-curtain tittupy mood, would thrill if it knew of the bigger game which was now being played behind this gorgeous curtain.

The future, the life perhaps, of a boy had become the pawn of scavengers.

A few, forgetting the football game and its rewards, were working against time and in the dark, to save him.

They couldn't hope to do it.

Then, this old mother, sitting in the sun, awaiting what she thought would be one of the happiest moments of her life.

Margaret visioned that life.

Hard work, honest effort, the premature decay of an undoubted beauty into a faded, weary, work animal.

Little children; little money; the breadwinner carried home with a broken body.

The miracle of one sturdy boy who had gone beyond her fondest dreams to this pinnacle—

She was resting now, with her eyes closed to the sun. Opening them, she smiled at Margaret and said: "I can't really believe I'm here. I was afraid, when I opened my eyes, that I'd find myself back over the washtub with the boys under my feet."

The young girl's eyes were tearful and she looked away.

Jerry came with Lois Montgomery, who, ever the artist, appeared in a little sketch of black caracul and silver fox called Debutante at the Big Game.

(Continued on page 51)

Flowers Add that Extra Thrill

Alice Faye, appearing in "King of Burlesque," and John McGuire, 20th Century Fox Stars.
Flowers Styled by Florists' Telegraph Delivery.

JOHNNY McGUIRE certainly knows his way around! Football hero, screen success—and *does* he know the way to a girl's heart! Just look at Alice Faye's corsage especially designed in Stanford colors.

Few young ladies could resist such adroit attentions. *Your* best girl will get twice the thrill out of the Thanksgiving game if she wears your corsage She may not admit it, but girls have a way of pressing corsages for memory books. Think what a permanent score you've run up for yourself on that one!

Here's another idea—if *the* girl is too far away to see the game with you, wire a corsage. *That* will be a touchdown for your side, even if she has to substitute escorts in your absence.

Any F. T. D. florist will take care of the matter for you . . . right colors, right flowers, right time for the game. You can be sure your order sent the Winged Mercury way won't go wrong. The 10,000 members of the International Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association operate on that soundest of all business principles, guaranteed satisfaction.

★ FLOWERS BY WIRE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD ★ PROMPT DELIVERY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED

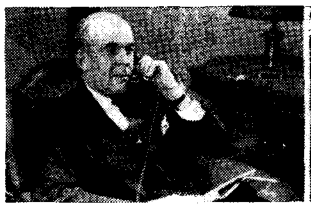
FLOWERS AND PERSONALITY

BONDED MEMBER FTD

"Flowers and Personality," a beautiful brochure, is profusely illustrated with photographs of leading motion picture stars. Send 10 cents postage for your copy. Address Headquarters, F. T. D. A., 485 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

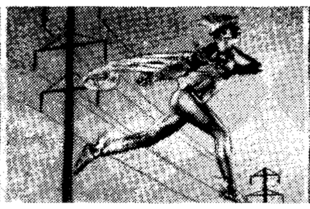
Say it with Flowers

HOW TO SEND FLOWERS BY WIRE

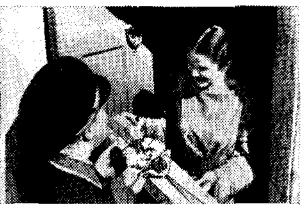

. . . . 1—All you need to do is telephone any local F. T. D. florist, or

. . . 2—Go to a florist's shop displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem

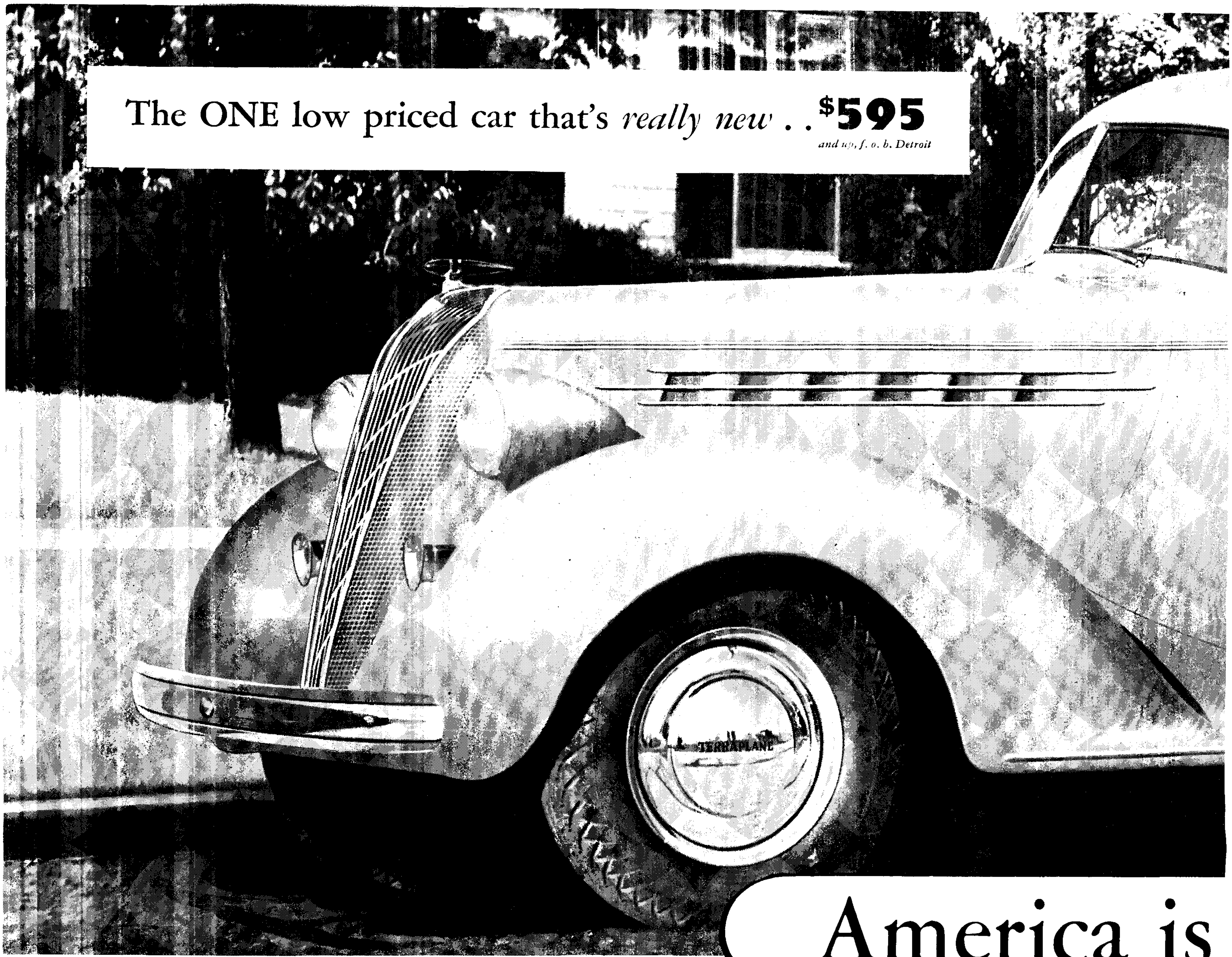
. . . . . . 3—Place your order and delivery instructions with the F.T.D. florist


. . 4—Association teamwork, bonded to give you satisfaction, does the rest

. . 5—Your order speeds to an equally prominent F. T. D. florist member and

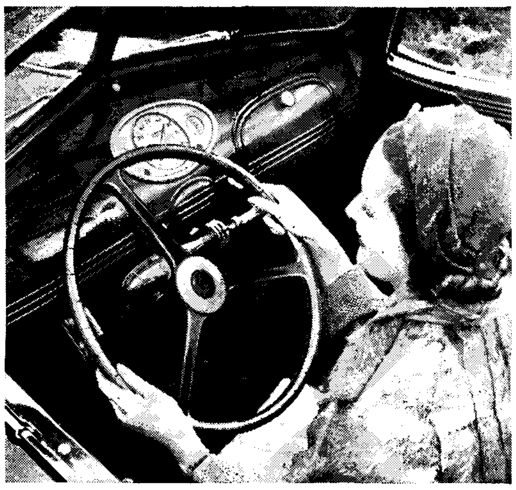

. . . 6—Fresh, fragrant flowers are promptly delivered as directed by you.

The ONE low priced car that's *really new* . . $595
and up, f. o. b. Detroit



America is
W
TERRA

Sir Malcolm Campbell, world's speed king, says: "The key to Terraplane's new safety engineering lies in a new principle called Radial Safety Control, which contributes to safer riding, safer steering and safer stopping."



Both hands always on the wheel, both eyes on the road! Quicker, smoother finger-tip shifting; easier, safer driving; and *clear* floor space in front with the Electric Hand — Hudson's great exclusive driving advancement—available on all Terraplane models at small extra cost.

From the very first pre-views, the news has spread: "See Terraplane!"

Why? Because it's the kind of car America wants for 1936. A better car for better times. Completely *new* in style. *New* in roominess and luxury. With *new* safety and comfort features no car ever had before. And, the big surprise, it's *still priced with the lowest!*

New Style! Size! Safety!

So the crowds are around Terraplane, in showrooms the country over. America is stepping UP—with the *one* car in the low price field that brings fine car size, beauty and performance, and still remains thrifty as ever in operating and upkeep cost.

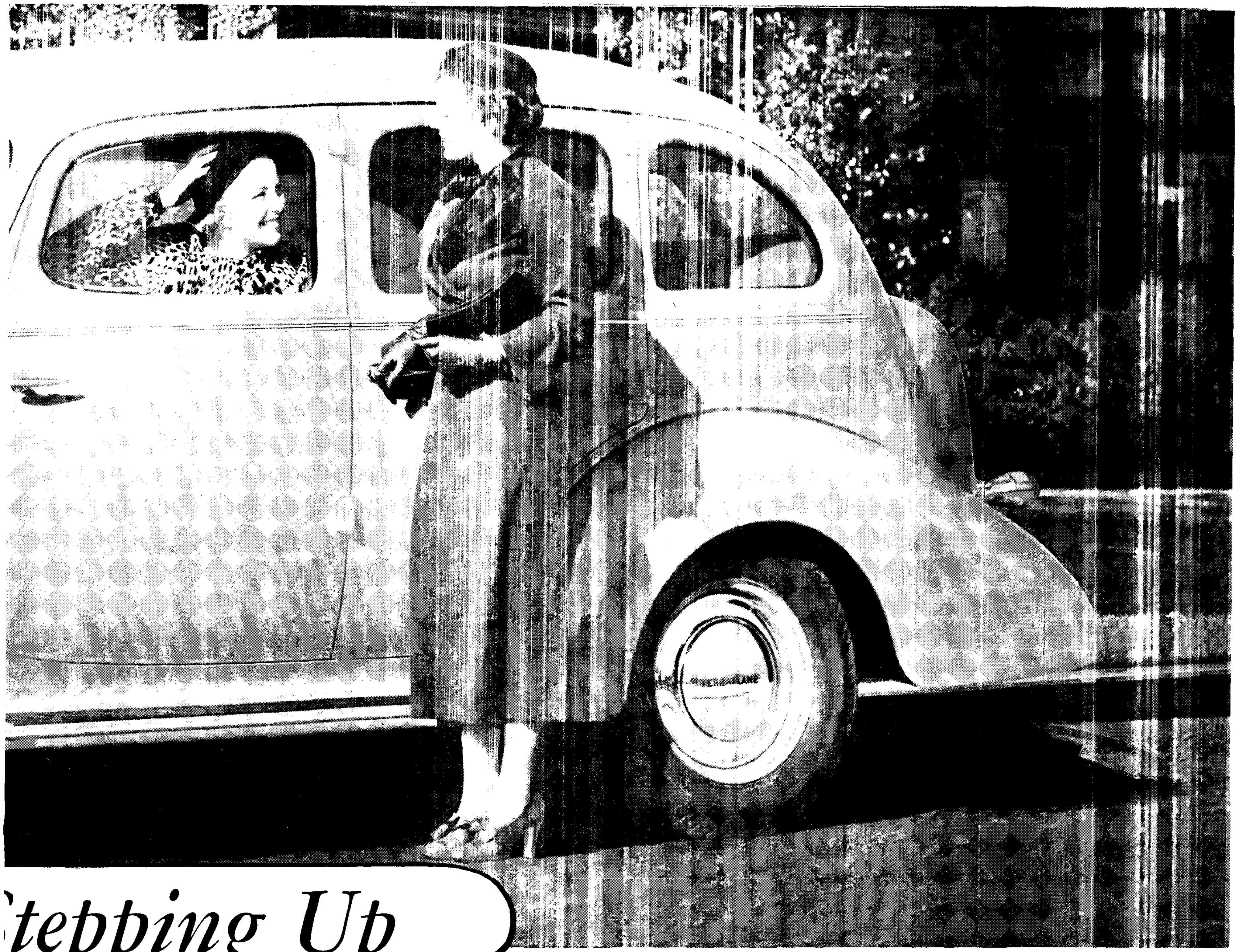
Greatest interest of all has centered
on Terraplane's revolutionary n
principle—Radial Safety Control (p
ent applied for)—that makes possil
the world's first safety engineered ch
sis. You're safer when you're *ridi*
Safer when you're *steering*. Safer wh
you're *stopping*.

Safest Cars on Today Highways

Terraplane also brings you the ex
protection of America's *first* bodies
of steel, with improved seamless st
roof—the strongest bodies ever bu
And the safest cars on today's highwa

Along with extra power to g
there's double-safe *stopping*, too, w
Terraplane's new-type Duo-Automa
Hydraulic Brakes (patent appli

Built by Hudson — Hudson Super Straight Eight, $760 and up; Hudson Six, $710 and up; an



"Thanks for the lift . . . and I think your car is gorgeous!"

tepping Up
n
PLANE

or). Big, powerful hydraulics with a *eparate* safety braking system that takes old *automatically* in emergencies.

You needn't skimp on size—not with 'erraplane one-fifth bigger inside than ars at double its price. Extra leg room, lbow room, shoulder room. And a onger wheelbase . . . a full 115 inches.

88 or 100 Smooth Horsepower

n performance, Terraplane ranks ith the finest. And has the official ecords to prove it! Full 88 or 100 orsepower—with the fine-car smoothess and flexibility found only in ludson-built motors.

See the new Terraplane at the nearst dealer's showroom. Compare it with cars costing hundreds of dollars more. Then drive it — and compare performance, safety, *all-around* value.

Easy to buy—with the low cost
Hudson Time Payment Plan.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
Hudson Motors of Canada, Ltd., Tilbury, Ontario.

. . and a Revolutionary New Principle

RADIAL SAFETY CONTROL

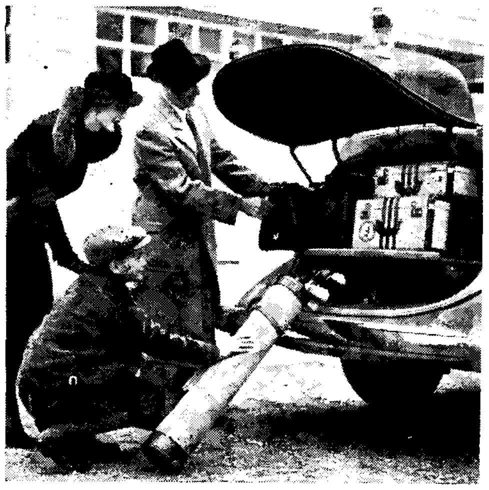
(Patent applied for)

that makes possible *the world's first safety engineered chassis* . . . in combination with America's *first* bodies *all* of steel . . . the strongest, safest ever built. Safest cars on today's highways.

88 or 100 H.P. — 115-inch wheelbase

ane, $595 and up, for De Luxe Models (Standard Group of Accessories Extra), F. O. B. Detroit

Deep-cushioned seats, wide as many davenports, luxuriously upholstered in rich new fabrics. Full 3-passenger comfort—leg room and head room to spare—new refinements everywhere you look. And Terraplane's Rhythmic Ride, that makes every road a boulevard.



Biggest storage capacity any car ever gave. Plenty of room for all your baggage, with spare tire lying flat in space below. And note how the trunk lines blend into the body lines. This trunk was *designed* for the car.

What's Delaying Television?

Continued from page 11

scientist in the Radio Corporation research laboratories, now began to look at television.

To satisfy the requirements of perfection for the transmission of pictures it would be necessary to do something which science had never before been able to accomplish: *reproduce an organ of the human body, one of its most complex organs at that, and make it function!* That has been done. Science has duplicated the human eye and its functions. I have seen it do it. In a certain sense I made it do it. I turned the pick-up eye of a television transmitter, the iconoscope, so that it looked out of a window at a street scene in Camden, New Jersey, and then, leaving it on watch, I went into another room where the kinescope, the brain of the set, was reconstructing the picture that the eye transmitted to it. So far as I could tell, it was making a perfect job of it. The picture was small, to be sure, not more than eight by ten inches, but it was without flicker and was all there in so much detail that, as is the case with a good photograph, it could easily have borne enlargement to five, or perhaps ten times its original size.

And this was all being done with natural, daylight illumination. Had the scene I was viewing been a football game, instead of a section of a street where automobiles were scurrying by, pedestrians walking back and forth, and a few kids roller skating, I could probably have seen some fellow make an end run, or a forward pass.

The Miracle Arrives

But, all of a sudden, the iconoscope quit looking out of the window and, turning its gaze to the inside of the room, was just in time to pick up and convey to the kinescope, and thence to me, a picture of a couple of research scientists who at that instant happened to open the door and walk in. I don't know that that pair was aware that I was looking at them. But I was. From a long way off, and with I don't know how many brick walls intervening between us and with their decomposed images flying around through the air for I don't know how many miles and then coming back again, I was watching every move they made and listening to every word they uttered. It was very marvelous, and then, because I requested it, the iconoscope courteously picked up a whole roll of motion-picture film and relayed it to me. It was a newsreel, and if I had been sitting at home at the moment, in front of a receiving set, I would there, in perfect ease, have seen and heard President Roosevelt make a speech, have witnessed a championship tennis match at Forest Hills, and have been thrilled by the spectacle of a lot of daring airplane maneuvers.

Yes, I repeat, television, as I saw it demonstrated, not out in the commercial field, mind you, but in the laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America, is marvelous. It is miraculous even, and how, following the abandonment of the Nipkow-disk method, did the scientists achieve success?

Let me see if I can make that part of it clear. In the first place, there can be no doubt that about 1922 or 1923 the scientists who were then endeavoring to solve the problem would have been forced to give up the effort if it had not been that they received the practically unlimited financial support of such monster corporations as the General Electric Company, Westinghouse and the Radio Corporation of America. That this is true becomes obvious when it is pointed out that the single television set which I saw in operation in Camden, New Jersey, represents an investment in research and experimentation in excess of *four and a half million dollars.* Clearly, then, if it had been left in the hands of the scientists alone we probably never would have had television. On the other hand, though, if the public hadn't demanded it, the corporations never would have backed the scientists; so that in the end what we get back to is the fundamental idea of the scientific mind responding to a popular demand by supplying the world with something that it thinks it needs. In this instance the response was the iconoscope, and as briefly as possible and, if I can, in as simple terms as Dr. Zworykin, who perfected the device, described it to me, I will now try to describe it to you.

To produce perfect television it was necessary, as Dr. Zworykin said, to find some way of scanning a light-sensitive retina at an almost incredible rate of speed without the aid of any device that had any mechanical moving parts. That sounds impossible, paradoxical, and yet it has been accomplished by putting those queer little things known as electrons directly to work. But do you know what electrons are? Perhaps, but in case you've forgotten I'll just say, although I never saw one and neither did anybody else, that electrons are negatively electrified particles of *matter,* having only 1/1800th the mass of a hydrogen atom, with the interesting habit, when released from their mother-atom's apron strings, of shooting off in almost any direction and thereafter traveling along in straight lines at anywhere from 50,000 to 186,000 miles a second. Here, therefore, was something that had plenty of speed, but could electrons be controlled and made to travel, with vastly more accuracy than any rifle bullet, along a given path to a given target? Or, for a clearer understanding, put it this way: could a stream of electrons traveling as rapidly as light be made to take the place of the comparatively sluggish and slow-moving flying spot of the Nipkow disk? They could. They have been. Take a look now at the iconoscope and you will see how Dr. Zworykin, after eight or ten years of constant research, has accomplished it.

"Mr. Harrison, you forgot to snap your hat back into place again"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Regimenting the Electron

In unscientific English the iconoscope is a target range set up in a vacuum tube which resembles nothing so much as a considerably oversized light bulb. In the large end of the bulb hangs the target, which consists of a light-sensitive mosaic surface containing 70,000 cells, while down in the tube's neck, flanked on each side by tiny electrical devices, is a tiny gun emplacement on which is mounted a tiny electron cannon. Now switch on an electric current, focus a picture, say of a diving girl in action, upon the target, and see what happens. But of course you can't see it. Nobody can, not any more than they can see what goes on in the eye in your head as you read this, and yet what takes place in that artificial eye is precisely as follows. In the chamber of the cannon the electric current indirectly heats a cathode, thereby causing it to emit literally millions and millions of electrons which all rush pell-mell for the muzzle. As rapidly as they emerge, however, that wild rush is changed into an orderly procession because, instantly, as they leave the barrel they are caught in the grip of an electrostatic field (created by the tiny electrical devices mentioned) to which, as they are true particles of matter, they must yield. This current then tames the electrons by forming them into a steady stream, just as if they were a stream of bullets from a machine gun, and directs them, with a precision equal to about the hundred thousandth of an inch, at the extreme upper left-hand corner of the target. They hit on one or more of the 70,000 cells, and are seized by a magnetic field which drags them back and forth across the face of the target until they have scanned it with 343 perfectly spaced, perfectly parallel, horizontal lines. *This is all done in one twentieth of a second,* so that, when continually repeated, as it is, it results in sending out twenty reproductions of a picture per second, or as many as you ordinarily see on a motion-picture screen.

This, however, is by no means the limit of the iconoscope's power of decomposition. The detail in a picture is governed by the number of scanning lines (see the two pictures of Mickey Mouse) and, if it were necessary, the electron beam could be made to traverse the retina with 500 lines, instead of with 343, and do it sixty times a second in place of twenty. But what would be the advantage? A picture of an action scene produced at this latter speed would contain more detail than our eyes could possibly follow, and so why bother with it? Or, to express it in terms of admiration: in their endeavor to solve the television problem the scientists have produced an artificial eye whose vision is far more acute than either yours or mine.

So much for the iconoscope, the pick-up or transmission end of television; and now what about the kinescope, the receiver, which is the instrument that will be installed in millions of homes in this country, if and when television is made available to the public? As regards this device about all that need be said is that it is a duplicate of the iconoscope except that in place of a light-sensitive retina which absorbs light and emits electrical energy it contains as its target for its electron cannon a fluorescent screen which reverses the process by absorbing electrical energy and emitting light. Thus the fluorescent screen, corresponding to the visual center in your brain, "sees" the picture which its eye, maybe thirty miles away, is transmitting to it, via the air, at the rate of at least 1,400,000 impulses per second.

Science Bows Itself Out

From all the foregoing it is quite clear—at least it is quite clear to me although I don't know how clear I have made it to you—that after almost three-quarters of a century of patient research the scientists of the world have at last succeeded in producing the most marvelous device known to man. But note this: *They have produced it only in the laboratory.* Television as I saw it demonstrated has never yet been given a practical try-out in the field where it will have to come in contact with its "public." That part of it, though, does not worry the scientists a bit. As far as the reaction of the public to television is concerned the attitude of the men who perfected the iconoscope and the kinescope is exactly the same as that of the two Frenchmen who transmitted the first picture. They don't give a darn. Having created an eye which not only substantiates their theories but also functions perfectly, they have washed their hands of it because they just won't be bothered with testing it in the field, taking the bugs out of it, if it has any, and commercializing it.

I know this is true. "Not ten per cent of the men who do research work for us," said one of the RCA officials to me, "are at all interested in perfecting their devices for practical use." And therefore, television, which is about to emerge from the laboratory for a thorough workout, will from now on be in the hands of a set of men whose business it will be to determine the means whereby a television system acceptable to the public can be set up.

The question, therefore, in which we

(Continued on page 40)

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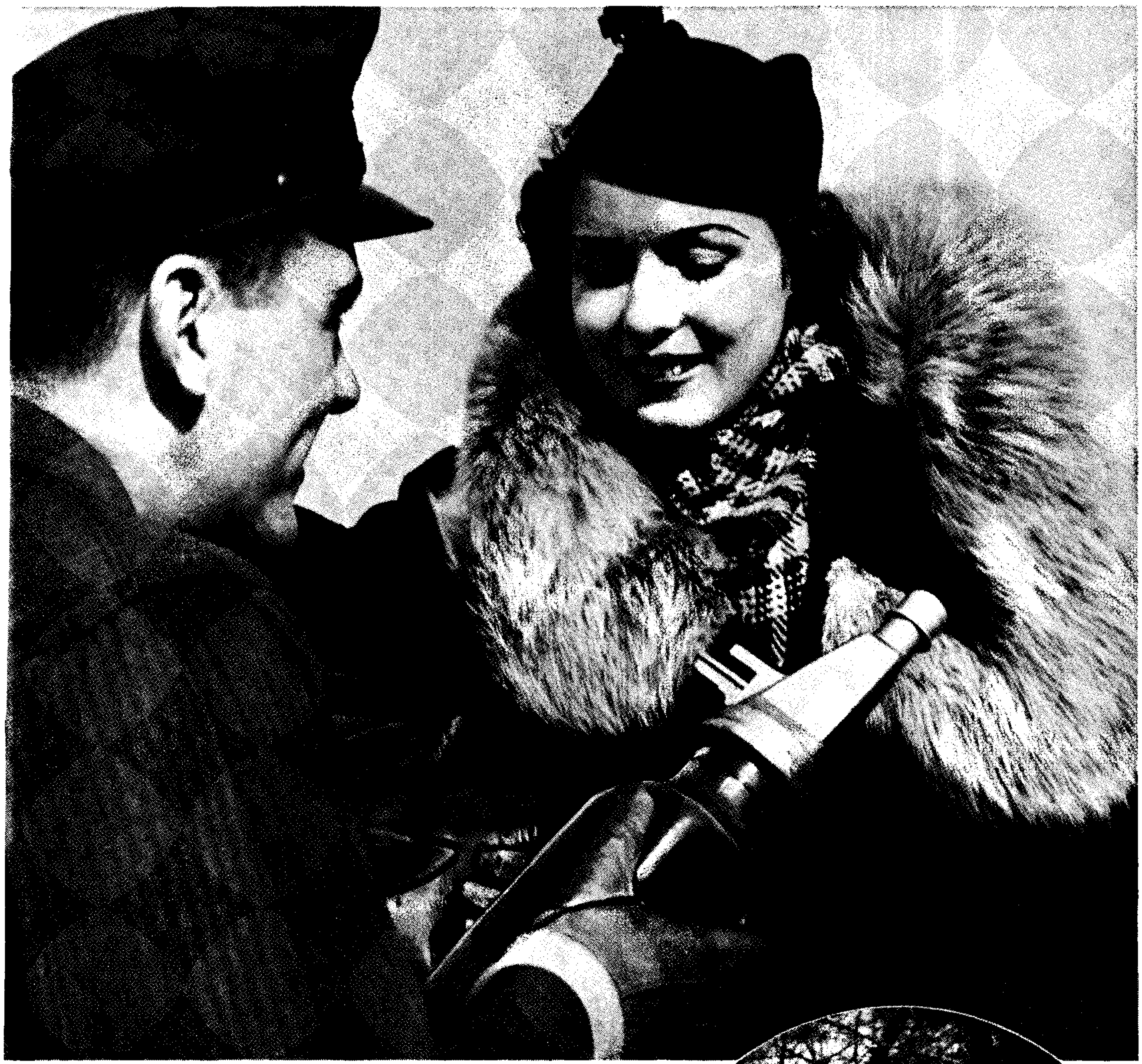

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What's Delaying Television?

Continued from page 38

are deeply interested—as to when we will have television in our homes—is now being decided. But don't get excited about it, and think that before long you are going to have a modern marvel in your living-room, because, according to Mr. David Sarnoff, president of the Radio Corporation of America, it will probably be quite a while yet before a television set that is of real value to the public is on the market.

"In the laboratory sense," said Mr. Sarnoff in reply to a query, "television is here, but as a *system* for the transmission of pictures it is not here, nor is it even around the corner. There are numerous reasons why this is true. In the first place, from the apparatus standpoint, the transmission of pictures is entirely different from the transmission of sound. Any old sound receiver, even the amateur crystal sets of years ago, can still pick up programs from any standard transmitting station. Thus sound sets do not become obsolete. Unless they are fully standardized television sets will. The reason is this: In television every receiving set must be perfectly coördinated as to number of lines, method of scanning, size of picture and synchronization of signals with the transmitter at the broadcasting station, or else it will not work. This means, as you can see, in case a few million receivers are sold to the public, that the television art is frozen to their capabilities because any material change in the *system*, due to new discoveries, would instantly render all the receivers inoperative. The manufacturers of television equipment, therefore, must be absolutely sure they are right before they can go ahead. However—" and at this point Mr. Sarnoff literally exuded confidence—"we will be. As the result of field tests which the radio industry is now prepared to make we are sure that, well, let us say within a couple of years, we will be able to produce standardized transmitters and receivers that will provide the people with satisfactory television for quite a number of years."

They Get What They Want

Next, as the second difficulty to be overcome before a television system with nation-wide coverage could be established, Mr. Sarnoff said this:

"Television is carried on ultra short waves whose effective broadcasting range, so far as we now know, is only as far as you can see, or about twenty-five or thirty miles. To send a television program from New York to Philadelphia would require three or four relay stations and of course it wouldn't be practical to cover the entire country with thousands of such stations. The alternative, therefore, is a wire hook-up, but here also there is a difficulty because television, being short wave and high frequency, requires the use of an entirely different cable from sound, which, as you know, can be carried over telephone wires. Obviously then, what this means is that, for national coverage, television must, at a tremendous cost, construct a network of its own; or resort to the impractical method of setting up many thousand relay stations. But"—and here again Mr. Sarnoff reaffirmed his faith—"we will do one or the other because we are going to have television. The people in this country are demanding it and, as you may have noticed, whenever the public demands anything in the way of a service it generally gets it."

"Yes," I replied, "I've noticed that that's so, but, when television does come, in two years, or four maybe, what effect will it have on broadcasting, and how will the public receive it?"

"Your first question's easy," answered Mr. Sarnoff. "Television will in many respects revolutionize broadcasting. Television artists, for instance, will be both fewer and harder to find than at present, because, especially where women are concerned, in addition to their musical or dramatic ability they must be good-looking. Even politicians when they address their radio audiences will have to change their style. Their oratorical frenzies must be real, not merely vocal, and no microphone can be in sight because if a candidate wants to get his appeal across to a voter who is sitting in his own home he must make it appear to that man that he is talking to him personally.

A New Social Factor

"But it is in the dramatic programs, though, that the biggest change will come. Actors will really have to act, and, as no scripts can be read, they will, of course, have to be letter-perfect in their parts before they go on the air. Furthermore, many tricks of broadcasting which are today acceptable will have to be discarded. For example, if a couple of 'eskimos' are to appear they cannot come before a television transmitter in their shirt sleeves and with an electric fan blast blowing across them to simulate an Arctic hurricane. Or if a door is to be knocked down, smashing an empty strawberry box to produce the noise effect will not satisfy a television audience. You can see how that is. It goes clear down the line and therefore television can be eventually relied upon to work a vast improvement in all phases of broadcasting."

Then, in replying to the second part of my question, Mr. Sarnoff concluded with this:

"You want to know how television will be received by the public. Frankly, I can't tell you. Television reception is not, cannot be, like sound reception. Today radio is used as a background for other entertainment, or by the housewife who turns the button and listens to the music while she goes on with her work. Television can never be like that, because not only will it require close attention on the part of the onlooker, but also it will be necessary for the room to be somewhat darkened. Naturally these things will require a considerable change in the habits of listeners who, instead of roaming around as they now do while enjoying a program, will have to sit tight and pay close attention to whatever is being thrown on their screen. But will they want to do this? As I have just said, I don't know, although it does occur to me that most of us are too restless for our own good and that probably it would be beneficial to us all if we had something in our homes that would cause us to sit quietly in our chairs for an hour or two a day."

And so, in conclusion, as far as television is concerned, where are we, when will we have it, and what will it be like? As to when it will come you can base your guess solely on what Mr. Sarnoff has said. But as to what it will be like, if you care to take this writer's word for it, based on what he saw in the laboratory, you can prepare yourself for a surprise, because television, when we get it, is going to be *good*, so good that the motion-picture industry is already beginning to wonder what will happen to it. Perhaps nothing will. Men are gregarious and it is rather hard to believe that they will prefer the solitude of semi-darkened living-rooms to the gang atmosphere that prevails in a theater.

Fifty Seconds' Work

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"Lean your head forward a minute, Willie," Bagley said. Jackson did and that lock of hair fell down in front of his face. Bagley had a pair of scissors ready. He neatly clipped off the offending lock and Jackson never even knew it.

"Jackson went out for the fourth and now Pinkie couldn't find him with those long jabs," Bagley says, "because Willie was boxing and not worrying about that hair falling over his eyes. Willie got the newspaper decision. We went back into the dressing-room and after a shower he began to comb his hair. He let out a howl when he saw that part of it was missing. He was awful sore at me but I told him I'd rather see him lose a lock of hair than lose a fight."

Jimmy McLarnin is another of Bagley's pets. Bagley has handled the Vancouver Irishman in a number of his important engagements and he gives him a high rating as one of the real gamesters of the ring. McLarnin had suffered a technical knockout at the hands of Ray Miller in Detroit. McLarnin had a superficial cut which didn't bother him at all. However, the cut bled so that the spectacle became a gory one and the referee stopped it, awarding Miller a knockout. When McLarnin came to New York to fight Billy Petrolle, his manager, Pop Foster, asked the fight writers to recommend the best handler of fighters they knew. He wanted a man who could stop a cut from bleeding and who could handle any kind of an injury that cropped up during the course of the fight. They all told him that there was only one man in the business—Doc Bagley.

"Doc Can Fix It"

Bagley bandaged Jimmy's hands and there are tricks to the bandaging of hands. The gauze must be tight enough so that a sprain or a break won't swell—and loose enough so that circulation will be maintained. Bagley knows more about bandaging than the Egyptians did.

In the very first round McLarnin sustained an odd and troublesome cut. Petrolle had swung a left hook. Jimmy, a master at pulling his head away from punches, got out of the way of it but Petrolle's glove grazed his eyelid. There is a rough seam on a boxing glove running over the thumb and up alongside the first finger. This rough seam had cut McLarnin's eyelid in the same fashion that a razor would have cut it. The cut spread the entire length of the eyelid and it was bleeding profusely when Jimmy came back to his corner.

Bagley washed the blood away and located the cut. Patsy Haley, the referee, came over to inspect it.

"I'm going to stop the fight, Doc," he said. "Jimmy is in no shape to go on. That eye is apt to be permanently injured."

"I'll fix it, Patsy," Bagley said. "Give Jimmy a break. Let it go another round and if it is still bleeding bad, then stop the fight."

Haley shook his head doubtfully. "If there was anybody but you in the corner I'd stop it now," he said. "But I'll give you a chance."

Bagley's hands had been working all the time. There are various ways and various chemicals you can use to stop a cut from bleeding. Most of them are so strong that they will cause a permanent injury to the eye if they come into contact with it. Many a fighter has gone blind because an inept handler allowed some chemical to get into the fighter's eye. Sam Langford, Pete Herman, Jimmy Murray, Joe Shugrue, Joe Malone and Jimmy Cooley are a few who went blind or nearly blind because of that.

So Doc had to use something that wouldn't injure the eye itself. He chose adrenalin. He bathed the cut in it and the sharp, quick chemical acted as an immediate cauterizer. Bagley knew that its effect would last but a couple of minutes, but at least he was able to send Jimmy into action seeing out of both eyes. Just before the end of each round the cut would commence to bleed again, but Doc would rebathe it in the adrenalin between rounds and Jimmy was able to go on and give a creditable account of himself. But for Bagley he would have suffered the indignity of having another K. O. against his name.

"McLarnin is a gloriously game fighter," Bagley says. "And so, by the way, is another Irishman, Mickey Walker."

The gameness of Mickey Walker, whom they call the Toy Bulldog, is traditional in ring circles. Mickey is all heart; a devil-may-care battler who would always fight anybody for anything. He was always sore because they wouldn't let him fight Carnera—who outweighed him by just a hundred pounds. The last fight that Walker made will never go into the records as one of his greatest fistic feats, but it will go down in history as one of the most glorious exhibitions of courage ever seen in the ring.

It was last July and Mickey was broke. He had to return to the only game he knew—fighting. He was all washed up and no one knew it any better than he, but he needed that money and he felt with the unquenchable optimism of the veteran that he had a few more good fights left in him. He fought a light heavyweight named John Anderson and he asked Bagley to handle him.

Walker had trained faithfully and he was in the best possible shape. He tore right into Anderson at the opening bell and for a moment he looked like the Walker of old. But he'd left his speed in a hundred rings and he'd left his punch in the fistic battles he had won and his brief flash of form was only a reminder to the crowd that this was once a great fighter. In close, he and Anderson swapped punches and then Anderson brought his head up quickly, accidentally butting Walker over the eye. The fact that it was accidental didn't lessen the pain of it or stop the blood from gushing forth as though it were water rushing from a hydrant. Bagley reached for his little black bag. The round ended and Walker, half blind now, stumbled to his corner.

"Just a little cut, Doc," he said calmly. Bagley nodded and reached for a bottle of powdered iron sulphate. This was the only possible thing to use on such a cut. Adrenalin chloride strong enough to stop most cuts wouldn't have any effect on this, for the cut was five inches long, a jagged, ugly-looking open wound. Collodion used on old cuts which are reopened would be equally futile. The powder has the faculty of forming a clot. Bagley drew the edges of the cut back and poured in the powder.

Johnny Marto, the referee, came over. "Better give up, Mike," he said to Walker.

Walker laughed, "It's only a little cut, Johnny," he told him. "Doc can fix it."

It was a six-round fight and Walker was cut twice more in the face before the final bell sounded. Bagley worked hard between those rounds. Bagley can do more in fifty seconds than any man I ever saw. He can fix a cut, loosen leg muscles which have stiffened after a round of intensive strain, keep ice on a boxer's neck, give him a bit of lemon to suck on, and then send him out fresh with his hair combed, his cuts healed and his mouthpiece properly adjusted.

Walker went the distance all right. He lost the fight, but he went out of the ring with his head up and under his own motive power. None of the fabled heroes of the ring ever showed more courage than did the Toy Bulldog that night. There's a snapper to this story which gives another sidelight on Mickey Walker.

Back in the dressing-room Bagley washed out the cuts. A doctor came to sew up the long, ugly-looking one.

"That's 'Broadway Jim,' the playboy!"

JAY IRVING

"Make him hurry, Doc, will you?" Walker said impatiently.

"Take it easy, Mike," Bagley told him. "You're not going anywhere—except home to bed."

"Bed hell," Mike exploded, "I'm fighting tonight at a church benefit over on the west side."

That's Mickey Walker. How do you like him?

Bagley has set and taped up plenty of broken ribs with the skill of a surgeon and he has stitched all sorts of cuts. But a handler of fighters has to be more than a minister to cuts and bruises and breaks. He must know all of the tricks which may be pulled against his fighter and he must know how to guard against them.

Bagley, for instance, always watches his fighter's opponent have his hands bandaged. A fighter is allowed to protect his hands with six feet of gauze and two feet of adhesive tape. One night, many years ago, Bagley was handling a fighter named Kid Saylor, who was boxing in the National A. C. in Philadelphia. Bagley went into the other man's dressing-room to watch the bandaging. It was already done but the fighter stretched out his hands to show Bagley that they had been bandaged properly.

"There's no horseshoe in there," the fighter laughed.

The bandages looked all right but Bagley is by nature a suspicious person. He felt the hands and he felt something he didn't like. He ripped off one bandage and there, placed across the knuckles, was a heavy layer of tea foil, which is like tin foil, only much heavier. It made the hands practically mailed fists.

Another cute trick more difficult to spot is the use of starched bandages. The gauze, which has been starched, is sprinkled with powdered cement. It looks all right, but just before the bell some water is spilled over it. It dries very hard. In fact it dries as cement dries and a fighter can hurl his fist through a door if his bandages have been doctored properly.

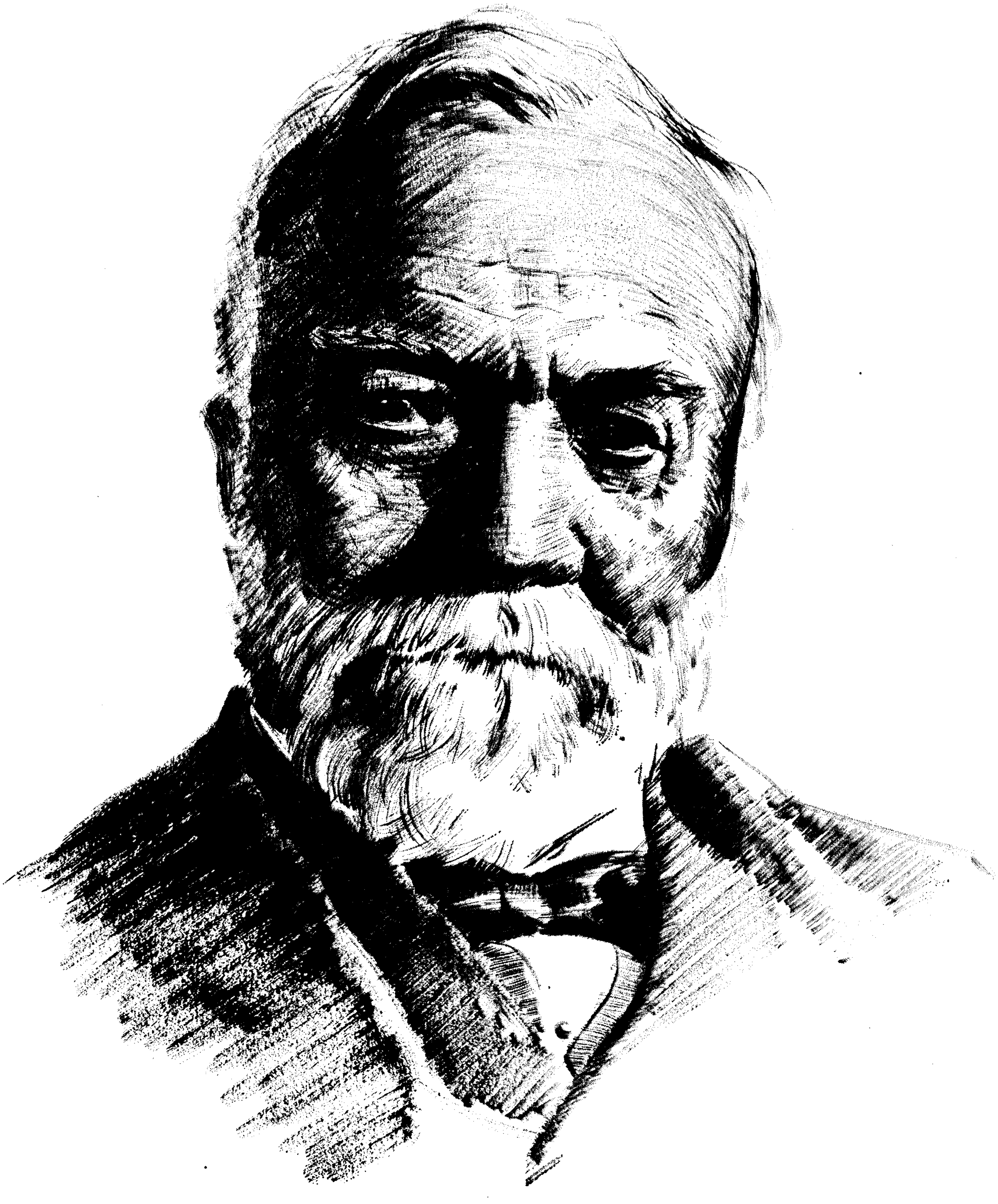
He Cheated Himself

Bagley misses no bets at all. I remembered watching him handle Carnera in the fight with Joe Louis. Bagley entered the ring with the big Italian. He walked across the ring inspecting the canvas. It was stretched tightly as it should have been. Carnera was wearing a new pair of shoes. Bagley thought they might prove slippery on the tight canvas. Out of that little black bag he pulled a file and he filed the smooth soles of those new shoes until they were rough and less apt to prove slippery. But of course even that wasn't enough to save Carnera from the danger that lurked in the fists of the dark dynamiter.

"Billy Duffy, Carnera's manager, had mapped out an intelligent plan of attack for Carnera," Bagley says, "but after the first round, when Duffy began to point out mistakes that Carnera was making, the big fellow waved Bill away and said, 'I fight my own fight.' He didn't do a very good job of it, either."

Bagley looks out from strong blue eyes under shaggy eyebrows and he looks at the world through glasses. They only failed him once.

When Gene Tunney was a very young fighter, Doc Bagley managed him. Tunney offered Bagley $5,000 to release him from his contract. The good doctor said "Okay," grabbed the $5,000 and cheated himself out of the cut that comes to a manager of a world's champion. That's the only time those glasses ever failed Doc.



ANDREW CARNEGIE .... *Born one hundred years ago*

He came to a land of wooden towns

and left a nation of steel

IN AN ATTIC in Dunfermline, Scotland, he was born on November 25th a hundred years ago—the son of a man and woman who later dared the great adventure of crossing the Atlantic to find opportunity.

They sailed seven weeks in a wooden ship and landed in a country of wooden towns.

From New York to Pittsburgh was another three weeks' journey, by the Erie Canal and the Lake to Cleveland, thence down a canal to Beaver, and up the Ohio River. Andrew was thirteen years old. Before he had reached middle age, steel rails had joined New York and Pittsburgh, and steel Pullmans rolled over them in ten hours. He lived to see automobiles of steel travel from city to city in a day. Now airplanes, powered by gasoline explosions inside cylinders of steel, span the distance in a hundred minutes; and the Atlantic crossing has changed from seven weeks of danger to a hundred hours of comfort in a floating steel hotel.

Great eras are the work of great men. And great men flourish only when they are needed. When a country ceases to need them, it is no longer great. Andrew Carnegie became a master builder because America needed him and welcomed him.

Does our country no longer need great builders? Have we no frontiers left, as some would assert? Andrew Carnegie, if he were alive, would be the first to deny it. United States Steel, which carries forward the industry he helped to create, protests against any such counsel of despair.

The economic pains we have had are the pains of adolescence—not the pains of old age. America is built, but men are dreaming of building it better.

Those vital arteries of national life, the railroads, are to be rebuilt. New steels—rustless, stronger, lighter—will lift the burden of dead weight from rolling stock and make transportation more economical and efficient.

Twenty-five million homes are to be rebuilt, and steel will be there to hold comfort and health within the walls—to lift the threat of fires that have wiped out whole communities, from country villages to cities as large as Chicago.

Twenty-five million automobiles are to be replaced with lighter, stronger, safer cars. Already thousands of miles of steel and concrete highways have been laid, and thousands more miles must be added.

Will America ever be finished? Never as long as American ingenuity begets ideas and American ambitions remain unsatisfied.

The nation that Andrew Carnegie helped to build will be rebuilt and *rebuilt* again. Always with more and more steel.

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Columbia Network, Coast to Coast

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SQUIBB

A Name You Can Trust

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 24

The need to have things clear made him go on. "Did he live in that cabin?"

"No. Up at the Head ranch."

"What would he be doing in the cabin, then—at night?"

Her eyes remained on him, but she didn't speak and it was Surratt who broke that long stillness. He relighted his pipe. His head inclined toward the road running up to the Gray Bull peaks. His words were faintly regretting. "For a fellow like me the world is wide and all trails lead over the hill. I should be riding now, for if I stay here the answer will be the same answer as always. A man carries his fortune with him. It is like printed instructions written on his chest, for everybody to see."

She said gently: "Then why do you stay?"

He said: "Sam Torveen did me a favor."

THE softness, the melody of her voice, was enormously stirring. She was a woman, full of hidden riches for some man who one day would capture the fidelity that was in her and command the high loyalty of her heart. For that man, Surratt thought sadly, there would be no more trails beckoning. She was the end of that man's trail.

She said: "You pay your debts, don't you?"

"If I didn't there'd be no pride in me, and I'd be a miserable man without pride. It is a thing my kind has to have—since we have nothing else."

"I thought it was that way," she told him. "I thought so in Morgantown, when you stood against Bill Head." She lifted her arms and the round curves of her body changed. "Sam Torveen's all right. You may doubt his crew, but Sam's—" She thought about the proper word and afterward looked at him with a small surprise. "He's like you. You are a pair, except that he keeps the world away with a smile—and you keep the world away with a poker face."

"I like him," said Surratt.

"You're a pair," she repeated, softly. She scanned the green corridors of the forest with a quick glance. She dropped her voice. "Bill Head's called for a meeting of the big ranchers tonight, up at his house. Sam will want to know that."

"I'll tell him. As for the other thing—"

"I said I trusted you," she interrupted. "Let it go like that."

HE NODDED and pointed his horse back down the trail. But her voice came abruptly after him, turning him back. She came on until she was beside him once more. Interest was strong in her and she studied this man with a strange emotion. His high, square torso made an alert shape against the shadows of the trees; there was a tough and resilient vigor all about him, a hard physical power to his body. Discipline lay along the pressed lines of his broad mouth, but a rash and reckless will was in his eyes, struggling against the discipline. She saw it. His head, she decided, would never betray him, for it was cool and introspective. But a latent storminess, a subdued capacity for terrific gusts of feeling, made him dangerous to others and to himself. It was his heart that some day would betray him. These were the things she thought in that little interval; and she wished he might smile as Sam Torveen smiled.

She said: "I think your own eyes have warned you. But there are many things about this country you don't know. And you have made Bill Head your enemy. Bill is not a forgiving man. You ought to remember that."

"I'll remember it, Miss Cameron."

"My name," she told him quietly, "is Judith."

"Yes," he said, "I know. There was a woman in the Bible by that name. I've often thought of her."

Her glance dropped and color came strongly to her cheeks. She swung the pony with a long, graceful dip of her body and cantered down the trail. He watched her until she vanished around a lower bend, and then he turned homeward.

He rode idly, the picture of her departure so vivid in his mind that some of his customary riding vigilance deserted him. When he reached the woodcutter's camp he pulled himself reluctantly from his thinking and chose another route by which to descend the slope. An increased heat lay trapped underneath these trees and the midday's sultry stillness was a thick substance all around him. "The rights of other men," he said softly, "are not my rights. When I have paid my bill to Torveen I ride away from here." And he was wrapped in the somberness of that thought when the reaching crash of a shot threw his pony back on its haunches and whipped him forward in the saddle.

He had not been struck, but there was deep in his head the long-planned reaction to just such a contingency as this. It came to him now like a boxer's instinctive defense. Rolling on forward across the saddle horn, he capsized and fell to the soft humus soil and turned over and over until he crouched at the base of a pine. His horse stood fast. The echoes of the shot went rolling and ricocheting down the slope; it died out in little fragments and eddies.

HE LAY with his head turned upslope, eyes piercing the twilight of the trees. The sound had struck at him from his right side, and therefore his eyes went to the higher ground, across the brown roll of hummock and stump and deadfall. A mule deer came scudding along the trail, its tail lifted, and plunged on to remote shelter. Surratt's eyes focused on the fan-shaped barricade made by the root system of a capsized pine; it was two hundred yards away, on the high side of the trail. He edged from his protection and got to his knees and made a run for another tree. Whipped behind it, he studied the slope again. When he next moved—circling and bending as before—he kept his eyes to upheaved roots. He sidestepped and reached a breast-high deadfall. He crouched and ran with it, to the margin of the trail. Pausing for one long moment, he finally made one long dive across the trail and dropped behind a stump. From this spot he had a glimpse of the rear of the fallen tree's roots and saw nothing. But there was a bowl where the roots once had been, and in this bowl a man might crouch. Surratt drew his gun then and broke for the adjacent pine. When he reached it he didn't stop, but walked deliberately toward the bowl. It was a strange thing. Perrigo sat on his heels in the bottom of this depression with a rifle across his knees. He saw Surratt coming, but he didn't make a further gesture.

Surratt walked down into it, coming against Perrigo. He was breathing a little from his run and sweat had reached his face; yet the stillness of Perrigo's attention, the bright and malicious burning of the man's black eyes steadied the fresh, strong pulse of his anger and made him alert.

"You've got some bad habits, Nick," he grunted. "And this is one of them. I don't love a man that tries to get his turkey cold."

Perrigo said: "Don't make that mistake, mister. If I'd wanted to hit you I'd've aimed at you."

"So maybe you're just trying to run a little scare into me?"

Perrigo got to his feet. He put the rifle butt on his toe and cupped a hand over the muzzle. His shortness made him tip his head to reach Surratt's measuring inspection; it seemed to heat the little man's wrath. He stepped backward. "I don't like strangers. I'm telling you."

"I understood that last night," Surratt told him dryly.

"I don't get why you rode up there and met the Cameron girl," growled Perrigo. "It didn't look like an accident to me."

"It bothers you?"

PERRIGO said, with a wicked calm: "A lot of things bother me. I don't like you around. You know too much about that shot the other night." His eyes pointed on Surratt, as bitter and dangerous as the muzzles of a double-barreled shotgun. He whipped out his thin question: "What do you know about it?"

"You got an interest in the matter?" inquired Surratt.

Perrigo pressed his mouth together. His dry features betrayed a faint fear. Surratt saw that and marked it in his mind and spoke again, somewhat more agreeably. "I'd suggest we get along, for I'm staying on with Torveen awhile. But if we're not going to get along I want to know that, Nick. When a man declares open season on me I've got my own remedies. Two can play this tune."

"You smell like a Head rider to me," stated Perrigo.

"You're dead wrong. I braced him the other day, didn't I?"

"Men don't brace Bill Head like that," countered Perrigo. "They don't get away with it—not unless it's a faked scene."

"Do we get along or don't we?"

Perrigo blazed up. "The hell with you! You battered Chunk Osbrook's face out of joint and you laid your tongue on the kid. I'm warning you never to try that on me! I'm running that ranch for Torveen. I tolerate no man on the place that rides in front of me. I want that understood. If you stay, you take my orders. You get that?"

"No," said Surratt.

A QUICK reflex of temper sent Perrigo's arm forward with the muzzle of the gun. But he checked the impulse. Whiteness showed on his cheeks and made the blackness of his eyes more unreasoning. Violence shook him. "Then watch out for yourself!"

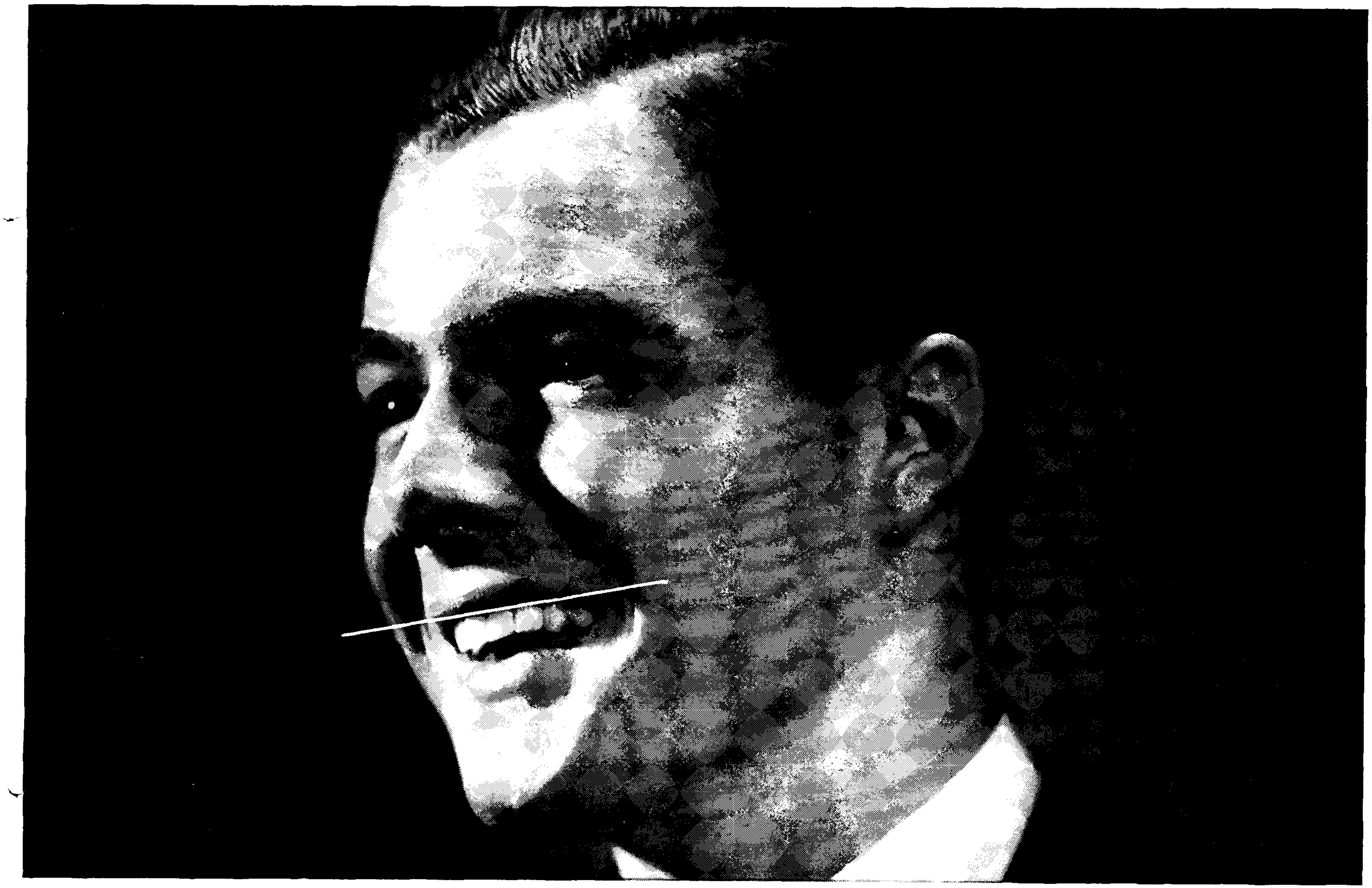
"I wanted it clear," Surratt murmured.

"You got it clear," cried Perrigo.

He climbed from the bowl and Surratt watched him go up to a thick swirl of pine seedlings and pull out a horse standing there. The little man trotted to the trail, and galloped away. Surratt went thoughtfully back to his own horse, following the slope down. He came upon the meadow and crossed it to the ranch house.

The crew had gone, but Torveen sat in his office room, sprawled out in a chair, somehow deeply engaged with his thoughts and ruffled by them.

(Continued on page 48)



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VALVE-IN-HEAD STRAIGHT-EIGHT ENGINE, *gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression*

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AUTOMATIC STARTING, SPARK AND HEAT CONTROL, *for convenience, efficiency, economy*

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An exclusive new feature of this engine is the Anolite Piston—durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter—which increases bearing life 150%

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 44

He said, with perceptible relief: "So you're back."

"Was there some doubt in your mind, Sam?"

Torveen shrugged his shoulders. "I couldn't blame you if you kept right on going away from here."

Surratt sought his pipe, and packed it. "I am to tell you that Bill Head's called a meeting of ranchers at his place tonight."

"So you met Judith." Torveen shifted his back against the chair; he seemed at once irritable. "You get around, friend Buck. You sure do get around."

"Any objections?" asked Surratt dryly.

Torveen lifted his green and slantwise glance. He didn't like it. He showed his restless resentment. But then he got abruptly up.

"Oh, hell, Buck, let it ride. I'm nervous as a cat. I've no intention to rag a man like you."

Surratt smiled. "When did you have a good drink last?"

"If that helped any, I'd be drunk as a lord. So Bill's called a meeting?"

"You going?"

Something in the question reached Torveen's sense of humor. He grinned. "That wasn't why Judith sent the news along, Buck. No, we won't be there. We'll be somewhere else tonight." He drew a long breath; he turned sober again. "I guess you'll have the chance soon enough to find out what my hole card is. Stick with me. Buck. This is going to be tough."

THIS was night again and the crew was in the yard, waiting to go. A quick, cold wind flowed off the peaks; there was no moon. Torveen stood in the doorway of his office room, yellow light strongly shining against his roan cheeks. Posted at the foot of the porch, Surratt could make out the man's driving nervousness; there wasn't any fun in Torveen now and all his motions were swift and short. He drew a last long breath of smoke from his cigarette; he threw it out into the dust. His voice flattened.

"You got any questions, Buck?"

"That's all right," remarked Surratt very quietly.

"It may be—it may not be. But, by God, you're cool about it! Well, let's go." Torveen jumped down from the porch and traveled over to his horse, Surratt following. The group whirled out of the yard, across the plank bridge and into the timber. At the main road Torveen turned eastward and led his men up the stiffening slope of the hills. They ran between the solid pines and through a covering blackness, with only a dim steel-blue strip of sky above. They crossed a covered bridge, booming deep echoes out into the night. They seemed to pass along the edge of a canyon, for Surratt could hear the rush of water down there, even above the steady flogging rhythm of pony hoofs. His horse was drawing for wind, but the pace kept on that way without break during the best part of half an hour; after that they walked a little way, surrounded by a dense blackness still—and presently broke into the long canter, again covering the miles.

They whirled suddenly out of the trees and pounded through a narrow gap. A steady, down-scouring wind met them in the face with the chill of a higher elevation in it. There were a few short and stubby second-growth pines vaguely standing along this way, but these soon faded and they were riding across the face of a rocky slope, the black and abrupt bulk of one of the Gray Bull peaks running spirelike into the sky above them. Even without a moon the bare talus fields of this area reflected a tawny radium glow through the gloom. They plunged into a cold and damp mist cloud and rode sightlessly through its muffling substance. But somewhere along this stretch of road Surratt felt the grade level off and tip downward. He knew then they had crossed the pass.

WITHOUT warning, they were beyond the mist. Torveen spoke a slow order. Surratt piled into the rider ahead of him and reined up abruptly. The crew had stopped behind Torveen, whose body turned in the saddle, right and left. There was no talk, but the labored breathing of the horses reached out and disturbed the chilly dark. An opaque, triangular pattern just ahead seemed to mark the presence of a defile.

"No, no, Madame! You must *rezeest* me!" MARGARET TRAFFORD

A voice came stolidly from the near-by rocks: "Torveen?"

"Yeah."

"Go ahead."

They passed into the defile and paced through it and emerged upon what seemed to be a meadow. Alert to all this, Surratt pulled up his chin and peered through the night. And then he was relaxed and amused, and puzzled. His nostrils told him the mystery; and his ears told him. Another man walked vaguely into view, to challenge as the first man had done. A white, moving mass stirred along the earth, bleating up a confused, unmistakable sound. Here were sheep, the smell of them strong in the wind.

Torveen's voice came back, pitched to a high and driving restlessness. "You take the front, Nick. Rest of us scatter along the edges of this band. Stay on the road all the way back until we reach the turn-off to the upper meadow. Move along. Keep these woollies from straying. Push 'em, but not too fast. Come on."

Surratt went into the meadow, sheering off from the edge of the band. The sheep were already in motion, pressing through the defile into the road. Torveen had disappeared and the others had disappeared. Surratt turned and drifted. When he reached the road he flanked the sheep and sat loosely in his saddle. Torveen's voice came up from the rear. "Faster, Nick." Surratt saw the blurred white stream bulge and break from the road, just ahead; and he trotted that way and pressed the sheep back into the straggling column. His horse didn't like the work and shied away, but he squelched that with a few quick prods of his spurs and went idle again, amused to the point of silent laughter. At twenty-five he had turned sheepherder, a job that all his cattle training had taught him to despise. There was humor in this situation for him, a kind of sardonic byplay on the swift turnings of his own life. Yet his quick mind reached beyond the humor of it and saw a reality that contained no reason for laughter. He knew then why Sam Torveen had wanted help and why Torveen had kept his silence until now.

THOSE pointed feet slicing into the pastures of cattle land meant somebody's blood. It had always been so. Somewhere in these hills lay a boundary line; imaginary, yet as broad and visible as a painted stripe. Beyond that line sheep could not go in peace and men could not herd sheep and live securely. This was a law that stood on no statute book, but it was a law nevertheless and one that cattlemen would fight for more bitterly than any other. Buck Surratt's life had been with cattle and with cattle people and he knew the iron steadfastness of the rule.

Long afterward—deep in the midnight hours—they reached the heavy timber and crept in scuffling confusion across the covered bridge. The wind ran steady and cool, ruffing up the spurious waterfall sound in the tree tops. Sky's blackness thickened and the bleating of the sheep band ran through the silence in plaintive ways. The bell on the leading wether tinkled gently back. Surratt was thinking that the smell of this night's traffic would reach Morgantown before day came and that the invisible telegraph would carry it to the remotest corner of the hills; he was thinking that, solemnly reflective, when Perrigo's voice reached him. "We turn."

Surratt remained at his station, but another of the crew galloped forward and began to curse in a slow, methodical fashion. The pale stream bent. It vanished from the road into the anonymous trees, going down some narrow trail. There was no room here for straying and so Surratt dropped back into the dusty rear, riding silently beside Torveen. Torveen said wearily: "What's the time?"

SURRATT pulled out his watch and struck a match. "Near one." The run of the hours surprised him.

"The longest night I'll ever put in," growled Torveen. In twenty minutes they were through the trees, into another meadow of these hills. The sheep faded across it and the crew came trotting back, to collect around Torveen. He said: "Where's the herders?"

A man roved up, afoot. "Here."

"There's a cabin across the way. That's your headquarters. Sleep there, but don't be in it or around it by daylight. Camp out in the woods then—and keep your rifles with you. I'll come by after breakfast."

It was one of the two herders brought along with the sheep. He said in an unemotional, faintly Irish-burred voice: "Indeed, Mr. Torveen," and slowly dissolved into the dark. Torveen breathed a weary order. "We can go home." He led the way straight down the meadow and plunged into the trees, in a little while arriving at the ranch. Surratt turned out his pony and carried his saddle to the bunkroom. But he didn't stay there; he walked back along the porch, hearing Torveen speaking to Perrigo in the office.

"I don't expect trouble tonight. But you'll ride the timber and listen for it."

Perrigo came out, flicking a quick, black look at Surratt. He went over the yard, to the darkness of the corral and Surratt heard him swearing at the horses off there. Afterward Surratt went into the office. Torveen sat in a chair, his body slack and his usual cheerfulness entirely gone. The strain of the night had broken up his roan face, it had scratched dangerously across his nerves. The color of his glance was a pale green.

He said: "Well, you know my hole card now."

Surratt said, "Yes," imperturbably and got out his pipe. He walked to the fireplace and tapped the bowl sharply against the stones, and filled it and fired up his smoke. He turned to find Torveen's glance narrowly set upon him.

"Maybe you'll want to know why I didn't give you a hint before now," said Torveen. "Well, it was the idea of sheep. You're no sheepman, anybody can see. And I figured you might ride off. I don't like the damn blatting woollies myself."

Surratt drew a gust of smoke into his lungs and expelled it. He said: "Ever been in a gunfight, Sam?"

(Continued on page 50)

“SAFE TIRES? *Yes!*
but…NO is safer than its REPAIRS!”

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A BOWES PRODUCT
BOWES
SEAL FAST

“BOOTED” Off the Road! An ordinary boot often causes crashes like this one. Death grins when an ordinary boot is slipped into a damaged casing. NEVER use a boot. Buy a new tire—get a BOWES "SEAL-FAST" repair—or have the tire vulcanized by a man who knows how. Above all, go to a BOWES "SEAL-FAST" repair man. His job is to guide you safely—he knows how.

BUY SAFE TIRE REPAIRS where you see this bench!

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No new tire blows out in normal service. *No* undamaged tire, *no* unrepaired tire blows out in normal service. But a neglected nail hole can ruin the best tire made—put spinning danger on your wheels. A careless patch from a simple puncture can let you down when you need safety most. An ordinary boot in a casing is like flipping coins with your life.

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BOWES “SEAL-FAST” stands for both safe materials and safe service. MATERIALS which produce a *live rubber weld,* stronger than the original rubber. SERVICE by trained Bowes “Seal-Fast” specialists, who know your tire safety, *your life,* depend upon safe repairs.

Don’t take chances. Get both the materials and the service Bowes “Seal-Fast” has developed.

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Next time you are out driving, locate your Bowes “Seal-Fast” repair man. Have him inspect your tires for danger spots. Take him *all* your tire repair work—for lasting safety!

Look for This Sign. Millions of motorists follow its advice to insure greater mileage, genuine economy, dependable safety in their tube and casing repairs. Only authorized dealers who guarantee their work can display the Bowes “Seal-Fast” Sign.

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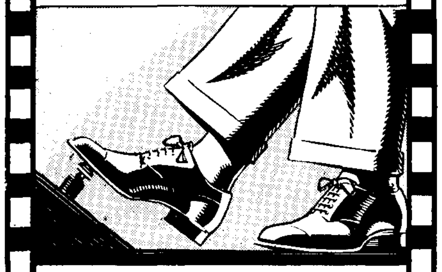

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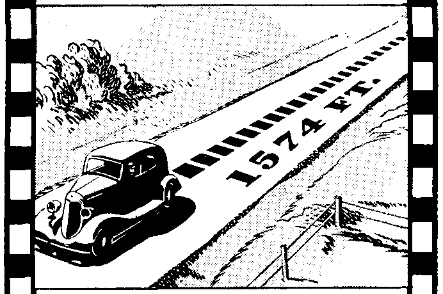

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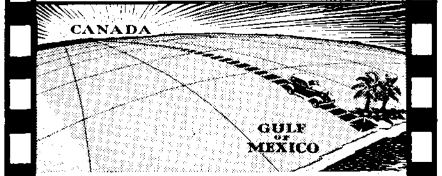

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Goodrich Electro-Pak Battery

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

Trail Smoke

Continued from page 48

"No."

"I've had some experience along that line," Surratt murmured. "You will have some, soon enough."

"You get the idea here?"

"Sure. You're bringing sheep into cattle country. There's only one answer to that. Hell's got no wrath like the wrath of a stockman who sees woollies creepin' across cow territory. I see what's happened tonight, and I see what's going to happen. What puzzles me a little is your particular reason for bringin' this grief onto yourself."

TORVEEN straightened. He was entirely serious, momentarily drawn away from his worries. "Well, I'm still young, and a young fellow has ideas—and some ambition. I've been a two-bit cattleman ever since I took over this place from my dad. I don't cut any great figure against the old-timers like Martin Head or Cameron or Kersom or Tom Peyrolles. They were born and raised with beef and they can't see anything else. They don't know what's goin' on outside of these hills. They don't care. But I know what's goin' on. Sheep's a crop that goes well with cattle and sheep are comin' in all around here. Well, these hills are swell for sheep. The way for a man to build himself a big ranch is to run both. And sheep is the easiest way for a young fellow to start."

"And the easiest way to lose his ranch," suggested Surratt.

"I used to have friends in this country," commented Torveen, irritably. "Then I started talkin' sheep—and I've got no friends now. You saw how those boys in the jail office regarded me. Well, they knew I was stubborn and would follow my ideas. So they scared off my crew. What I've got now is a bunch of men I'm not proud of. But they're tough and I need that kind. Perrigo used to ride for Head until he killed a fellow up there and had to leave. The kid is a maverick I don't trust. He's wicked with the gun and he's got no morals. Chunk Osbrook was fired off Ab Cameron's place and came to me. You see the reputation I got? Ed's the only hand of my old outfit that stuck." Torveen got up and prowled the room with a surge of temper. "To hell with the old-timers. We've brought in our sheep and the game's started. We'll stand on our stack and play it strong."

SURRATT studied this red-haired, electric man. He softly suggested something. "You've got a good reason for wanting to build up the ranch and swing your weight with the rest."

Torveen said, impatiently: "There's no law against bein' ambitious, friend Buck. I'm too young a man to be satisfied with a two-bit spread." But he quit talking a moment and the roan color of his face began to surge down his neck. "Sure. I want a big outfit and the money that goes with it and the pride of walkin' like a man into Morgantown's bank. Ab Cameron can write his check for six figures on a piece of butcher paper and cash it anywhere in this state. That's what I want."

"The reason is clear to me," drawled Surratt.

It stirred Torveen's strange and moody temper. He was recklessly angry. "You're too sharp with your eyes, Buck. You see too much you shouldn't see in people."

"You object to that?" countered Surratt, quietly.

Torveen said at once: "I did you a favor, but I won't hold you to it. You can ride any time."

Surratt removed his pipe. He laid it on the table and his tone prowled catlike across the room's quiet. "We'll consider you didn't say that, Sam."

Torveen reared his head and his shoulders. A willful heat sparkled across his green eyes. He wasn't, Surratt saw, a cool man; he was a fighter who could be baited into trouble. Yet even as he saw this and marked it for the future, he noticed Torveen's insistent sense of humor loosen the fighting streak along his mouth. Torveen grinned frankly. "Think of you and me talkin' like this. To hell with it, Buck."

"Sure," said Surratt, and smiled again. "To hell with it. We've got a little game of poker coming up and it won't be mild. Maybe I can help out, for this is a game I've played before." Then he added, softly: "It will be strange to you, until you learn. And when you learn you'll be a different man, with a wisdom you'll wish you never had."

Torveen shook his head. "You're a tough one. A lot of livin' has run over your shoulders. But it is queer to me you smile so little and sometimes look so regrettin'." He shrugged his shoulders and abruptly changed the subject. "You pounded the whey out of Chunk Osbrook, and he's the kind of a boy that will mind you and respect you for the poundin'. It is not the same with the kid or Nick Perrigo. Maybe I don't need to tell you this—keep your guard up with them."

Surratt nodded and left the office, strolling back to the bunkroom. Perrigo was out on patrol and Ed stirred somewhere in the yard. Osbrook had turned in to bed; the kid sat at the table playing solitaire. Pulling off his boots, Surratt saw the kid's eyes reach him and show once more that sullen, sallow flash of hatred, as wild and consistent as it had been the previous night. Surratt pulled the blanket over him and shaded his eyes, considering what he had to do. The kid was like a dog reverted to wildness, cringing back from men but forever showing his teeth. He needed another slash of the whip. Surratt let his hand fall from his eyes. He rapped his order at the kid.

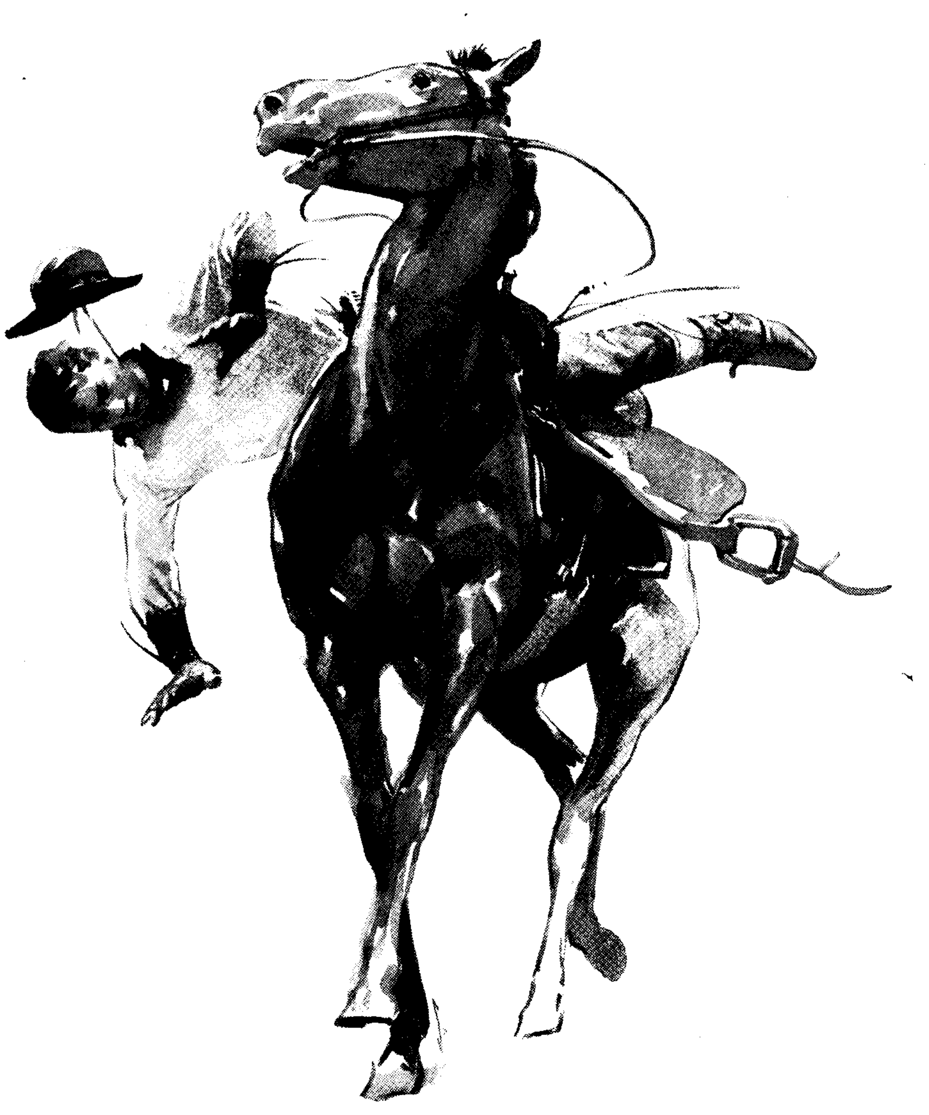
"Turn out that light, punk."

The kid put his elbows on the table and stared down with a quick breath disturbing his narrow chest. Surratt slowly reared himself to an upright position; but he didn't have to speak again. The kid bent over the lamp and blew out the flame.

THE sheep had entered the hills without trouble, but not without being observed. On a little bench near the pass, Judith Cameron stood in the dark and watched the pale blur of the flock fill the road and go bleating by. When they had disappeared she turned away and rode rapidly through the rugged folds of this upland country toward the Cameron ranch house.

Lower down, near the covered bridge, another spectator held himself back in the brush and silently observed. And long after the sheep band had turned into the upper meadow Blackjack Smith remained in his covert and ruminated over its meaning, his big jaws biting into his chew of tobacco.

(To be continued next week)



He had not been struck, but he rolled on across the saddle horn

The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 34

The eyes of the two girls held for one brief period of frank understanding.

Lois, unprepared for this plain old lady in the box which she ennobled, melted for a moment of silken enthusiasm at introduction to Clark's mother.

Mrs. Jenkins whispered to Margaret: "You're much prettier."

Margaret nodded, amused and pleased.

Jim Bailey brought Pete. Pete sat next to his mother and her cup was brimming. He attended her sweetly, Margaret thought.

She turned to her father. He whispered: "Nothing. They're back there. Tony's with them. He's our one slim chance."

The old lady was fixing Pete's hat. He was still a small child to her. He winked over her shoulder at Jim Bailey.

Jerry laughed harshly. "It won't be long now. Come on, Erie."

Pete stared the clever smile off Jerry's face. Margaret, intending to reprove Jerry, saw that Lois was turning the full power of her blinding presence upon Pete. It had been intended for a glance of annihilation.

Pete gazed scornfully; then, deliberately, he pursed his lips and tossed at the goddess what was vulgarly known as a razzberry—the more effective because so soft and tender.

THE press box was glass-enclosed and heated. Plays were carried in by the loud-speaker system which served the entire stadium. Reporters were busy filing early crowd copy, preparing charts, utilizing the many gadgets which the gridiron historians find useful.

Brad Anthony waited until Spike had climbed into the seat next to him. "How's Jenkins?"

"What about him?"

"I hear he may not play today."

"News to me. Who told you that?"

"Just picked it out of the air."

"What's supposed to be wrong?"

"I thought you'd know that. Seen him today?"

"No. I had to go downtown to meet my folks and just got back. The traffic is terrible. Thought I wouldn't make it."

"How were the odds downtown?"

"I didn't hear. I hustled down and back."

"Could we get down to the dressing-room now?"

Spike hesitated. "About the time we'd get through this mob, they'd be on the field—and we'd miss the first part of the game. What's on your mind?"

"Nothing important."

SPIKE was breathing fast. This was going to be a tough spot in twenty minutes—when the world came to him to find out why Clark Jenkins wasn't playing.

His telegraph operator nudged Spike's left arm—on the side away from Anthony. The operator, like Spike, was a student, loyal to the team, and willing, for its welfare, to be a small traitor to the ethics of his job. He pointed to a note on which he had penciled:

"He got a message from his office. They say the odds have switched sharply in New York to Erie and there's a report Jenkins wasn't even with the team. They said it looked like another Midwest thing and for him to be on the lookout for anything suspicious."

Spike wrote:

"Thanks. Intercept anything he sends and let me know. It may be important. Neglect my stuff if you have to but don't miss anything of his. Tear this up."

The field was cleared of players now. Officials were beginning to walk around. The mascots were doing their final stunts. Bands were tooting in the opposite stands, exchanging amenities.

Spike focused his glasses on the Bailey box far below. He wondered what was in the minds of those people.

He wondered what they were doing in the dressing-room right now; what the Skipper was thinking; how he would handle this.

What the boys were thinking. How it would affect them.

And Spike wondered what Cal Calhoun, foxy Cal, was thinking. If Clark didn't get back for this game, Cal was sure-fire All-America.

Spike knew that Cal would not forget that. Cal worshiped that All-America. He would let nothing interfere with its realization.

It might even make him sleep very soundly—much more soundly than usual because Cal was a chronic complainer about people who made noise and interfered with his sleep.

If Clark had been out all night, Cal knew it. That gag about the telephone and the dream—he had covered himself cleverly. If Clark had talked on the phone, Cal had heard him.

He might know where Clark had gone —*where he was right now.*

Spike cursed himself for not thinking of this sooner.

Now it was too late. In five minutes they would be on the field—and the fuse would start spluttering.

Brad Anthony and these other reporters, when the thing sunk in, would blow college football into the sky.

THE squad sat on benches, huddled, waiting.

Their faces were strained, lips compressed, eyes shocked. This was beyond their understanding.

Not a muscle moved sufficiently to disturb the tight silence; but muscles were quivering in every powerful young body.

They were waiting for the Skipper to start.

Cal Calhoun sat with his head in his hands, looking at the two shiny points of his new shoes.

He was talking to himself, pulling the reins.

"Don't yell, you fool. You didn't know it would be like this. You didn't want anything to happen to him. You thought he would be back. You didn't do anything. You're covered. Don't yell—don't look at him—you'll give yourself away—and you didn't do anything. All you did was keep still. Now, if you say anything they wouldn't give you a break. They know you don't like him. You're covered. Keep still, you fool. You fool. Don't let this get out. It's rah rah stuff. It don't fool you. Look out for yourself. You've had it tough enough. None of these guys have helped. They've all been his pals. None of them your pals. Don't weaken now. Stick it out. If he don't play you're All-America."

The Skipper was walking toward them now. He was getting ready to talk.

"Don't look at him. He might guess—and then he wouldn't let you play. Get this All-America. Don't let them take that away. Get that and you're set for life. The team can win without him. The team is hot. Show the sports writers the team don't need Jenkins. Then he'll come back and no harm done. He'll come back. They wouldn't hurt

(Continued on page 54)

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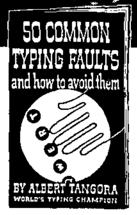

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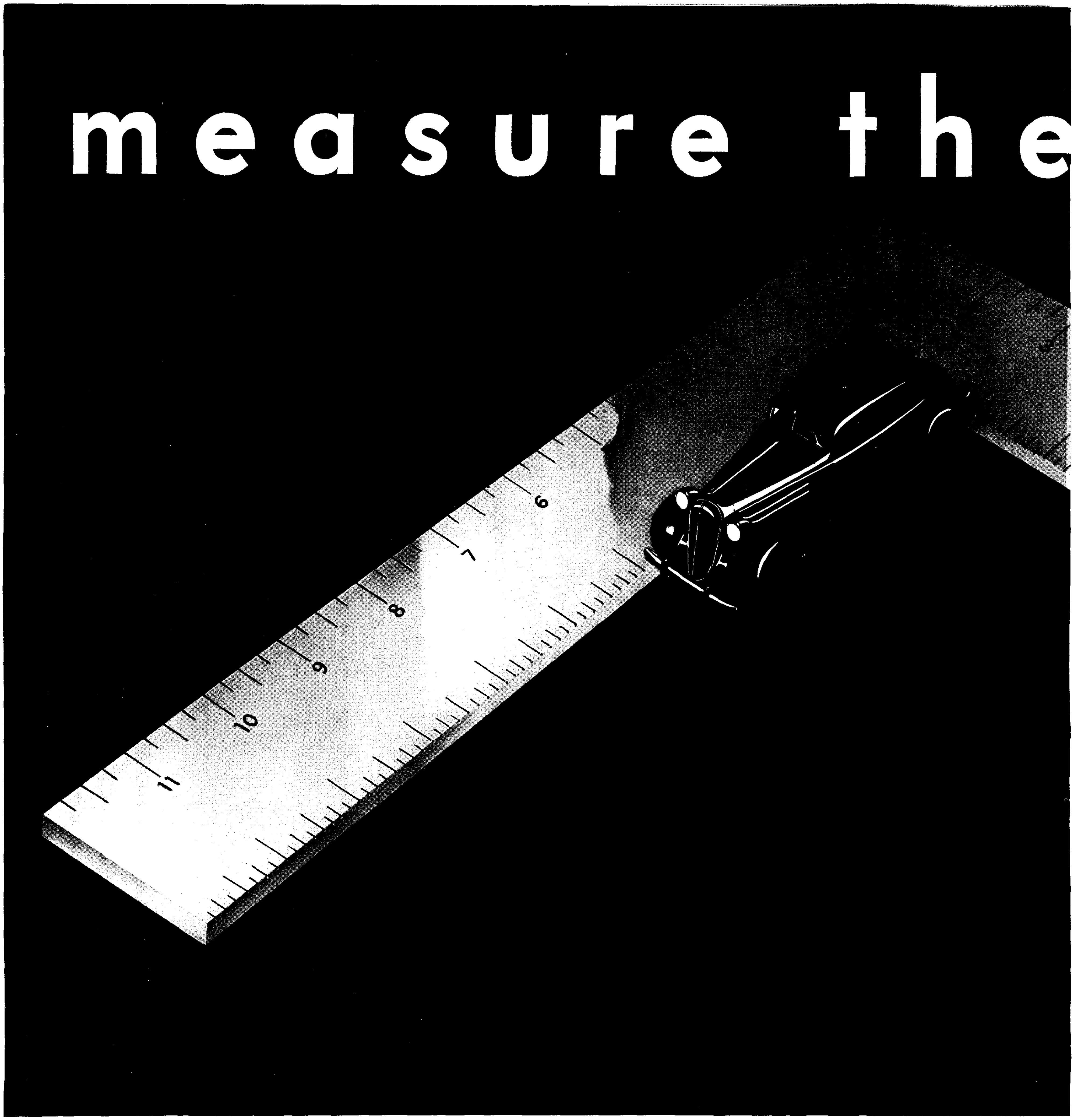

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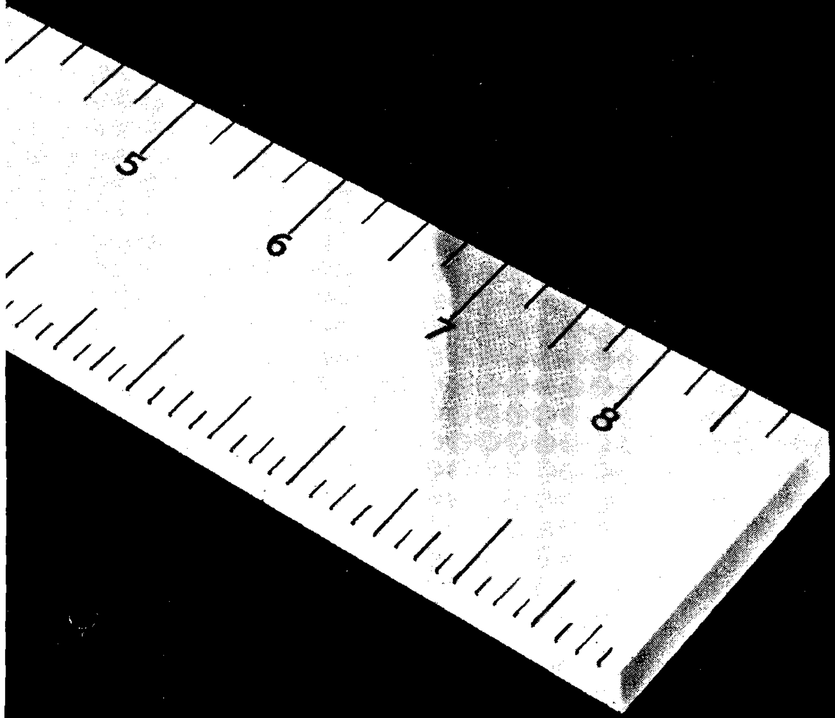

TOBACCOS ARE LIKE WOMEN

says R. C. Campbell of New South Wales

SOME ARE TOO HARSH

SOME ARE TOO CLOYING

SOME GOOD BUT CHANGEABLE

SOME JUST INSIPID

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The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 51

him. You're covered. Nobody will ever know you knew anything. Stick it out, now, Cal. He's going to talk. Don't look at him. Pretend you're all broken up. It won't be long now. It's too late to do anything anyhow. Nobody ever put themselves out for you. Remember the dirty deal you got when you were a kid. Here it is. Here he goes. Steady."

Joe Gates stood before them, face drawn, eyes vital, voice steely calm and decisive. He had made up his mind.

"You know what it is, boys.

"I don't know where he is any more than you do.

"You know what the papers will say—how they murdered us before. They'll do it again—they'll wreck football.

"We will all be under suspicion. It will ruin Clark.

"If he should be able to shake it off now you never can tell about later. I knew a man who shot himself twenty years later because he thought he had lost a big game. What is it, Cal?"

But Cal Calhoun merely shook his head and looked at his shoes. He kept shaking his head and looking at his shoes.

"Pull yourself together, Cal. You've got to go today."

The Skipper paused. Most of them were looking away from him, at their feet, into the iron doors of the lockers. They bit their lips, their eyes were nervous, the muscles of their jaws were quivering.

"This isn't a pep talk, boys. I'm not trying to fire you up to win this game. I'd give them the ball game now if they would send us back the kid.

"But they won't. We have men working. Jim Bailey is working—and old Tony. They've got a chance. They might have him back any time during the game. Our job is to be ready.

"So *don't let them score.* I know, when you see that kid running out there, you'll tear the stadium apart. But when he does come, *it must not be too late!*"

He hesitated for the briefest moment. Then his voice came sharply, decisively.

"Nobody is going to tell me there's anything wrong with that kid. Nobody's going to tell you. So we're not going to let him down. They haven't left us much of a chance but we're going to play it for all it's worth. We're going to try something. We're going to protect him as long as we can—and then hope for the miracle."

His voice rang out: "Bennett!"

A stocky boy jumped up. The others, breathless, watched and listened.

CLARK JENKINS was awakened by a discussion between his guards. There was a thumping pain in his head—and a horrible realization.

The first voice was inclined to be generous. "Let's give the kid a shake. Let him listen to the game."

Clark's stomach fell. Too late!

"He can listen the way he is."

"I'd like to talk to him. I like to talk. Sittin' all night and day with you is like sittin' up with a stiff."

"Wait. There's goin' to be stinkin' hell about this anyhow—you let him identify us—"

"Oh, I ain't gonna let him see. I'll just let him talk. I'm the kind of guy what needs some company."

He started to pull the tape from Clark's mouth. The other warned: "Hey—suppose he starts yellin'?"

The other laughed. His heavy voice was near Clark's ear. "Suppose he does? Think anybody's gonna pay any 'tention with all those radios on? If he kin beat them radio guys, he's good."

The bandage was off. "There y'are, kid. Wake up!"

"What time is it?"

"In five minutes or so the big game is going to start. If you'll be a good guy we'll all sit here nice and enjoy it."

"Where are we—still in the hotel?"

The hearty one chuckled. "I knew you'd be good for some laughs."

"How about taking this bandage from my eyes?"

"That's another good one, too. Know any more?"

"Then untie my feet, will you? I'm all cramped up. How can I do anything blindfolded and with my hands tied? What are you, a couple of sissies?"

The laugh again. "Okay, kid. I guess we can handle you. We might as well get acquainted since we're gonna spend some more time together. Call me Charlie—this one is Jake—only you don't need to worry about him because he won't talk anyhow. Jake's the one that conked you."

Clark listened to the fervid voice of the broadcaster. The teams were on the field. Erie was running through signals but Atlantic was huddled near its bench. The great crowd was tense with long waiting for this old ball game which was going to be a hummer, yessiree, Mr. and Mrs. America, believe you me.

"How them guys gab!" Charlie laughed.

"You otta be one," Jake grunted.

"What's that, Jake? Did you find your tongue?"

"Nuts."

THE weather was great. Everything was great. There was supposed to be a lot of betting all over the country. Erie was now the big favorite. For some reason everybody wanted to bet on Erie.

"Hah," Charlie chuckled. "For some reason."

"Listen, Charlie—"

"No use, kid. Orders is orders and that's all I know."

"You know what you're fooling with, Charlie—"

"Not a chanct, kid, not a chanct. You just walked in here last night uninvited and started raisin' hell and we thought you was one of them college drunks and we had to lay you out. If you're a good boy and don't get tough we might let you go as good as new—"

As good as new. To be found free after the game, without an explanation except a story nobody would believe.

"The Erie lineup stands as announced. Now Atlantic is running on the field for the first time. I'll call the names as I catch the numbers—the regular team—there's Captain Vavra, number one, Jaskowski, number sixteen, Calhoun, number ten, looks like they're all in there. Jenkins, number twenty, back to kick off—"

Charlie shouted: "Hey, what is this—there's somethin' screwy, Jake, this guy is suppose to be Jenkins we got—Am I goofy or what—"

CLARK was breathless. They didn't know he was gone, then—the crowd or the press or the radios.

But the Skipper knew, the players knew.

Charlie was asking: "Hey, kid, what is this?"

The Skipper was protecting him. It was a risky business. How was he going to carry it through?

Charlie was yelling in his ear: "Come on, what is this? Did you double-cross us? How could you be here with us and playin' in that ball game? You ain't two guys. Either we're nuts or all them people is nuts—"

Two guys. Clark laughed loudly.

Charlie was shaking him now. "What the hell you laffin' about—?"

Charlie was spluttering. "Hey, Jake—it'll be lumps for us. We gotta get word to the boss at the game—one of us is got to go—"

"Keep it on. If there's anything wrong the boss will know—and he'll call us. We're sittin' tight till we hear."

Clark laughed: "The laugh is on you boys. Take this bandage off and I'll buy a drink."

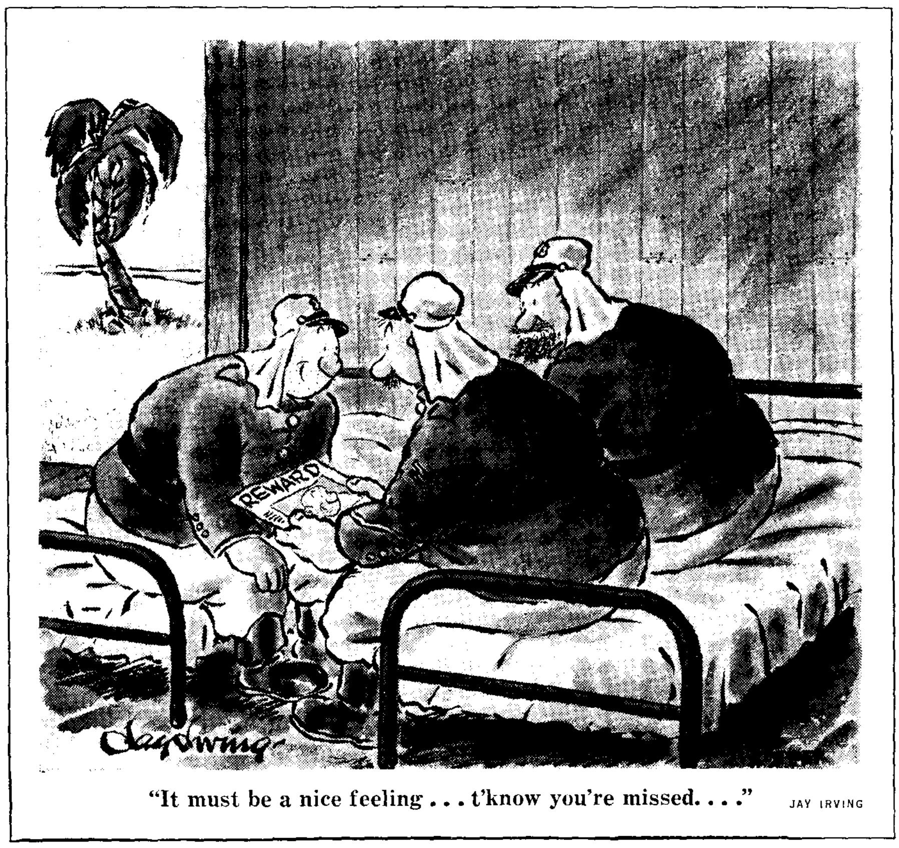
Jake grunted. "One more crack out of you and you'll go back to sleep—and maybe you won't wake up so soon."

Jake was moving toward him.

Charlie also moved.

"No more of that," Charlie snarled.

(To be continued next week)



"It must be a nice feeling . . . t'know you're missed. . . ." JAY IRVING

Ball of Fire

Continued from page 19

somebody there in Washington who ain't scared to speak his mind. An' Kyartah," he grinned with relish, "sure is the one who can do it. You oughta bin heah when the Kluxers tried to make 'im sing small. Say, he derned near run them Kleagles outa their nightgowns."

Judging from the tale spun by the half-suspendered gentleman, it must have been quite an occasion. Virginia, it may be remembered, astonished the civilized world by going Republican in 1928, conceiving a very violent dislike for one Alfred E. Smith and his "Sidewalks of New York." With even more than his customary vehemence, Carter Glass, a devout Methodist, espoused the Smith cause, and saved his most bitter attack on religious intolerance for the day when thirty thousand members of the Ku Klux Klan gathered in Lynchburg for a meeting to impress the senator with their strength.

A Speech that Sizzled

Almost everybody in Virginia has some admiring tale to tell of Carter Glass' "spunk." For instance, there was the time when he seized a ball bat and ran a corrupt umpire off the field, after which, his blood being up, he chased the entire visiting team over the horizon. That was how he gained the nickname of "Pluck," which still sticks to him, by the way.

On another occasion, later in life, he accepted a challenge from a rival editor, perfectly willing to give the satisfaction due to one gentleman from another, but unhappily, his enemy's wife took up the gauge, and barged into Mr. Glass' office with a large horse pistol firmly clutched in her strong right hand. Rising to his feet without the slightest show of alarm, the wispy little man bowed low and said, "I cannot defend myself against a lady, but as a favor, madam, please get it over with as quickly as possible."

While not a "firebrand" in the traditional sense of the word, Carter Glass is a man of high pride, extreme sensitiveness and a somewhat inflammable temper. Magnificently disregardful of his size, and also of his seventy-seven years, he is just as ready for battle today as when he gained the name of "Pluck." Of all the senators that crossed swords with the late Huey Long, the diminutive Virginian was the only one that ever forced the Kingfish into actual flight, for before a furious attack that was both verbal and physical, Huey tore down seats in his frantic rush for the shelter of a cloakroom. Ordinarily, "Dad bum it" is about the profanest expression that Senator Glass permits himself, but on this occasion he used language that brought a gasp of admiration even from Ashurst of Arizona, who was brought up with mule skinners. To this day it is one of Carter Glass' keenest regrets. "According to authentic reports," he confesses, "I used words that I did not even dream were in my vocabulary. They must have boiled up from my subconsciousness. There is this to say in my defense, however. For twenty-one days the man had filibustered against my banking bill. When the fight came to an end, I walked across the floor for a word with Joe Robinson, and it was into this private and personal conversation that Senator Long intruded, actually addressing me as Carter."

Strangely enough, Senator Glass straightway became the object of Huey's almost infatuated regard. Not only would he call him up over the telephone in an endeavor to effect a reconciliation, still calling him by his first name, but he made it his business to buttonhole other senators, explaining that he "loved the damned little fireball," and begging them to get Carter to "kiss and make up." The proposed osculation, it may be mentioned, never took place.

It is for these and other like things that the Virginians hold Carter Glass in enduring affection, but back of the personal is a deeper feeling. He restores for them their pride, throwing back to George Mason, Patrick Henry and other tremendous figures of the Old Dominion, men who bent the knee to no one but their God, looking Presidents in the face and bidding high defiance to all who would have them put selfish considerations before principles that they deemed fundamental.

A curious man in many ways, this Carter Glass. A master of crisp, modern English, driving to his points in debate with vigor and directness, yet now and then it is as though Webster, Clay or Calhoun had returned, and the vernacular is put aside for the lofty periods of another day. There was a time back in 1915 when he was speaking against the McLemore resolution that wanted all American citizens kept off the seas, and Senator Glass concluded an inspired address with this peroration:

"Two of Virginia's boys are my own sons—stalwart, manly fellows for either of whom I would die a thousand times—and I would have them hear me say without a tremor, in the spirit that animates their own hearts, that I would rather be pursued through time and eternity by the pitiful apparition of their shattered forms than to see my country dishonored and its flag hauled down in disgrace."

Strangely enough, he was well along in his fifties before he learned to talk on his feet. Although rated today as the Senate's most forceful debater and one of the best speakers in public life, for his first ten years in Congress he was looked on as tongue-tied. From 1903 to 1913, his voice was rarely heard, and it was not until the Federal Reserve Act came up for passage that he took the floor. The idea of the bill was Woodrow Wilson's, but Carter Glass, as chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, led the fight. At the right of him were all of the great money masters of the country, standing like iron for the Aldrich bill, and to the left of him were the followers of William J. Bryan, advocating what was scornfully referred to as "corn-tassel" money.

Saving His Dynamite

When the Democrats in the House met in caucus, "Bob" Henry of Texas, a brilliant orator, presented the case against the Federal Reserve System and seemed to sweep all before him. Carter Glass, rising slowly and almost dejectedly, first read a letter from Mr. Bryan endorsing the legislation, and then in a masterly speech, showing that his ten silent years had been devoted to sweating study, he tore the Henry contention into small fragments.

"Dynamite him, Carter," yelled a Democrat unable to contain his enthusiasm.

"Why use dynamite," came the rasped retort, "when insect powder will do?"

Another contradiction is that while New Dealers regard Carter Glass as conservative to the point of reaction, the senator himself believes sincerely that he is liberal almost to radicalism. The record, as a matter of fact, offers a good deal of solid ground for his point of view. The Federal Reserve Act, for in-

(Continued on page 56)

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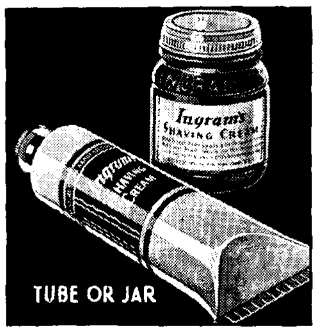

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(Continued from page 55)

stance, was denounced throughout the length and breadth of the land as "dangerous" and "subversive," Elihu Root actually shedding tears as he declared it to be "a measure of ruin and disaster that will work irreparable woe."

His record also shows that Carter Glass, virtually single-handed, overthrew the Virginia "machine" carefully put together by Senator T. S. Martin and Thomas Fortune Ryan, that master of millions who was as ruthless in politics as in finance. Carter Glass bucked the machine, and in order to get the facts clearly before the people of the state, ran for the Senate in 1910 against the Ryan candidate. A Homeric struggle between the Glass voice and the Ryan millions.

Machine Sabotage

The voice went down in defeat, but the fight shook the "machine" apart, and Glass completed its ruin in 1912 when he took the floor at the Baltimore convention as the uncompromising champion of Woodrow Wilson. The Ryan-Martin forces were there with an uninstructed delegation, but such was the force of the Glass drive that he broke the unit rule, and carried the whole delegation into the Wilson camp.

All of Woodrow Wilson's domestic programs had Carter Glass' fervent support, and when the President came back from Paris with the Covenant, the Virginian gave heart and soul to advocacy of the League of Nations. At the New York convention in 1924, an overwhelming majority of the Virginia delegates were opposed to Newton Baker's resolution endorsing the League, favoring the Bryan compromise that provided for a national referendum on the question. Carter Glass was his state's "favorite son" at the time, and with Smith and McAdoo in a deadlock, there was more than a chance that the Virginian might be selected as a compromise candidate. Not for a second did he hesitate. From the hotel room where he was confined by illness, he sent word that unless the delegates voted for the Baker plank, he would insist on the withdrawal of his name, and take the floor against them. His will prevailed.

Another instance of liberalism recited by his friends is the vote that he cast for the creation of the Tennessee Valley Authority, certainly not the least radical of the Roosevelt measures. Quite confidentially, however, there is a suspicion that there was more of sentiment than conviction back of the vote. Asked by a colleague why he supported a bill that "put the government in competition with private business," he explained rather defiantly, "Well, sir, session after session I have watched Senator Norris make his valiant fight for public operation of Muscle Shoals, and his courage, no less than his high character and splendid attainments, appealed to me."

A States'-Rights Man

There you have an insight into the real Carter Glass, likewise an answer to the riddle why this porcupinish man with his whiplash tongue has the friendship and esteem of every senator, regardless of party. Under the snapping-turtle exterior is a real warmth, an impulsive generosity, and more than a touch of the ante-bellum chivalry that had an almost affectionate regard for gallant opponents.

Subjected to analysis, Senator Glass' chief point of difference with the New Deal would seem to lie in his Jeffersonian philosophy that the best governed people are those least governed. A states'-rights man in every fiber of his being, he views the growing tendency toward centralization with resentment and alarm, convinced that the increasing enfeeblement of state and local government can have only disastrous results. During thirty-three years of Washington life, he has had ample opportunity to study the phenomena of bureaucracy, and better than anyone he knows how quickly a government bureau "digs in" and becomes impossible of dislodgment.

With respect to the four-billion work-relief fund, he has never made any effort to conceal his gloomy forebodings. Already, as he sees it, the lavish grant of federal monies has turned states and communities into fawning mendicants, steadily robbed of energy, independence and initiative. A human man, sensitive to human suffering and misfortune, it is still the case that he looks on the expenditure of the vast sum as calculated to destroy habits of industry and frugality, and to undermine courage, self-respect and other great American values. Readily admitting the tremendous changes that have taken place, due to the swift march of invention and science, deep down in his heart he clings to the belief that pride, determination and enterprise retain all of their old potency.

It is, of course, the point of view of the self-made man, and there is no question about Carter Glass being self-made. The son of a country editor, he left school at fourteen to take a job in a printing office at a wage of $1.50 a week. Step by step he mastered the secrets of the composing-room, and then went over to the news end, where he rose to be managing editor. The owner, finally deciding to retire, offered to sell out for $13,000, and young Mr. Glass bought the property for $100 in cash, giving his notes for the balance. Working with an energy that caused his fellow Virginians to suspect a strong dash of Yankee blood, he not only paid off his indebtedness but eventually absorbed a morning competitor, and then took over the evening paper.

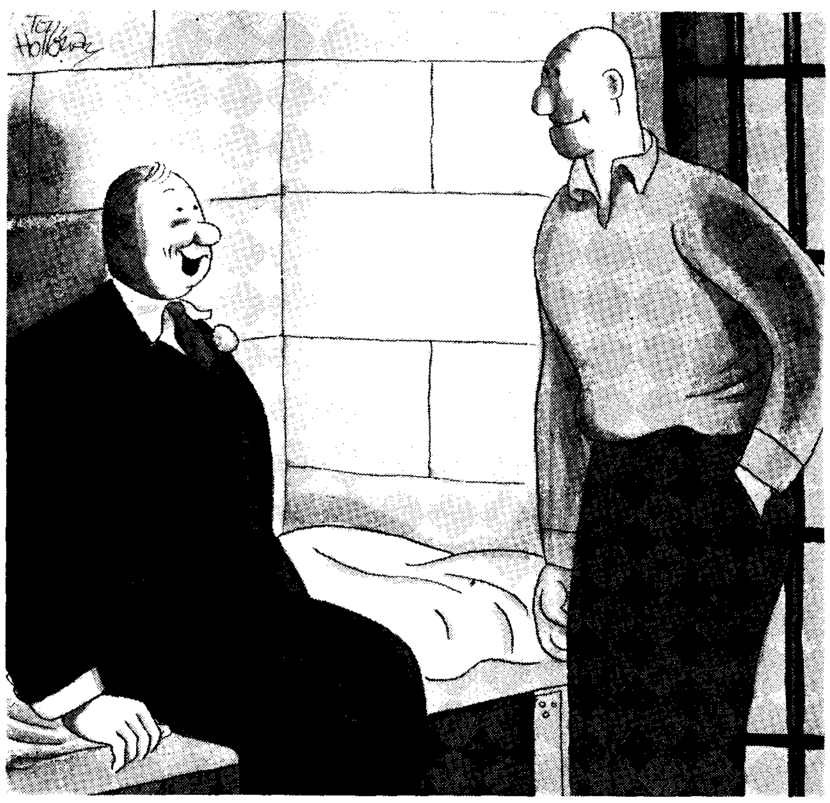
Perhaps the most curious thing of all about this very curious personality is his bland ability to reconcile party regularity with his savage attacks on so many New Deal measures. Soon after the adjournment of Congress, and while his lips were still flecked with the foam of rage against Administration bills, he issued an indignant repudiation of the report that he would lead a Right Wing revolt in 1936. Branding the rumors as "malicious and unbearably impudent," he dismissed William Randolph Hearst as a "mischief-making demagogue," and declared that Franklin D. Roosevelt would have his enthusiastic and unqualified support both for renomination and reëlection.

Senator Glass refuses to see the slightest contradiction between these two positions. For one thing, his Democracy goes back to those unhappy days after the Civil War when, as a boy of nine or ten, he watched the injustices of Reconstruction. He took in the faith with his mother's milk, and love of party is in his blood and in his soul. He votes the Democratic ticket in the same spirit that he attends church, regularly and piously. His own explanation, however, goes beyond this simplicity.

Declaration of Independence

"I gave my faith to the principles laid down by Jefferson and Jackson because of my deliberated conviction that they went to the heart of democracy and held out the greatest hope for mankind. And loyalty, my dear sir, must go hand in hand with faith. What nonsense, though, to hold that there cannot be dissent without desertion! Or to say that when a man honestly believes that some policy is a departure from fundamental tenets, he must either hold his tongue or quit his party. Time after time in my career I have opposed the measures of a Democratic administration, and whenever moved by my conscience and my convictions I shall continue to do so. I wear my Democracy as a badge, not a chain."

Several things go to prove that this attitude is not the unpopular one that politicians suppose. For instance, there is the love and admiration in which Virginia holds him, and also the way in which college degrees rained on him this last June. Yale, Princeton, Tufts, Wesleyan and William and Mary all honored him, following the earlier example of Lafayette, Washington and Lee and the University of North Carolina, not as a Democratic citizen, but as a great American with the courage of his convictions. And by way of a tip to the gentleman who thinks that he is running for the Senate in Virginia on the strength of "Pluck" Glass' anti-administration record, one Franklin D. Roosevelt holds few men in greater affection and esteem than the little Ball of Fire.



"When I said that, the crowd whooped, and I wish you could have seen the silly look on that cop's face" TOM HOLLOWAY

The Sign of the Virgin

Continued from page 15

Mr. James, a stoutish man with much of the youthful red still smoldering in his graying hair, was reading a newspaper story of Jack the Ripper, who had dispatched his victims in his own way and had never been brought to book. Who was the fearsome Jack? Was he, perhaps, a respected citizen, sheltering a hellish flame behind a kindly face?

Mr. James put by the newspaper and questioned Tarat again on his visit to the Klee apartment.

"Dr. Pinbank began a discussion of the Grindell murder before seeing Klee? An interesting premonition."

"More justified than usual, Mr. James. Saturn was in the Sign of the Virgin on September 14, 1862, and afflicting the moon; signifying the native's death by drowning or suffocation."

"PROPHETIC," said Mr. James, politely impressed. "But to come down to the year 1935—you're aware of the difference in the corks?"

"I was honored with the confidence of the police as to that."

"And your inference?"

"That Mr. Klee was not murdered at all. On that I stake my reputation as an astrologer. The Ascendant is heavily afflicted! When Mars by day is strong—"

"No, no, Tarat. Too hard to explain to a jury. The difference in the corks convinces me that Klee and Grindell were not killed by the same man or for the same reason; and that Klee's killer imitated the Grindell job from a newspaper story. Go on from there, in jury language."

With a shrug of his wide shoulders, Tarat descended to mere logic.

"We may reject as highly improbable that Mr. Klee was slain in that awkward way by a marauder seeking only booty."

Mr. James nodded, puffing his pipe.

"If Mr. Klee was murdered, then, his death was plotted. He was feeble and ailing. And yet an accident was not counterfeited, as an accidental fall; suicide was not counterfeited. Deliberately, the cry of 'Murder!' was invoked. A senseless risk unless Mr. Klee was already dead, and with the appearance of having been murdered when the cork was put into his throat."

"That seems sensible. Very well—say he had been suffocated with a pillow. That's still murder."

"We disregard the champagne cork now and assume that Mr. Klee was found in bed, dead, suffocated. There is an inquiry: was the death natural or by murder? Diseases are known that kill by suffocation; had Mr. Klee such a disease? If he had it, the death is accepted as natural; if he had it not, there was the saving chance of an accident. Feeble people, and drunkards, have been known to strangle by getting into unnatural postures. Would a murderer throw away that saving chance?

"But that was done here. The inquiry was blocked from any issue but murder. The purpose must have been to veil the fact that Mr. Klee died a natural death."

"That," said Mr. James slowly, "seems to follow. But why the deuce—"

"We assume now that Mr. Klee died a natural death, and that the terrible risk was taken of counterfeiting murder. Much must have been at stake."

"I can't imagine what would have been worth such a gamble—unless the estate! And, by jingo, a will was filed yesterday."

"The will, as I saw it in the newspaper, did not say what the assets were. Is the estate of tempting size?"

"Quite considerable. We looked into Klee's finances; he had a regular income of eighteen hundred dollars per month from the Fiduciary Trust Company. He was an invalid, and he had the trust company to manage his affairs."

"But halt there, Tarat: would Dr. Pinbank have filed the will if there were reason to suspect him?"

"Dr. Pinbank, I assume, does not know of the difference in the corks; it was not made public. And I believe there are always witnesses to a will, so that he could not keep its making secret."

The astrologer's black eyebrows twitched impatiently.

"We have arrived now at the conclusion that Mr. Klee died of a disease. Are there diseases that might invalidate a will, that kill by suffocation, and that would not be disclosed by an autopsy? Without consulting the medical officer, Mr. James, let me point out that Mars, strong in an angle—"

"By jingo, you have it! Tarat, I'll have you inquired into one of these days, and find who and what you were in your time; you have the mind of a great criminal.

"I'm having these people in here this afternoon. Be here, will you? Meanwhile I'll learn about Dr. Pinbank. . . ."

At two that afternoon there were in Mr. James' room Dr. Pinbank, Robert Gandie, Frank Magnan and Tarat.

Mr. James was behind his desk. Beside him sat a stocky but clerkly-looking gentleman in conventional black cutaway and striped trousers.

On the desk, drawing all eyes, were two champagne corks.

"Dr. Pinbank," said Mr. James directly, "have you a New York license? The County Medical Society doesn't know you."

"Nor do I, sir," said the physician in a growling and confident bass, "know the County Medical Society. I am a doctor of Vipsychotherapy. We treat disease with mental vibrations."

"I see. Doctor, have you ever treated with your mental vibrations a case of epilepsy?"

"Not to my recollection, sir."

"Was not Aaron Klee epileptic?"

"Decidedly not. Preposterous."

Mr. James turned abruptly to Robert.

"Didn't Mr. Klee have fits?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said the servant.

"Stick to that, gentlemen," said the district attorney, a sardonic glint in his eyes, "and my duty will be clear."

HE NODDED with grim contentment at the shining corks.

"Come about here and look at these exhibits. What I have to show you is not confidential; it will be given to the press when you leave here—those of you who leave.

"This one was taken from Klee's throat. It is an ordinary champagne cork, with indented lettering about the tin top, and a small convex center that is smooth except for a punch-mark."

The company looked down at the grisly souvenir.

"Now this other cork!

"Also a champagne cork; with similar tin cap, except that the convex center has no punch-mark. This cork came from the throat of Harry Grindell."

He stood the corks before him again on their square-cut and flaring bases, and took from a drawer a pack of playing-cards.

"About all we know of Grindell is that he had been patronizing gambling-houses in the week before his death.

(Continued on page 58)

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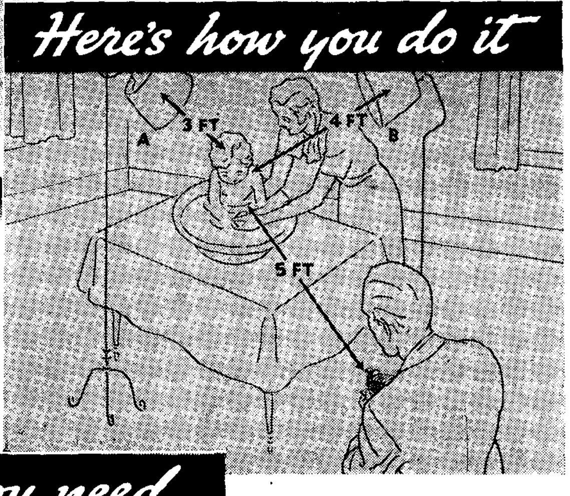

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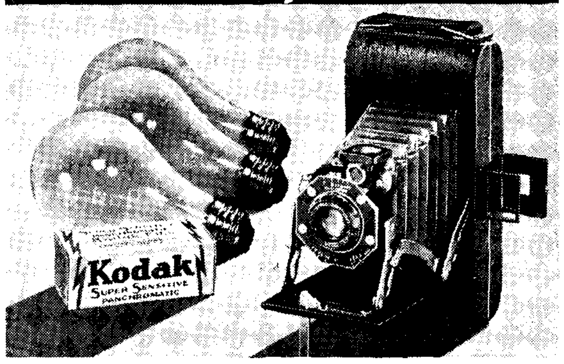

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HALF of life is lived indoors . . . And what an important half it is . . . How many wonderful picture opportunities! Now the new ultra-fast Kodak "SS" Film helps you make the most of these opportunities. Now you can make snapshots *indoors, at night.*

Very simple, too. In addition to the new Kodak Super Sensitive Film, all you need is a camera with an *f*.6.3 (or faster) lens, and two or three Mazda Photoflood bulbs. You hold the camera in your hands—just as you would outdoors, and make a snapshot.

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To owners of Brownies and inexpensive folding cameras . . . Here are two ways you can take this picture tonight. One—use a Photo*flash* bulb. Load with Kodak "SS," particularly adapted for night pictures, or use Verichrome Film, which will also give very good results. Set your camera on a table . . . open for "time" exposure, flash bulb, close shutter.

Another—set your camera on a table. Watch your chance when baby isn't moving and make a quick "time" exposure. Use Mazda Photo*flood* bulbs. Load with Kodak "SS" or Verichrome Film. See your dealer for information . . . or write for folder.

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People with a modern view take precautions while they are well

Now's the time to do all you can to build *good general resistance*

The old way of handling common, winter ills was to wait until you had them, and then make an effort to get rid of them. The new way is to prepare for them *in advance*, with the hope that you may come through the entire winter in comfort.

Beginning in September, the risk of getting them becomes greater each month, reaching a peak in January and February. Those are the months of greatest hazard.

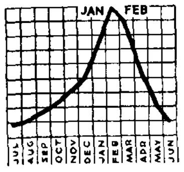
It's natural they should be. By midwinter you may have used up the resistance you stored during the summer. Indoor living and lack of exercise tend to lower your resistance still further.

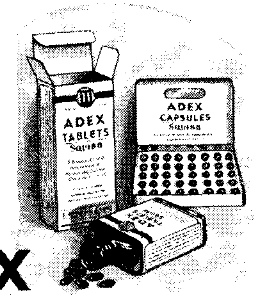
But why wait until this happens? It's far more sensible to swing over to the new idea of *prevention*. Use a daily aid in building general resistance, *Squibb Adex*.

Adex tablets and capsules supply two factors in abundance, Vitamin A which helps in protecting against common winter ills, and Vitamin D. With every Adex tablet you obtain not less than 3,300 units of Vitamin A.

Begin with Adex today, and keep it up. It's the *daily* use that's so important. Now at any reliable drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.





ADEX
TABLETS and CAPSULES
SQUIBB

(Continued from page 57)

Playing poker. He posed as a wine agent and spender. He would call for a bottle of his brand—Voderet—would treat the company and set the cork amid his stacks of chips 'for luck.' And luck it brought him, when he dealt the cards. Watch this cork and see how."

Mr. James slowly dealt several cards, face down.

A tiny image of each card in turn appeared in the little and bright center of the tin cap.

"Queen of hearts!" called Frank Magnan, watching closely. "That was a six, I think!"

Mr. James exposed the queen and six.

"That's a Voderet champagne cork. Standard to the casual glance, but the center is a convex mirror. 'Shiners' are not unknown to the profession, but this is a new one.

"That cork brought Grindell great luck in the week before he was found with it shoved down his throat. He was last seen alive with a gambler who had lost much money to him. That last companion has lit out. When we get him, that cork will put him in the chair.

"And this other cork, it seems, is going to put somebody else in the chair. . . . Gandie, you bought two bottles of champagne on Amsterdam Avenue last Thursday week. . . . Dr. Pinbank, you filed a will yesterday that makes you Klee's heir."

"WHAT of that, sir?" growled the physician aggressively. "If my friend Aaron wanted me to have his money—"

"What money, Doctor?"

The gentleman in the cutaway had spoken.

"I ask because I am the trust officer of the Fiduciary Trust Company. The district attorney came to us because we acted for Mr. Klee in money matters. I told him that I did not know of any money or property except a small personal account and the household goods and clothing. Do you, may I ask?"

"I do, and so do you," snapped the physician, bristling toward this new attack. "Your company was collecting a big income for him, and I know it. Why, I saw the checks!"

"We paid him," said the trust officer mildly and placatingly, "eighteen hundred dollars per month, down to his death. But that was only an annuity, Doctor, ending with his life. Let me show you the annuity agreement, at the office."

"Are you trying to tell me—"

Robert Gandie had been occupying himself with the cork and cards, dealing a solitary hand, watching the tiny images. He slapped his hand down now like a disappointed player.

"It won't wash, Doctor."

"Robert, don't be a fool! Look out for these people!"

"I'll look out for myself, and always did. Man alive, they know more about it than we do! And now there's no money after all. I'll not be taken for murder for some crazy old chairs.

"You have it, Mr. James. Fits is just what Mr. Klee had—and there's the man put the cork in his mouth!

"Mr. Klee," continued Robert, "had the fits, but he was embarrassed about them, and nobody knew but me and the doctor. When his old doctor died, he got Dr. Pinbank out of an ad in the newspaper.

"I could tell when one was coming on. He'd get all excited, and he'd talk and fidget, and the next thing was he'd go in a fit. He was going on so that morning Mr. Magnan came.

"When he came out of it, he'd be like a mechanical man; he'd do anything you told him, and not remember after. It was one of those times the doctor got him to sign the will. The iceman and I were the witnesses, and I'll take my sworn affidavit Mr. Klee was asleep with his eyes open.

"Well, sir, seeing he was heading for a fit, I called the doctor. I got Mr. Klee into his bed, but he never came out of it, and I could see he was dead. But I left it for the doctor to say, and when these gentlemen came in I said Mr. Klee was lying down.

"The doctor came at a quarter to four. I told him about Mr. Klee, and about the cousin turning up, and he was all upset.

"He said if Mr. Klee died in a fit, anybody could tell it and there'd be trouble about the will. It was all right if Mr. Klee had nobody belonging to him, but this cousin would make trouble and claim Mr. Klee was not in his right senses. Which he was not, for a fact.

"So he called me in the kitchen and had an idea. He said we'd let on it was one of those mysterious murders, and did I have a champagne cork handy? He said there was no harm or danger, as he'd make sure Mr. Klee was dead first; and he'd give me the half of the money. So I got him the cork, and after he tried and found Mr. Klee was dead he put it in his mouth."

"Well, Doctor?"

"Thundering lies," blustered the doctor of Vipsychotherapy, shouldering forward.

"Mr. Klee was not epileptic! He had no convulsions. I defy that man to produce anybody who saw Mr. Klee in such a state.

"Aaron Alan Klee was murdered! Choked to death with that cork, just as the autopsy found.

"Here are men who were standing by when I examined the body. Do they say I put the cork into the throat? And I can account for every moment of my time that day.

"This man admits to lying when he said that Mr. Klee was sleeping. He opened the bedroom door and pretended to be appalled; another admitted lie.

"He lied to me too when I entered the apartment; he said that Mr. Klee was resting quietly— Ah, now I recall something! When I called him into the kitchen, to instruct him on Mr. Klee's diet, he began a strange and excited talk about the will, saying that he had been treated unfairly and should have had a share—"

MR. JAMES lifted a detaining hand. "Gandie, your story strikes me as plausible, but it has some serious gaps in it. We know that Mr. Klee died between two and three o'clock; and you were alone with him from two until a quarter to three when Mr. Magnan returned.

"I dare say we can get outside testimony to Mr. Klee's eccentric behavior, if he was epileptic; I'm told that convulsions are commonly preceded and followed by abnormal states. With such testimony, no jury would convict you if Mr. Klee was merely found dead of suffocation—vaso-motor, I think it's called—and no appearance of violence. But he was found dead, with a cork run into his throat! You had the cork; you were alone with him at the time of death—"

"Precisely!" ejaculated Dr. Pinbank.

"I knew it, Dr. Pinbank," said Robert with sour satisfaction. "I knew it in my heart and soul that you'd lay it on me if there was trouble. But I was ready for you.

"Mr. James, if it was Dr. Pinbank put the cork in his mouth, and did it around four o'clock, then I'd not be a murderer?"

"Why go into that?" Mr. James shrugged impatiently. "The inference from all the facts would be that he was covering up a natural death; but we have only your word. There is and can be no proof of the secret transaction between you."

"Will you look at the cork?"

Mr. James took up the cork, turned it about, and put it down again.

"Well? Is there some mark on it? That would prove nothing; you might have made it any time."

"Not the cap; the other end," directed Robert, opening and offering a penknife. "See that bit of a cut? Cut it open there."

Mr. James widened the inconspicuous slit. "Well? There's nothing in it but this speck of—bit of— It's paper, I see."

Carefully he unrolled and spread a thread of newsprint, hardly more than an eighth of an inch wide and half an inch long.

"There's a number on it. 1-3-6-1-4-2-6-7-1. Well? Supposing you stuck that thing in there, when did you do it? That's the point! No, Gandie—"

"HOLD up a wee bit, Mr. James. I play the market once in a while, and I had the day's stock market page before me when the doctor was asking for the cork. And, thought I to myself, I'd like to have half the money, but what a fool I'd be if this doctor went back on me! So, when he stepped out, I cut that figure from the top of the page and tucked it in the cork. Then he could have it.

"That figure, Mr. James, is the sales on the New York Stock Exchange for 1935, down to and including Monday, July 15th. It can mean nothing else. And there was no such figure in the world till the market closed at three o'clock that day.

"Now, sir, when was that cork put in Mr. Klee's mouth? And who put it there?"

"I understand how you and Mr. James knew there was something faked about Mr. Klee's death," said Frank Magnan to Tarat later. "From the difference in the corks, and all that. But how did you know he died of a disease, and what one? You guessed it?"

"It was in no measure a guess, Mr. Magnan," said the astrologer stiffly. "There are certain strong indications."

Frank waited for instruction.

"Saturn by day and Mars by night disposing of Mercury and the moon are highly indicative," explained Tarat. "Another position is the moon conjuncting the sun with Mars in the fourth house in square to Saturn. In Mr. Klee's case we had Mars by day strong in an angle afflicting both Mercury and the moon!"

"Oh, that was it," said Frank gropingly. "Mars—and all that, eh? Well, it called the turn!

"Do you know, Tarat, what gave Robert the final push? It was when that trust officer said there was no money in the estate anyway."

"It served, Mr. Magnan. Since Dr. Pinbank did not know that Mr. Klee had a relative in you, he was not intimately conversant with Mr. Klee's affairs. It would surprise him but would not seem incredible that Mr. Klee should have expended his money in the purchase of an annuity. It was well worth trying, I thought. If the estate was the object of the deception, Robert Gandie had probably been promised a share; I desired Robert Gandie's reaction to the apparent discovery that there was no estate of value.

"It is my mournful privilege, Mr. Magnan, to felicitate you on a handsome inheritance."

"An inheritance? How's that?"

"Ah, you did not know that the gentleman who supplied misinformation so opportunely was a police officer? Communicate at your leisure with the Fiduciary Trust. Mr. James assures me that Dr. Pinbank has not the least chance of establishing the will against you now."

The Girl with One Name

Continued from page 28

At about this time Ramon Navarro found Margo at the Main Street and got her a job in the chorus of Texas Moon, a picture starring Frank Fay. She fooled the authorities about her age by putting on an act.

"Modom," she would say to her inquisitors, usually the teacher on the lot who was hired to see that no children escaped their education, "you theenk I am a cheeild. Ah, but, modom . . ."

Her ambition was to get enough money to return to Mexico and get a new repertory of dances built around the Indian dancing of Chiapas and Tehuantepec. To that end she bought herself stationery and started writing managers for jobs. It seemed that Margo was a sensation, having danced at such places as the Kit Kat Club in London and the Casino Marinao in Havana. The management of the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco fell for it and she danced for a season there with the Anson Weeks orchestra. It resulted in an offer from Agua Caliente, but to this Grandmother objected. It was a wicked place and it required six months before she would consent to Margo taking the job.

"It might have been wicked," said Margo, "but I never found out. I worked all the time. I danced at twelve, I danced at one, I danced at eight, I danced at nine. The rest of the time I worked on the new Mexican dances."

Next she was called to the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. This is tops on the West Coast. After you've played at the Grove, you can go out and commit suicide. There is nothing further to be gained from life. The Cocoanut Grove—ah, fame! She was in a tremor when she faced the manager.

"What songs are you going to sing?" said he.

It turned out that somebody had heard her singing Mexican ranchero songs at a private party at Agua Caliente. So she became a singer and made a new reputation. Next she was signed for the Waldorf-Astoria in New York.

They called her on the phone from New York. Would she be willing to work at the Waldorf? "I'll call you back in half an hour," she said tremulously and went to see Grandmother. "Certainly you'll go," said Grandmother.

"Grandmother," she said in a rush, "you are brilliant. You're a wonderful woman."

"You know," said Grandmother, "I always thought that, but my children wouldn't believe it."

Hollywood Changes Its Mind

It was at the Waldorf that a young man named Mel Showers saw her and conceived the idea that she was exactly what Hollywood wanted. He made an appointment with her to see Oscar Serlin, talent scout for Paramount. The tests were fine and Serlin sent them on to the West Coast. After an interval, the Coast wired back nothing doing on Margo. He sent another wire, pointing out that they might probably be wrong.

"No further interest whatever in Margo," replied the Coast sternly and that ended the thing.

It ended it until Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur were casting Crime Without Passion at their Astoria studio in New York. Serlin got a phone call. Had he made a screen test of a girl named Margo? He had. They saw it and hired her.

Halfway through making the picture, reports began to leak out that the new gal was terrific. Serlin had another wire, this time from his office in Hollywood.

"Get in touch with new actress named Margo. . . . Hear she is good."

He replied with the number of the screen test film which was reposing in their own files. They looked it up and hurried another wire.

"Make best terms possible with Margo. Rush her here as soon as possible for big part in new picture Rumba."

Since Crime Without Passion was about finished, Margo was signed and rushed, as directed. The big part in Rumba turned out to be two seconds on the screen with her back to the audience. What happened, nobody knows. They wanted her, they got her and they didn't want her.

Broadway Preferred

This is how affairs stood when Guthrie McClintic began to cast Winterset. He had everybody he needed but a girl to play Miriamne. Again Oscar Serlin came into the picture. At lunch with Burgess Meredith, who plays Mic in the play, he mentioned Margo for the part and Meredith was immediately interested. He spoke to McClintic and Maxwell Anderson. They said they couldn't promise but they'd like to have Margo read the part. Serlin showed them the screen test. Very good, said Anderson, but Winterset was something else again. After all, she was a rumba dancer who had done one role on the screen.

But Margo was in California, finishing out a screen career which was becoming increasingly disastrous. It wasn't necessary for them to promise Margo the part but would they keep an open mind and not settle on it until they had heard her? They would. She came on.

She went over and read the part and got the job.

In Winterset Margo has the role of a girl in love with a boy who was wandering the earth seeking vindication for his father, who had been "framed" and electrocuted by the state. Her brother is a member of the gang which actually did the killing. Terrified at the thought of exposure, the gang finally kills both the boy and the girl.

The ending is in the Romeo and Juliet tradition. The scenes in the dive under the bridge, with the girl, the boy, the murder gang and the judge who presided at the trial, are deeply dramatic and stirring, being done in the blank verse for which Maxwell Anderson is noted.

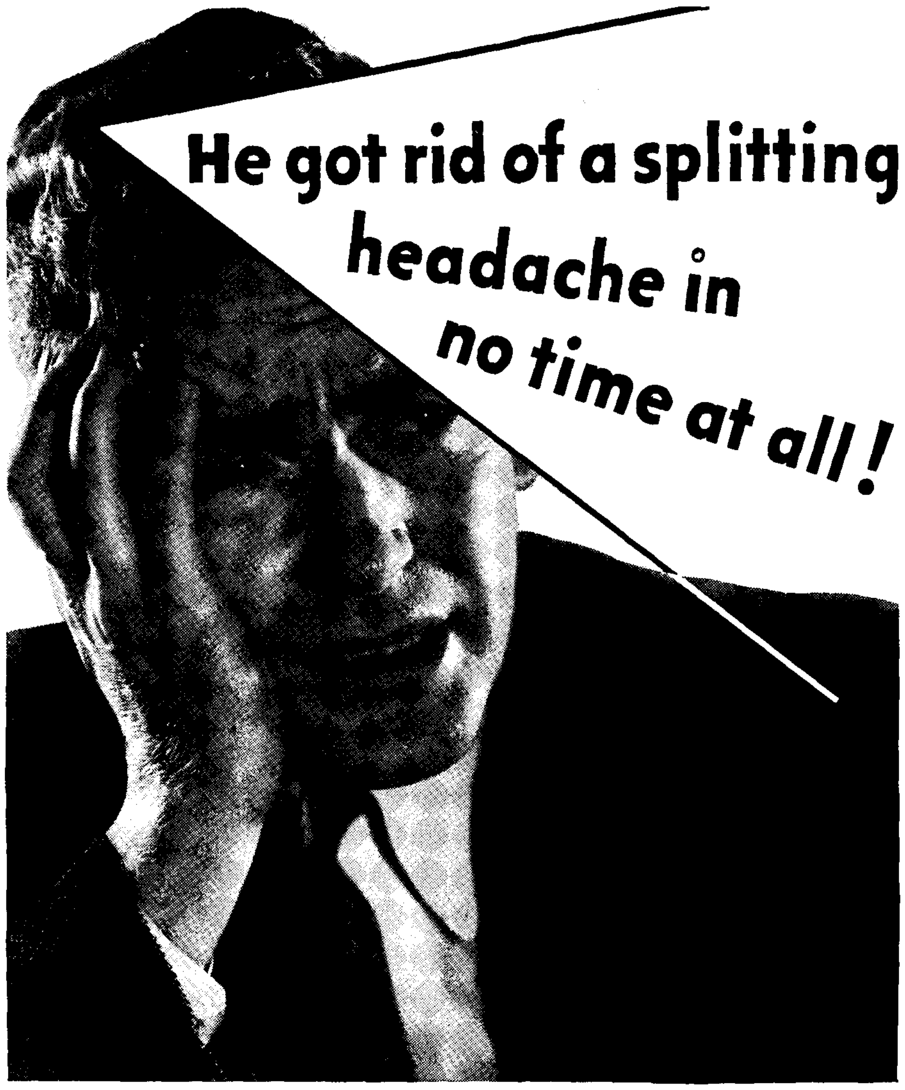
Margo creates a character of a bewildered, naïve girl who is at a loss in these surroundings.

Some of the critics thought she was excellent; others thought she was not so good. They thought the same thing about the play itself.

As usual, she was ardently desired by the movies just as soon as she had left them. She had been working on Robinhood of Eldorado with Warner Baxter at M-G-M, but there had been no hint of taking up her option prior to leaving for New York. After Winterset they very much wanted to take up the option. Fox-Twentieth Century were also on the ground with an offer.

Margo, it turned out, was paying little attention. It was obvious that she would prefer to stay on Broadway if she could continue getting plays as good as Winterset and, besides, she was engaged with a larger problem.

"You're a friend of mine," she was saying to anybody who would listen. "What do you think I should do about my name? I'm only eighteen and I suppose I'll get a job somewhere again. How about Ilsa Margo? How does that strike you? I keep the name I have and people don't think I'm an orphan or a show-off or something. Ilsa Margo? You think that's all right . . . ?"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"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"

Man of Honor

Continued from page 20

not dwell in any other body but your own. It cannot be stolen; it can only be denied. It is the true cloak of magic. Yours to toss upon quite an ordinary creature to lend her splendor and great beauty. That cloak is yours and no other man's! It is a rare and precious thing, Poalo, made of each man's courage and the stuff of his own dream. If it becomes tattered and ragged as a beggar's dress, it is no one's fault but your own. No; you have lost nothing, Poalo! Because as long as you wish it so, it is your very own."

Poalo looked at her quickly. He smiled, and his eyes lit up. He understood such fanciful and subtle things, Poalo the magnificent and egotistical captain of cargadores. But Natalie, after voicing such strangely pagan comfort, went calmly on selecting the roasted shells. The moon swung westward. The night wind plucked at her hair. She brushed it aside. The lights of the city of Sta. Muritos glittered brightly in the moonlit void where the Road of Blind Beggars wound along the sea wall like a crooked bar of hammered silver.

"You are very wise for a girl," he said.

"Women, Poalo, are born with wisdom. It is only men who must acquire it."

"Yet for what I did that night many men call Poalo a fool."

"That is because you are a man of honor."

"Yes!" he agreed at once. "I am a man of honor."

"Well, then! They are right; they are always right. It is only fools and heroes who know anything of either love or honor."

Poalo laughed from deep in his giant's chest. "Tonight," he said, "I am engaged to do yet another foolish thing."

"So?"

He leaned forward. "Poalo sails tonight to recover the hidden treasure of Sta. Muritos."

"It seems Poalo is always questing treasure," the girl murmured quietly. "Always another's treasure. What have you done with your own?"

CONCERNED with action now, Poalo did not understand her.

"My own?" he frowned. "Where would Poalo get a treasure of his own? Ah no. It is the treasure of the great ones of Sta. Muritos I must recover to safety again. I have just come, Natalie, from the Commandante Tullia, your uncle. When the brig of the pirate Grinnel hove above the horizon, it was Tullia and Poalo to whose care the wealth was trusted. We hid the chest away in a secret place from the wolf of the western sea. Jewels of ruby and sapphire and jade as green as the sea; and no one knows how many golden doubloons. Now these things must be recovered again so that the grand ladies may deck their bosoms in splendor, now the danger is past for them. Well, then; no one knows where it is but Tullia and Poalo. It is a mission, you see, for no one else."

Natalie's eyes twinkled brightly. "And why does my uncle not go himself on a voyage of such importance?"

"You are not so wise as I thought. It is rumored the pinnace of the pirate brig still patrols the gulf at night. Like a sea hawk. Waiting to discover the treasure chest. If this is true, there are spies on Tullia. He cannot go."

"Ah, yes," said Natalie gayly. "Now I understand. My uncle sails for home very soon on board the frigate Cordilla. Before this, he wishes to discharge the trust men put in him by giving to his keeping rubies and sapphires and golden doubloons. He wishes to return the treasure to those who own it. So? And in Poalo's keeping is now my uncle's honor, and also his own. . . . And why do you do it?"

"Because it is a mission for no one else!"

The girl looked at him and nodded. She stood up. "It is time to sail for the Island of Mirabel."

Poalo shot to his feet. "How did you know?"

"I knew." She smiled. "I have been waiting for you."

"You . . . "

"Where else would it be?"

He eyed her in silence for some moments. She did not flinch. Then slowly his face relaxed, and his strong lips twinged in a smile of genuine pleasure.

"You are not afraid?"

"Of nothing," she said simply.

"Then you shall come with Poalo."

And he led the way to the waiting sloop.

THE wind came fresh with moonset, and the gulf grew dark as a cave. This did not unsettle the captain of cargadores. He steered by the wind on his cheek, the tiller bar between his knees. The girl lay outstretched by the tilted weather rail, resting the nape of her neck in her hands. And she sang softly, in her husky voice, that wordless song of the cargadores as the wind poured over her against the drawing sail. Poalo saw her but dimly by the light of the glittering stars; the gleam of her bare arm and shoulder, the firm line of her breast rising and falling like the stir of a tranquil sea. Her voice, clear above the hiss and wash of the running sloop, was a troubling thing. He understood for the first time the tales the ancients told of songs the sirens sang, of women of fabulous beauty on an ocean older than time. He turned his head, thinking of Arlena and the love he had lost.

IT WAS still pitch dark when he luffed the sloop and ran out the kedge in a cove of the Island of Mirabel. Natalie followed him ashore, silent as he wandered the beach with a carefully shielded lantern in his hand. His shadow wavered, gigantic and black, as he dropped to his knees at the base of an aloe tree.

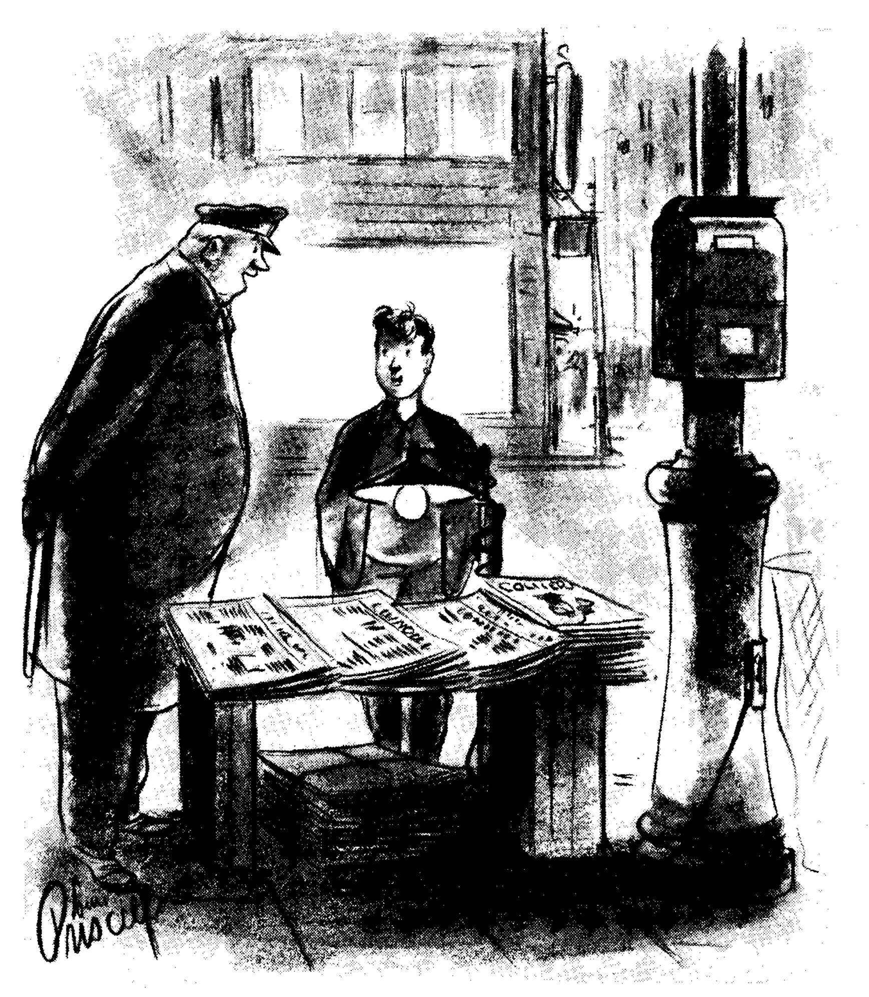
"Stand so!" he growled. "With your back to the sea, so the light cannot be seen."

He commenced to dig, swiftly and with certainty.

"How strange," Natalie murmured. "A treasure here on Mirabel! And not ten hours ago Natalie herself stood in this spot, digging for clams."

Poalo grunted and said nothing, until he hauled up a brass-bound chest. Then he shot the shield across the lantern face and stood erect.

"I remember clearly," he said with gravity, "how they came, trembling and anxious, the great ones of Sta. Muritos, when the news of the pirate brig was brought. 'Take Poalo, Tullia!' they cried to your uncle. 'Poalo is a man we can trust.' And the women poured down their jewels, and the men their golden doubloons, begging Poalo to take them in charge. Well, this Poalo did, as he has always done, guarding the treasures of others. Now I return them. For of what use to me are rubies and sapphires? I have better things to guard! The admiration of men, the love of women. And that voice within me which says, perhaps once in a hundred days: 'That was well done, Poalo!' These things are reward enough for me. . . ."



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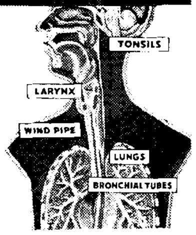

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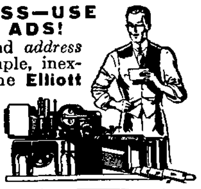

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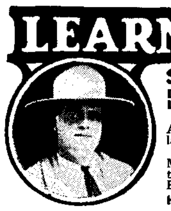

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Natalie made no reply, knowing that these words were spoken more for their sound upon his own ears than in thought for her, and fearful of intruding her presence upon the scenes they brought before his eyes. She followed him back on board the sloop, where he placed the chest at the foot of the binnacle stand. Then the sail went aloft and the boom swung out. The sloop shot out of the cove, tight on the wind, carrying the hidden treasure back to Sta. Muritos.

The gulf was still filled with night and the water black, except where starlight caught the white crest of a rushing wave. The pale lights of the distant city shimmered, and the occulting buoy of the harbor entrance kept winking slyly its one red eye. But high at the peaks of the mountain range the gray ghost of morning showed his face for a moment before the false dawn vanished slowly, seeing it was not yet time. The sloop raced on. Natalie turned her head.

"Poalo!"

He stirred. "Ay?"

"There is a light to windward, low on the sea."

"Whoever shows a light can mean no harm."

"It is out now! They have sighted us."

POALO conned the darkness, following the gesture of Natalie's upflung arm. He stooped a little, the better to catch the betraying glint of starlight on a stranger's sail. For long moments he peered in silence at a gray shadow a little darker than the night. Then he tensed and growled out an oath. He swung the tiller bar, drawing the wind a little aft. His eyes burned.

"If he holds his course it is well. If not . . ." He waited. The sloop ran on. "He is in chase!"

"What else did you expect?"

"You . . ."

He broke off. His head swept quickly from one side to the other, so that the tassel of his woolen cap tapped alternately first one tough cheek, then the other. He took in at once his sea room, his maneuvering ground, the speed of his sloop and the pinnace, and the spread of water between.

"On this track," he announced calmly, "she will outstrip us in an hour at most. There is no doubt of it. It is the pinnace of the freebooter's brig. She is in chase. She has been lying in wait for us. The Commandante Tullia was right! But if I run free and out to sea with the wind astern no boat that sails can catch my sloop!"

"Ah, so," Natalie breathed, smiling strangely.

"There is no help for it," Poalo grumbled. "We must lie outside all day. The wind will blow half a gale from west of south with the sun. But at dark we ghost in with the seabreeze by way of the unmarked northern channel. We shall give him the slip." He swung the tiller over. "That fellow there shall have his sail for nothing!"

The sloop fell off quickly. The wind flew aft. Poalo steadied it on the quarter and trimmed taut the sheets. The craft leaped ahead now, prancing, the mewl and grumble of the breeze in her gear. And Natalie, upright beside the solid shape of Poalo, lifted back her little head and laughed a peal of lilting laughter.

"Perfect!" she cried. "It is perfect!"

Then her mirth ceased with startling abruptness. She became transformed in an instant, tense and eager. Poalo looked at her, frowning.

"Are you mad?"

"They have tricked you, Poalo!"

"Are you mad?" he growled again, swinging to face her.

"You do not know the Commandante Tullia so well as I."

"What is it you are trying to tell me?"

"They are not freebooters in that pinnace there. I will tell you it is Tullia himself! Tullia and his servant Sebastian, the deaf-mute, who is good for nothing but to sail a boat."

"Grotesque! It is impossible!"

"So? Would a crew of the sea wolf's cutthroats burn you a lantern? They showed you a light to tell you plainly you are under chase! Listen, Poalo! Two nights ago I sailed with the evening breeze to dig for Mirabel clams. A boat stood straight for the cove. I hid because I had been swimming and was unclothed. It was Tullia. And I tell you I was not ten paces from him when he dug up the treasure of Sta. Muritos!"

"You are lying, Natalie! The chest is here at my feet!"

"Stupid one! He took out the jewels and the gold and put back the chest in its hole filled with nothing but sand and gravel. Now the plan is very plain to me. He gives chase and you run for the open sea as he is sure you would, guarding the treasure against pirate capture. Tullia is wise. He knows the winds, and exactly how a steadfast man will act. See how good it is to teach common men courage and honesty and a belief in simple faiths! It is a great advantage to the sly and the crafty, who play their own game with certainty then and with the cards all marked to their taste. It is the first principle of all finance.

"He will not catch you. Of what use is that to him? He knows you will run for the open sea and lay off the land all day. And when you return on the seabreeze at nightfall tomorrow with a chest full of useless dirt, who will believe your tale? My Tullia will ring the tocsin at once! 'Poalo has betrayed us!' he will cry. 'He has hidden the treasure away in a secret place for himself, and brought us sand!' . . . How splendid! How perfect! And presently the commandante sails for home—and grows rich very slowly there at his peace. It is Poalo alone who is left to become the scoundrel of Sta. Muritos, the traitor, the betrayer!"

THE magnificent captain of cargadores looked darkly down at the girl's wild, uplifted face. Thunder clouded his heavy brow. Then of a sudden he turned, and without stooping he raised his foot. With one savage swing he kicked open and up the heavy lid of the treasure chest. A growl of rage sounded in his throat.

"Look!" he cried, with downflung arm.

The starlight pounced at once upon the open chest. Points of flame flung upward, fierce and dazzling. It was not sand bared to the sky, but the treasure itself, glittering and scintillating like a pool of liquid fire.

"Look!" he commanded again, gruffly and with his great fists clenched.

But Natalie only laughed again, her head thrown back and her eyes on his.

"I told you I dug for Mirabel clams once more tonight," she said gayly, "before I waited for you on the beach before the Inn. And though Tullia does not know it, that sack of his he has hidden behind his wine casks is filled with nothing but sand. The treasure"—she tossed her head downward curtly—"is here with Poalo again."

He leaned toward her. "If you lie . . ."

"What would you do?"

"I would kill you, Natalie," he finished simply.

She nodded, content and unafraid. "I do not lie." Then after a moment of silence: "Tullia believes it is a chest of sand you take to the open sea. Instead, Poalo, it is a fortune you have! Wealth! Power! To do with as you wish!"

The captain of cargadores stared with a fixed intensity into the windy distance.

(*Continued on page 62*)

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To pepper up the home edition
By digging for Egyptian bones,
Or helping Monarchs lose their thrones,
Or bagging cats on Malay flats,
Or rubbing spats with diplomats,
Surprising Ghandi in his sheets,
Or riding camels' rumble seats.

There's *nothing* you can keep from me,
For Dollar Ships sail frequently,
And let me stop off where I choose,
Then after I've dug up the news,
Another liner comes in sight
And I am off again to write
That snappy five-star stuff of mine.
Here's orchids to the Dollar Line.

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DOLLAR
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NEW YORK-CALIFORNIA • ORIENT
ROUND THE WORLD

(Continued from page 61)

At his feet lay half the wealth of Cosalvador; before him stretched the dark ocean and freedom. It hissed at him as the sloop raced on. The wind was hard and strong on his cheek. Tall and imposing, he remained thus for some moments, swinging with the roll of the sloop.

"Power and honor are poor bedfellows," he murmured at last to himself. "Where one sleeps, the other finds no rest."

"Between the two, Poalo, each man must sometime choose."

Poalo said nothing. But abruptly he put the tiller bar hard down. Natalie sprang for the sheet, kicking at the lid of the chest. It slammed shut with a startling crack of finality. The sloop spun round, trembling and shaking, and came up again tight on the wind. Poalo shot back the slide from the lantern face. Its light went dancing upon the sea.

Natalie cried out with delight. The fire came back to Poalo's eyes. He held the sloop rigid, eating up the distance between him and the pinnace. They must have seen what Poalo had done by the light he showed, for suddenly the boat that had been in chase went about in a panic, running back for Mirabel.

"If you had not done that . . ." Natalie cried in his ear.

"What would you do?"

"I would kill you."

Poalo, intent on the helm, could not turn. But his lips twitched a little with pleasure. In the lee of the island, where the wind fell away to fitful gusts, the two boats closed. Someone stood up in the waist of the pinnace, a dark man with a face angry and distorted.

"Natalie," Tullia cried harshly. "It is you who . . ."

The two hulls ground together, sails shaking. Poalo grappled at once. Then he lifted the chest and slid it across the gunwale on to the bottom boards of the pinnace.

"I give you back the wealth of Sta. Muritos!" he bellowed darkly. "You can do nothing with it now but return it where it belongs. For no one questions Poalo's coming and his going. Poalo may disappear when he wills; the commandante cannot!"

TULLIA looked at the chest in surprise, and then up at Poalo. Then suddenly he opened his jaws and laughed a deep and guttural laughter.

"Fool!" he roared. "Since Natalie has spied out the half of the truth for you, I will tell you the other half. You have rescued a chestful of gravel and sand! If Poalo were to die now, when the wreck of his sloop comes washing ashore with the tide—it is the pirate brig has scuttled him, and the treasure is lost forever! Do you understand? And Tullia has a sackful of jewels and gold to take safely away with him. It is good to have so simple a man at hand."

He stirred. His hand wandered quickly inside his tunic. The captain of cargadores, swinging with the drift of the two lashed boats, eyed him with a grave and solemn melancholy. Natalie's fist flew to her breast in dismay.

"Poalo!" she screamed.

The commandante's arm came rigid, a derringer tight in his fist. He raised it slowly, deliberately, confidently. Poalo tensed. All in an instant he sprang forward, seizing a shroud of the pinnace to swing himself aboard. Almost before he landed on wide-braced feet, his free arm swept in a rapid arc that dashed the commandante's hand aside. The derringer splashed loudly in the water of the gulf. Poalo kicked up the lid of the chest.

"Observe, Tullia! Here is your treasure! I give it back to you, because I have no need of it. It was mine, if I wished it, to do with as I willed. But I give it back to you because it is an anchor now about your throat to hold you fast to the ground of honor. You can do nothing but return with it and become the hero of Sta. Muritos. This Poalo does, not for you—understand it plainly!—but for himself! Tell them, if you wish, what Poalo did tonight for the sake of his own belief!"

HE SPUN round, scornful and derisive in the face of his splendid gesture. He sprang back aboard his sloop, careless, proud, full of strength and defiance. Tullia remained rooted where he stood, staring wide-eyed and with a gaping mouth down at the fabulous treasure of Mirabel, useless to him now it was tossed prodigally at his very feet.

Poalo cast off the grapplings at once. The pinnace drifted off in the deep shadows of the island bluffs. The sloop's sails slatted a little in the feeble airs, until she cleared the lee and found once again the strength of the wind against her sail. The captain of cargadores did not look back. Natalie steered with skill.

A band of pearl-gray stole up on the eastern board, the true dawn this time, creeping stealthily across the sea. The land was still black as ink, but the water of the gulf took on shape and substance, sparkling faintly in the twilight before the day. The captain of cargadores surveyed calmly and with dignity the limitless ocean stretching before the restlessly surging bows of his sloop. Natalie, too, stared forward.

A silence warm and strong as a handclasp lay between them. Her eyes were on Poalo's back, gleaming with something deep as joy and brave as a certain faith. She shuddered a little with ecstasy perhaps, or perhaps with sudden cold.

"The air is chill on the gulf before the dawn," she murmured from the helm.

He turned on her. He was smiling. It was strange to see on that robust face. Then he pulled loose the throat cords of his cloak and settled its warmth about her slender shoulders.

"There is magic in my cloak," he reminded her quietly. "A magic that is no one's but my very own."

She nodded. "I will keep it bright for you," she said. Her eyes were afire, and her cheeks like flame as she looked at him. "Tonight, Poalo, you have tossed away a treasure. You had it in the palm of your hand, and you have lost it."

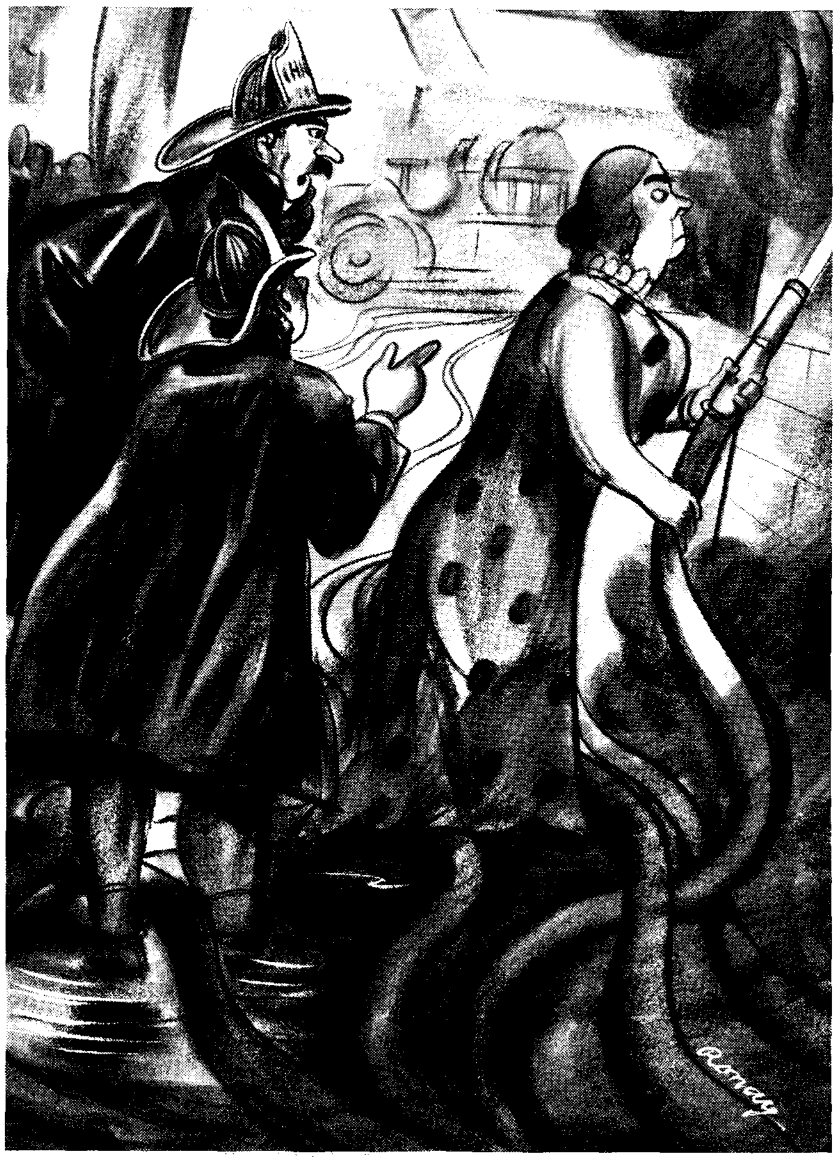
He shook his head. "I have lost nothing, Natalie. Here inside of me I have a hidden treasure of my own. It is better than any other. It is mine, and it is inexhaustible. Only when I have strength no more, and courage no longer to choose my way, will it, too, become useless sand and gravel. I have lost nothing, Natalie. . . . And I have you."

"How did you know?"

"I knew," he replied.

HE CAME aft and stood beside her, a giant and arresting figure, with the light just touching his hard, bronzed cheek. Without blinking, he peered into the sea curling dimly ahead, waiting for daylight to break. He appeared to be searching that twilit ocean for the rumored landmark of a strange and dangerous and adventurous coast. He must have seen the dim promise of it somewhere in the brightening void, for his voice, when he spoke again, was quiet and very low.

"Steer north, Natalie," he said firmly. "Steer north."



"She grabbed it out of my hands. It's her house, she says!"

STEPHEN RONAY

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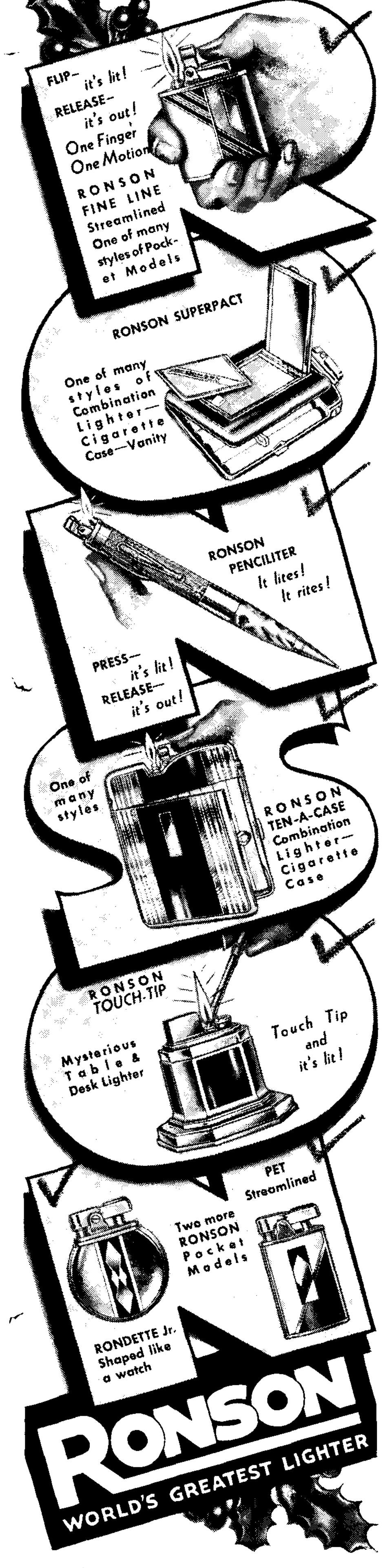
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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

During 1934 the number of Americans who were injured, permanently disabled or killed by accidents in their homes was nearly five times as large as the number of victims of motorcar accidents. The majority of these home accidents occurred, not in bathtubs or on stairs, but in bedrooms and living-rooms in which the occupants slipped on rugs.

Because of attempts to assassinate them, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin and Kemal, dictators over nearly 300,000,000 persons, are the most closely guarded men in the world. Not only are their movements kept secret, but they are surrounded by hundreds of bodyguards and often impersonated by doubles.

One of the most prolific fiction writers in history was the late Edward Stratemeyer of Newark, New Jersey, who, between 1898 and 1930, produced nearly 800 fifty-cent books for juveniles. Under a number of assumed names, he wrote these books in series, among them being The Rover Boys, Tom Swift and Nancy Drew, and their combined total sales approximate 20,000,000 copies.—*By William Morgan, Glendale, California.*

The only Roman aqueduct still in use is the "El Puente del Diablo," which carries water into Segovia, Spain. This remarkable structure, which is ten miles long and at one point crosses a valley at a height of 102 feet, is still in excellent condition although constructed nearly 1,900 years ago of rough-hewn granite blocks, laid without lime or cement.—*By Dr. William B. Burns, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

Safe-cracking requires more equipment than any other form of burglary. One outfit which was abandoned hurriedly comprised more than 50 articles—drills, saws, bits, levers, chisels, files, pliers, electric wire, bottles of chemicals, gloves, candles, suitcases, 40 feet of rubber hose, torches and two large metal tanks of oxygen and acetylene gas—all of which could not have been carried by four men.

The world's largest truck, which is called "Kathleen Mavourneen" by its Liverpool owners, has been used to transport, over a considerable distance, a steam locomotive and a 70-ton whale. Katie is 72 feet long, has 14 wheels, can carry 130 tons, travels at 6 miles an hour and is steered by four men, two in front and two in the rear, all connected by telephone.

Over the Rock of Gibraltar at certain times of the year, a large, low, peculiar cloud formation, called the "Levant" because it is created by moist easterly winds impinging on the Rock, remains stationary for as long as 12 days at a time.

The recoil or "kick" of some modern sporting rifles, such as those which have a .600-inch bore and use smokeless cordite, is so powerful that it may break the shoulder of the user when he is not in a free-standing position.—*By Richard E. Gilbert, Lewiston, Maine.*

From the proclamation of her independence in 1804 to the intervention of the United States in 1915, Haiti had 24 presidents, 17 of whom mysteriously disappeared—with the contents of her treasury.—*By Max Buck, Apopka, Florida.*

Certain species of brightly colored birds, in Africa and South America, have a unique kind of water-soluble pigment in their feathers which is permanently washed away the first time they are caught in a heavy rainstorm. These birds remain white until new plumage is grown.—*By Frank A. Walker, Pontiac, Michigan.*

China, the most placid and peaceful of the great nations, has never erected, as far as known, a statue to a famous military hero. Reverence and monuments for wise men, not warriors, have been her creed.—*By Philip Seidell, New York City.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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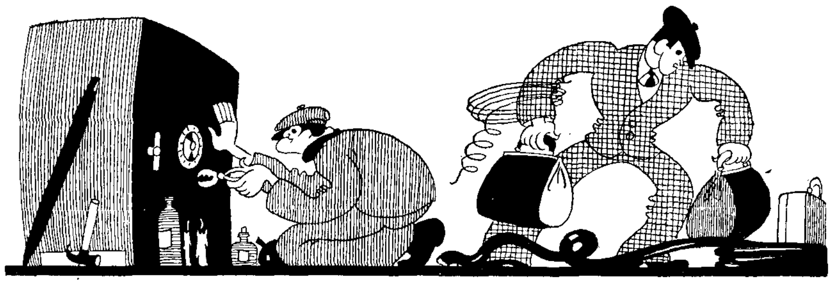

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Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write.* Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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Why don't you write?

Mixed Bag

Continued from page 18

country-store smell of coffee and kerosene and salt-pork and apples still clings to the dingy walls, and the same old alibis still mingle with the pipe smoke of an evening as the boys forgather after the day's hunt.

Look over the crowd gathered here in the store tonight. That middle-aged gentleman in the trim whipcords and neat featherweight rubber boots, for example, buying a box of chilled seven-and-a-half for pheasant, is a prominent banker up for the week end, with a couple of business acquaintances from the city. The lanky lad leaning over the counter beside him, on the other hand, has been trying for quail; he worked downstate in a mill till it closed, and now he has drifted back home to live. Over in a corner, the local doctor is stroking the burr-matted ear of a tired setter and arguing the proper load for woodcock with a retired multimillionaire sportsman from New York, whose three thoroughbred pointers are sleeping on blankets in the rear seat of the handsome touring car halted outside the store. "You try loading some number ten in a twenty-gauge gun . . ." That pair of gawky kids lingering in the shadows cut school today to hunt rabbits; they are waiting to sneak home till the old lady has gone to bed. A mixed crowd; a mixed bag. That's upland-game shooting. " 'Tain't so much in what you go after," Lem says, "or 'tain't in whether you get it or not. It's the fun you have if you don't."

Lem thinks there is no game bird like the ruffed grouse, of course. He reaches behind him in the game pocket of his dilapidated sail-canvas shooting jacket, with the corduroy collar and brass stag's head buttons, and pulls out a soberly marked gray-brown bird, about the size of a bantam, with short, strong wings and a distinct shawl of feathers at the base of its neck. Lem holds it cupped in his hands and gazes at it for a moment with the light of reverence in his eye. "Ain't no bird made that can outsmart 'em, outrun 'em, outfly 'em or outthink 'em," he proclaims, shaking his head. "I've been hunting 'em forty years, and they can show me a new trick every time. This feller, f'rinstance, run a half mile in front of the dog, and then ducked into a woodchuck hole. Another gets out of a tree behind you. Another flies up like as not between your legs. You take a New England pa'tridge . . ."

Feathered Lightning

Lem would probably tell you to look for partridge in an abandoned apple orchard, where a new stand of ten-year-old conifers has grown up between the gnarled fruit trees, and the birch thickets along the crumbling stone walls afford perfect cover for the king of game birds. Move slowly between the patches of pine, your gun at high port, with the trigger guard resting on your middle finger, your eyes fastened on the slim white form of your bird dog quartering in wide casts in and out through the small trees. Abruptly he stops in mid-air like a contortionist, his head swung halfway round, his body tense as a drawn bow, his nose pointing toward the heap of brush at the base of an old apple tree. Walk up on him slowly. Your bird is somewhere in there. Remember, as you move forward, that a charge of shot travels from twelve to fourteen hundred feet a second; that a bird at forty yards, traveling at right angles at thirty miles an hour, must be led by 4.4 feet. Figure it all out very carefully in your head; throw your safety off; have your trigger finger all ready. Walk two more steps past the dog; and then abruptly something brown and gray bursts into the air before you, and by the time your eye has telegraphed the fact to your brain, your brain has sent word to your trigger finger, your trigger finger has released the trigger, the trigger has released the hammer, the hammer slammed onto the firing pin, the firing pin ignited the primer, the primer fired the powder, and the powder has blown the shot out of the muzzle—by this time your partridge has taken off with a deafening roar, climbed straight up some thirty feet for altitude, shoved its stick forward to the control board, pushed its throttle wide open, and disappeared in a screaming power dive behind an impenetrable tangle of alders.

Don't be discouraged. You have missed the fastest bird that flies. Take off your battered hat to it; drop a new shell in your gun; motion the dog forward, and try again.

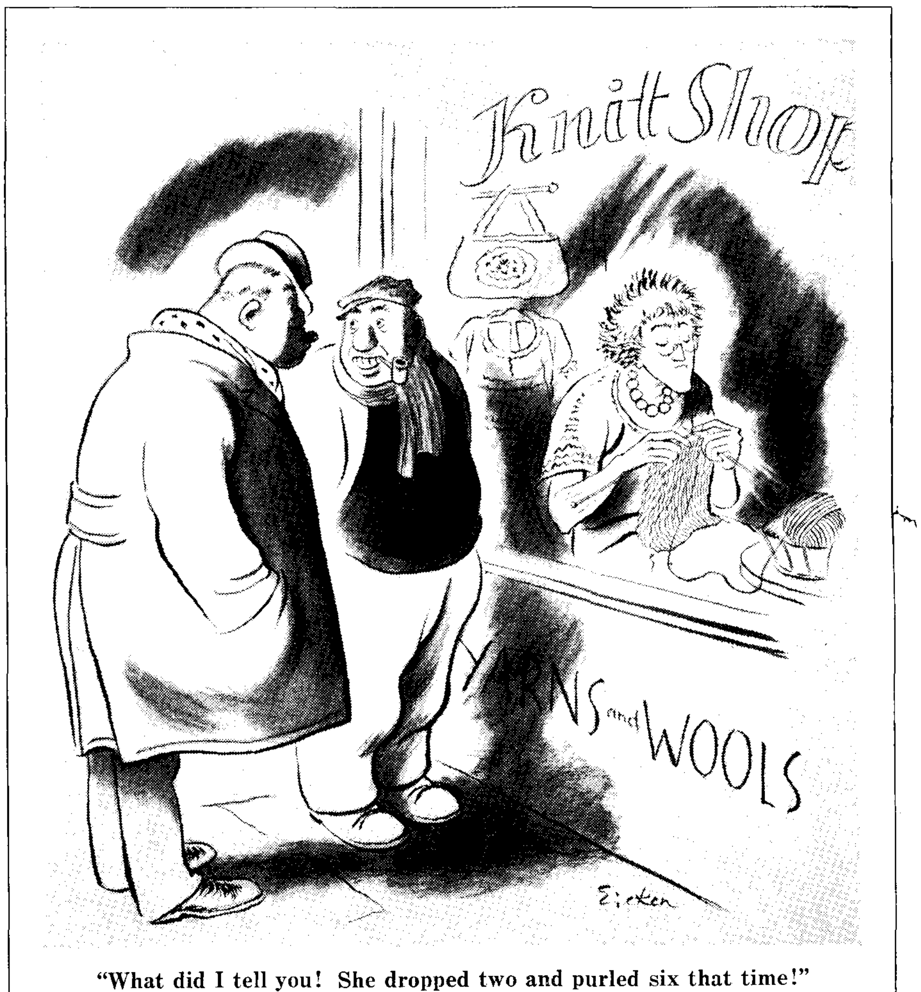
Doc Allard, lounging in a worn carpet-chair on the other side of Skinner's store and pulling burrs from the ear of his sleepy setter, would not agree with Lem about the ruffed grouse. Doc figures there isn't a game bird made to top the woodcock. He holds aloft a couple of smallish birds, the size of a large robin, with long, scythe-like bills and curious goggle-eyes set at the top of the head. These are larger than the local woodcock; they are the big flight-birds from the north, migrating to warmer climes from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia as the nights grow cold and the swamps freeze solid, so that they cannot drill in the muddy ground for worms.

Doc looks for woodcock in heavy birch and alder swamps, working his dog in close with short, even casts, prepared at any instant for the shrill whistling flight, ready for a snapshot during that all-too-brief pause in midair at the top of the spin, before the bird swerves and is gone into the dense thicket. They set well for a dog, lurking motionless within a few feet of its nose; they seldom run; they set down again a short distance away and hold for a second point. Doc would not trade their strange, rapid spin, their twisting flight, their electrifying whistle for any grouse that flies.

Protecting the Breeding Stock

The middle-aged banker buying shells at the counter is still arguing the value of pheasants with the lanky mill hand who was out after quail. The banker likes the exotic colors of the ringneck cock pheasant, the long barred tail trailing in its slow flight, the brilliant red breast, the white collar around its throat, the greenish head glinting in the sun—"prettiest bird of all of them, no denying it"—and he claims they will yield to no other game bird in craftiness when it comes to sneaking out of range. "They'll hide in holes and under logs, they'll run for miles with a broken wing, they'll rise so slow with those little wings and big, heavy body that you'll like as not fire both barrels before your bird is in proper range. I saw an old cock today run a hundred yards through six inches of water, flush out of range, and fly across a river where we couldn't follow. Need a smart dog to head them off. You take a pheasant . . ."

But the young mill hand still holds out for the quail. He likes his familiar interrogative "Bobwhite?" his easy feeding habits—you would look for the bobwhite quail around farms and gardens and cultivated fields, with weed thickets and standing corn for cover—and his custom of lying close for a bird dog. The quail hunter will tell you, moreover, that the bobwhite is the principal upland game bird of the Eastern states, that he inhabits more of our territory than any other bird—his normal range covers all the eastern United States from Colorado and southern Ontario and southwestern



"What did I tell you! She dropped two and purled six that time!"

FRITZ EICKEN

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Maine to Texas, the Gulf states and Florida—and that from the standpoint of the greatest good to the greatest number, the amiable quail tops all the rest.

Your quail hunter knows that in the autumn the bobwhite is feeding on ragweed and waste grain; and so he will hunt him along the edges of buckwheat fields, in rough pastures and stump lots, along brush fence-rows. He knows it is best not to start out too early in the morning, before the dew or the frost has dried. He will be satisfied with two or three birds from a covey, and will leave them and look for another flock. He wants to protect the breeding stock for next year, and shoot off only the surplus; for quail scatter easily and can be picked up one by one by a good dog, and thus they are often exterminated by overshooting. "Your pa'tridge may be fast, and your pheasant beautiful, and your woodcock tricky," the young mill hand insists to the crowd in Skinner's store, "but I'll trade 'em all for a covey of these little devils exploding right under your nose like feathered shrapnel, and blinking out of sight before your gun is at your shoulder. No, sir, you take quail . . ."

"We'll Take the Rabbits"

The two gawky youngsters at the back of the store, their overalls tucked into the gaping tops of their rubber-soled hunting boots and their sweaters ripped and cluttered with burrs, exchange significant looks with each other, and one of them pats a bulging game bag, into which a long-eared beagle puppy is trying to poke his inquisitive snout. They happen to know, personally, that there's nothing like rabbits. They may change their minds and prefer bird-hunting when they are older; but right now they'd cut school any day, and risk a hiding when they get home that night, for the sheer fun of following a pack of merry beagles kiyiing through the autumn woods, their white-tipped tails just visible above the tall grass and briers, their voices opening suddenly in musical chorus as they jump a bunny from a squat. Then the woods ring with their clear, bell-like baying as the cottontail circles in a big loop ahead of the hounds, doubles back on its tracks, runs along a log and through a culvert, sits up and looks around nonchalantly until the dogs are almost on it again, then dives suddenly into a heap of rocks and pulls the hole in after it. "No, they kin hev all their birds," one youngster whispers to the other, pushing the beagle puppy aside and shouldering the game bag with a significant wink. "We'll take the rabbits. . . ."

Rabbits or grouse, woodcock or pheasant or quail, it doesn't matter. It's the fun of the thing, as Lem says. Your upland-game hunter will tell you there is no sport like working the wood lots and stubble fields in the fall. He will insist that no perfume ever came out of Araby that could match that unmistakable hunting smell of burnt powder, gun oil, wild grapes, sweat. He will tell you that the sound of the double "plop!" of ejected shells, the metallic thump of new loads dropping into twin barrels, the crisp snap of the locking action, like a man shutting a set of store teeth, is sweeter music than Chopin ever wrote.

It is not all easy going, of course. They must walk eight or ten miles a day over rough hills and swamps, amid brambles that claw like infuriated tomcats, and birch twigs that whip their faces as they pass, and hemlock branches that reach down and deal them a savage rabbit punch across the back of the neck. They get pine spills down their necks, and thorns in their flanks, and blisters on their heels. There is always a strand of barbed wire that will uncoil unexpectedly like a striking cobra and remove a six-inch circle from the seat of their pants. There is the stone wall that has stood firm against the elements for a hundred years, but that will disintegrate instantly at the first gentle touch of a foot. There is the water that they invariably ship over the tops of their well-oiled boots, to slosh around their toes and gradually assume a soft, degenerate warmth as they tramp wearily onward.

It is not all shooting at their game and then forgetting it until next season. There are birds to be fed over the winter. There are covers to build, and wild rice and wheat to plant, if the sportsmen are to encourage a game crop for the following year. There are predators to control, such as the ubiquitous crow, and the hawk, and the skunk, and the fox, and that worst enemy of game birds and songbirds alike, the prowling house cat. Your true sportsman knows that an abandoned cat, left to roam the fields and hunt, will soon double its fur, add a third in weight, and adopt in a few weeks the major hunting habits of its wild cousin. He has learned that, of the game destroyed by predators, over fifty per cent is estimated to be killed by common house cats, less than three per cent by hunters. He will, if he is a sportsman, use his shotgun to advantage in the interests of better game during those long months until the upland-game season opens again.

What is there about upland game? There is the brisk early-morning departure, for example, the stubble crisp with frost, the dogs shivering with eagerness as the car stops, the air still cold in spite of the first rays of lemon-yellow sun that slant between the pines. There is the amiable midday pause, on a slanting hillside covered with pine spills, when the hunters unbutton the necks of their shirts, and loosen the top laces of their boots, and recline on their backs for an hour in the warmth of noon. Then they break out their pipes, and open a couple of bottles of ale which they cached that morning in a near-by spring, and argue guns: "For a good brush gun, you take this English extra-light twelve here, weighs only six and a half pounds, straight stock, Greener slide safety, double triggers, uses only the lightest twelve-gauge load." . . . "Personally I like a three-shot Sportsman automatic, twenty-gauge, fitted with a twenty-six-inch modified choke barrel." . . . "I'd rather spend my money on beautiful guns than beautiful women, anyway—they don't kick so much, and they only speak when you ask 'em."

Home from the Hunt

There is the long afternoon, and the chill blue dusk, and the long tramp back to the car at last, past the shocks of corn grown silver gray in the moonlight. There is the day's brace of birds to be added to the other ghostly forms hanging from the rafters in the woodshed behind the farmhouse. There is the stuffy upstairs bedroom where they sprawl across the squeaky iron beds, in various stages of lazy undress, cleaning their guns, stroking the deep blue of the gleaming barrels with oil-impregnated cloths and crooning to them softly. One of them lowers his pants and explores his naked flanks for thorns, cursing to himself softly. Another thrusts his arm into an inverted boot and holds it upside down before him as he daubs the scratched leather with fresh waterproofing dressing against tomorrow's hunt.

Ask your retired multimillionaire, sitting across the way here in Skinner's store. He ought to know. He has hunted ovis poli in Thibet, and brown bear in Alaska, and stone sheep in the Yukon, and elephants in Tanganyika, and tigers in Burma. "And you can have them all," he says to Lem, fingering the gray-brown partridge in Lem Sommers' extended hand. "I tell you what there is about upland game. It doesn't matter whether you hit them. It's the fun you have even if you don't. Lem only nods soberly.

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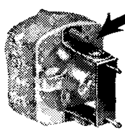

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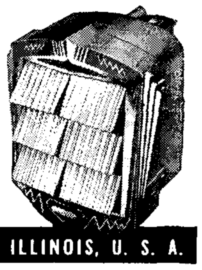

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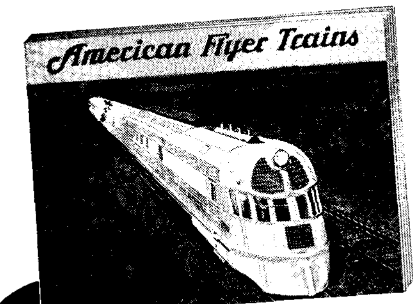

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A Certain Star

Continued from page 13

of beans, but you must be somebody if you're with *her.*"

He said "her" reverently.

This information made G. Arthur Anson, for a moment, incapable of speech or movement. In the seconds he stood there he heard the buzz of excited talk among the stargazers.

"That was her, all right," declared a pudgy woman in an unfortunate hat.

"But she don't go out in public," objected a lank high-school girl in slacks.

"It's her, I tell you," insisted the pudgy woman. "She dresses like that, talks like that, walks like that—"

"Let's wait," said the girl.

PERPLEXED, Arty entered the lobby. Knots of patrons were waiting for places. Arty held up two fingers.

"Psssssst! Frank! Table for two," he called to the headwaiter; but that dignitary regarded him with stony eyes.

"You'll have to wait your turn, sir," he said politely, but with finality; and then his gaze fell upon Eva and his spine turned to rubber.

"So sorry," he apologized. "I didn't know you were with the lady. I'll have a table ready for you immediately, sir."

He made imperious gestures.

"You prefer a corner, of course, sir?"

"Why, yes—of course. A corner," said Arty, slightly dizzy.

By the exercise of that black magic known only to headwaiters, two tables were made to bloom where there was barely room for one. With the air of a Caesar leading a triumphal march into Rome, the headwaiter led Eva and Arty to the table, and ceremoniously seated her. He bent over Arty.

"If you'd care to have a screen, sir—"

"Screen?"

"I thought the lady might prefer it."

"Ay tenk it's all right like this," said Eva, almost truculently.

"As you wish, of course," said the headwaiter, and backed away.

"The nerve of him," said Eva. "Yoost because Ay ain't all dressed up he wants to put a screen around me."

Not one, but two captains hovered about them, waiting to take their order.

"Cocktail?" asked Arty, automatically. He was more than a bit bewildered.

"No, tenk you."

"Then what would you like?"

"Oysters, lobster and pistache ice cream," replied Eva, promptly and firmly, for she had made her mind up on that point the night before.

"Make mine the same," murmured Arty.

THIS restaurant, like all others in the fabulous land of filmdom, had its quota of starers. Arty Anson became aware that his table was coming in for considerably more staring than his unusual vest or his position in the knit-goods industry entitled him to. Eva hung her head. A keen need for stimulants assailed Arty.

"I'm going to the bar," he said. "I see a guy I know. Big shot. Excuse me."

"Sure," said Eva wretchedly.

Leaning morosely against the bar was a spherical man of many chins, Max Murray, agent, who sold actors and writers the way another merchant sells pants or paint.

"Remember me, Mr. Murray?" said Arty.

"No."

"Met you at the Legion fights," said Arty. "The name's Anson. Knit goods."

"Don't want any," said Mr. Murray.

Arty had a double rye and returned to his table just as the oysters arrived.

"This is an elegant place," said Eva.

"Glad you like it," said Arty.

A waiter genuflected and said in Arty's ear:

"Mr. Max Murray asks if you will be so kind as to see him at the bar for a minute," the waiter said.

Arty went to the bar and saw a changed Max Murray—a beaming, affable Murray, who oozed cordiality.

"Have a snort with me, Anson?" he invited.

"Sure. Straight rye."

"Guess I must be pickled," said Mr. Murray. "Got you mixed up with another fella—a punk named Anderson. Sure I remember you. Been meaning to look you up. Well, here's luck, though you don't need it, I guess."

"Huh?" said Arty.

"Stepping high, ain't you?" remarked Mr. Murray, archly. Arty noticed that Mr. Murray's eyes were fixed on Eva, as she nervously dunked her oysters in the cocktail sauce.

Arty heard Mr. Murray say, "How's chances of meeting the little lady?"

Before Arty could frame a reply, Mr. Murray went on, rapidly, persuasively.

"I know she gets around three hundred grand a picture, but that's flapjacks to what I'd get her. I know she likes to keep to herself, but if I could just meet her—just say hello, contact her, see—"

Art did see then. "I'd like to oblige a pal, Max," he said loftily, "but I got other plans for her."

"Of course I'd take good care of the guy who gave me an in with her," Mr. Murray said.

"I'll think it over," said Arty. "So long, Max. Be seeing you."

As he made his way across the great hall, Arty Anson was flagged by two acquaintances and offered drinks; and one of these men was no less a person than Fred Gannon, head of the Gannon Stores, who, hitherto, had always been in perpetual conference when Arty called. With dignity, Arty waved aside these offers of hospitality and joined Eva just as she began to explore her first lobster.

He was smiling the smile that had devastated hearts in every department store from Seattle to San Diego.

"Is everything okay, cutes?" he asked.

"Yes."

Arty snapped his fingers at a waiter. "Bottle of fizz," he ordered.

"Certainly, sir."

"But don't that cost an awful lot?" asked Eva.

ONCE more Arty turned on his million-candle-power smile.

"Money was made to spend on a swell dish like you, girlie," he said. "Having fun?"

"Ay am now," Eva smiled back.

The bubbles in the wine tickled her nose.

"Those people look at me so funny," she said.

"Ignore the saps," said Arty.

"Ay didn't mean to wear this old suit," Eva confided. "But it was all Ay had."

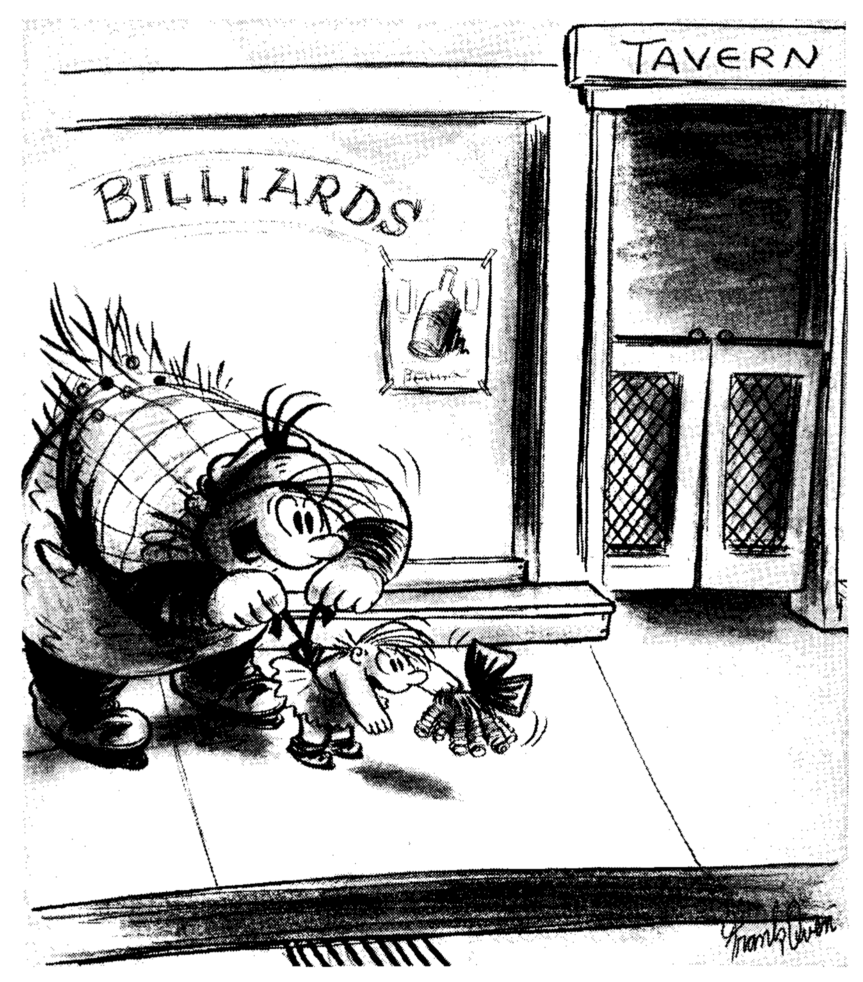
"It's a honey," declared Arty. "It's got chick. I like you in that number, babe. Makes you look a lot classier than those dames there with all their fancy frills. Anytime you go out with me, you just wear that suit. It'll be oke."

"Tenk you, Ay will," said Eva.

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"When you get in, don't forget the words:—
'Father, dear Father, come home with me now'"

Arty leaned toward her. "Did anybody ever tell you that you got a charming voice?" he said.

"No," said Eva. "The girls poke fun at how Ay speak. Ay try to talk like them—"

"Don't," said Arty. "You're in a class by yourself. I like you the way you are."

"Do you, Arty?"

Eva's heart was thumping.

"You're aces with me, cutes," Arty said. "How's about next Saturday? Can you get away?"

"Yes. Ay got some time off coming to me."

"Dandy," said Arty. "It's a date."

"We come here again maybe?"

"No, cutes," said Arty. "This is something extra-special. The Western Knit Goods Association is throwing a big party at the Cocoanut Grove—lunch, speeches, entertainers, dancing—just about the most important social event of the season. There'll be five-six hundred big knit-goods men there with their wives or," he added, "their sweethearts."

"You want Ay should go with you?"

The change in her fortunes had made Eva a little dizzy.

"You bet I do," said Arty, warmly. "But of course I'll be taking a chance—I mean I know those fellas—a lotta sharp-shooters, and once they see you they'll try to cut me out. Guess I'd better play safe and not introduce you to any of 'em. Maybe I'm just a jealous fool—"

Eva did not know whether at that moment she was eating ice cream or cement.

Saturday came like a snail scaling a cliff. In the endless intervening days, Eva did her work like an automaton, not entirely certain whether she was selling girdles or locomotives. Now and then, through her haze of happiness, she saw the scowling visage of Bette Corey, who seemed to be mentally murdering her with stiletto looks. Eva felt sorry for her now.

Saturday came. Eva bounced out of bed at six. When she finished her bath she threw the traitor soap out of the window. After breakfast, she went to a beauty shoppe and told them to do everything to her they could for five dollars. She emerged with cheeks no longer pallid, with eyebrows and lashes no longer faint, with her hair no longer straight. She put on her freshly pressed red dress, and a hat almost the twin of the one that was drowned. She was ready just before eleven, so she sat in her room, not daring to stir lest she mar the perfection of her ensemble. She wanted Arty to be proud of her. She felt he could be proud of her that day even among the élite of the knit-goods world.

EXACTLY at noon Arty arrived, and he came for her in no common car but in a sleek, stately limousine with a liveried chauffeur.

Eva opened her door.

"Come in, Arty," she said.

He came in, just a foot or two, then stopped, surveyed her, and his smile switched to a frown.

"I thought you were going to wear your gray suit," he said.

"But, Arty," said Eva, "Ay couldn't wear that old thing to a party."

"Oh, couldn't you?" said Arty. "Why not? I like it. Put it on. And you'd better wear sunglasses. There's a terrible glare today."

"But, Arty, Ay want to look real nice for your friends," Eva said.

"You look nice enough dressed like you were on the Fourth," said Arty.

"But Ay got this dress specially—"

Arty raked the red frock with disgruntled eyes.

"I don't like it," he said. "Wear the suit."

"To a party?" Eva faltered. "Oh, Ay couldn't. People would look funny at me, like they did before, and they'd pass remarks."

"I don't care if they do," said Arty. "So get a wiggle on or we'll be late. Will you slip on that suit?"

"No," said Eva. "It's not the right thing. Ay go like Ay am."

Arty lit a cigarette. His manner changed to one of cajolery.

"Now listen, cutes," he said, "will you do as I ask, as a favor to me? Will you?"

"But why?" said Eva.

"It's like this, girlie," Arty said. "It's all a joke, see. I told the fellas I was bringing a certain party—a well-known star, see—and when you're dressed up like you were on the Fourth, with that suit, and those glasses, you sort of look like her. Get it?"

THEY could hear Eva's alarm clock ticking. Then she said slowly:

"Yes, Ay tenk Ay get it."

"Atta babe," said Arty. "I knew you'd play ball. You can see if I walk in with you in that rig they'll all think I'm a fourflusher. Why, they'd laugh me right out of the knit-goods game. You wouldn't want that—"

"Wouldn't Ay?" said Eva.

"Be a sport," urged Arty. "Help me put this joke over—"

"Ay don't tenk it's a very good joke," said Eva. "Ay don't want to be somebody else."

Arty hurled his cigarette to the floor. Exasperation twisted his face.

"Lissen, you dumb squarehead," he grated. "I took you out in the first place to peeve Bette Corey. It turned out you looked like somebody—and if you want to keep going round with me you'd better keep looking like somebody. So stop stalling. Put on that suit and those glasses. Understand?"

"Ay understand," said Eva.

She held open the door. Arty Anson stopped on the threshold to light a cigarette. A kick, sincere and accurate, propelled him headlong into the patio. His shapely nose scraped along the gravel. Behind him he heard the door slam.

Arty picked himself up and limped to the limousine. It was not until the imposing car had purred away that Eva began to cry, fairly quietly, into her new, real linen handkerchief.

She checked herself in the middle of a sob when she heard a respectful but determined rap on her door.

It was Matt Nelson, in his white uniform, just getting home from work.

"What's the matter, Eva?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"Ay don't like to see you cry for nothing," he said. "Ay mean you shouldn't ought to cry. It—it—hurts me."

"Then go away," said Eva.

He didn't go away. He put his arm clumsily around her shoulder.

"Please don't cry, Eva," he said gently. "You got no cause to cry. You got so much to make you laugh. You're so strong, and so fine and so beautiful—yoost like a princess you look—"

"Ay don't want to look like a princess," Eva wailed. "Ay don't want to look like anybody but myself."

"You do look like yourself," said Matt gravely, "and Ay tenk that's beautiful enough for anybody, Ay do—"

He took his arm from her shoulder and stood up.

"Well, goodby, Eva," he said.

"Goodby?"

"Yes. Ay go back home to Minnesota," Matt said. "Ay hate this town. So many trying to be what they are not. Ay came here because you came here, but now Uncle Gus leaves me his farm—six hundred acres and sixty-two of the best Guernseys in the state—so Ay tenk Ay go home now."

"Matt," said Eva, "wait a minute."

He sat down on the sofa beside her. She took his hard, work-worn hand in hers.

"Matt," she said, "Ay tenk Ay still can milk."

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Thoroughbred

Continued from page 9

Calumet, Portulaca, Cargo, Trickster, Pennyroyal, White Magic. The start would come now in an instant. Paget felt an electric current running from the mouth of the horse up the reins and into his own brain cells.

They were off!

The white and lavender of Sargent shone in the lead as Which Way, untouched by the will of his rider, rated himself deep in the ruck, running with a stride that rolled as big and free as a ground swell on the Pacific. He seemed to know all about the miles that had to be covered and fell to his work.

THE field rose in a great-crested wave at the first jump, pitched over it. Which Way trailed his wise feet deeply through the brush, saving strength which would be a life-giver at the end of four miles of running and jumping. At his right, Bristol flashed past, jumping big and fighting for his head, but Perry Gibson pulled the stallion back beside the two-time winner of his race. Bristol galloped well. His long stride kept him hanging lightly in the air.

Now the field was rounding the lower turn. On the long straight-away towards the grandstand, Paget took Which Way out of the ruck and carried him at a smart clip over the water jump and the hedge and ditch. He wanted to see what Bristol had to say to this early pace. He was well in the lead when Bristol, dipping over the fences like a swallow just behind, came up and looked Which Way in the eye. They passed the stands. Those crowded benches flowered suddenly and it seemed to Paget that nothing but the orange and blue of Baring was waving in the sun. He could see Jim Baring like a face cut from hard wood. Judith's head was down as though she could not endure the excitement, and that was odd, because in spite of her gentleness usually she could confront anything with a straight, clear eye. He saw another face at the fence near the finish: Harry Delwin. . . .

They had finished the first round with not a single horse down but now they hit the big timber jump called Guthrie's Gate and disaster mowed down half the field; for Portulaca swerved, knocked Calumet right into the rails, and then landed beyond the fence in the path of Cargo. There was a huge spill that involved Trickster. Pennyroyal had come a cropper all of his own accord. And as Which Way slithered by the rolling mess on the ground, Paget saw beautiful Bristol suspended in the air above the top bar, heading right at that confused ruin on the ground.

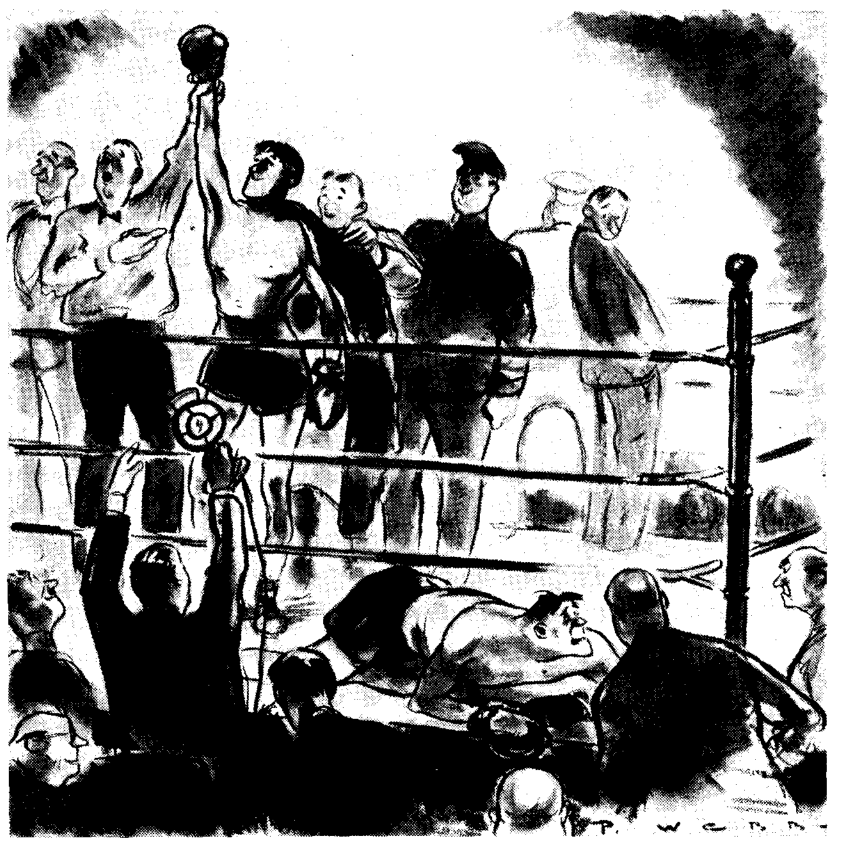
That meant half a million out of Delwin's pocket, but as Paget watched over his shoulder with a cold, clear eye he saw Perry Gibson skim the gray stallion over the tumult to safety beyond it. A magnificent effort for the horse, a splendid bit of bold riding for Perry Gibson. And five hundred thousand dollars back in the pocket of Harry Delwin.

PAGET let Which Way pick up the tiring leaders as they reached the last long turn towards the straight. Elegance was reached and disposed of. White Magic, as though frightened by the shadow of the gelding, ran straight into a fence and crashed in a heap with Tilson lying nearby, blood on his face. Calvinist unexpectedly remained up there, galloping well until Which Way looked him in the eye; then the devil got into Calvinist's brain. He swerved and lurched sidelong at Which Way as Paget settled the big gelding for the next jump. He was taking it well on the outside, close to the edge, but at the last instant Calvinist bumped the gelding heavily.

That was the end of Calvinist. He struck the near side of the fence with a crash and Which Way rose drunkenly right beside the post that thrust up its head like an ugly fist a foot above the crest of the jump. Between that timber and the hard ribs of Which Way the ankle bones of Paget cracked like dry sticks.

He was jerked sidewise in the saddle. Which Way landed, pecked and almost banged his forehead against the ground. But the knees of Paget were glued to the saddle leather.

He looked down at his right foot. It was twisted. The stirrup iron shook off the boot. It jumped up and down at the end of the stirrup leather with every stride that Which Way made. And every jump shook the numbness out of the broken ankle and let the blood and the agony come thrusting in.



"Don't worry, Mac—I'll probably start fighting in this next round!"

PAUL WEBB

There was Bristol sweeping by. The voice of Perry Gibson screeched in the air like the cry of a sea bird: "Too damned bad, Free! Pull up, old-timer!"

Which Way met the challenge of his own accord. Head to head he galloped with Bristol towards a rising madness of noise down the track. Paget might as well pull up. He felt himself a weight of lead that swung out of rhythm with his horse; the electric current no longer ran up and down the reins; and Which Way, with flattened ears, faltered in his stride. Bristol glided smoothly away. The crowd groaned like a beast that has been hurt.

He knew how the thing looked, two horses tied together by a single great effort, a battle that is costing blood and brain and nerve until the head of one of them begins to bob like a cork in a rough current, quickly left behind by the winner of the duel. Such a beaten horse never comes again, or almost never. Bristol already was half a dozen lengths ahead, running five hundred thousand dollars into the pockets of Delwin. Paget said, behind his teeth: "Oh, Lord, it's all for nothing. . . ." And then something entered him, as the blue enters the morning sky.

Paget became once more a part of the gelding's life, an added thing in his blood, a portion in his heart and brain.

With his will power as with a knife he cut that right leg off at the knee and told himself that there was no pain. He was all one rhythmical part of Which Way, now. The ugly, honest old head was stretched straight out. Which Way was running as he had never run.

Yet the gap would not be closed.

HOW honestly the gelding struggled, giving greater and greater efforts that came up through the nerves of the rider in small, electric shudderings! The sharply pricked ears of the horse drove through the heart of Freeman Paget like two spears. All that courage could do was being done, but pain is a sword that can drive the soul still farther. Paget cut the side of the good horse with the whip and felt the blow as though it were on his own body.

There was an answer—a freshening, a greater stretch and lightness in the gallop. As though pain were food and breath which he needed, Which Way raced, still with pricking ears. The heart of Paget swelled. A blind mist washed his eyes till the face of the crowd blurred and the cry of the thousands seemed to be a thunder rising in his own soul and a great voice that tore his own throat, shouting: "Which Way! Which Way! Which Way!"

THEY were seeing their miracle, which each horse-lover witnesses once in a lifetime: a beaten horse that comes back, while Paget struck savagely again and again, and always into his own heart, it seemed.

They reached to the tail of Bristol. The crowd in the grandstand seemed to Paget like a toss of flame and a rising smoke, but the voice of the yelling was a wind that carried Which Way irresistibly forward.

He could see a thousand arms stretched out, pointing at him. Women caught their hands over their faces, and looked again. He himself glanced down and saw, as though it were no part of him, the crazy bobbing of the broken foot. The bone-edges must have cut through the outer flesh. His boot was full of blood. It was sloshing over, staining the silks, dribbling down the side of the boot.

But all of this was nothing. That sword which so many years ago had flashed in the eyes of Paget and from which he had shrunk away was flashing before him again—so it seemed to him—and he was using it to strike for a cause. All the carrion-eaters, all the Harry Delwins of the world—he was striking at them. Down with them! And all the cowards who, like himself, had shrunk from the business of life—for them the blows were being struck.

Pain is nothing. It's a food. You can eat it. It's a wine. You can drink it, and laugh. He saw Perry Gibson look back, a face twisted white with exhaustion and the agony of fear; then Bristol staggered and was struck back as though by a hand. The wire of the finish gleamed as small as a vanishing thought. . . .

The horse slowed at last. Perry Gibson went by, cantering Bristol towards a halt, shouting: "Wonderful, old boy!"

And as big Which Way turned, laborious as a harness plow horse, someone ran out and raised the twisted face of a maniac to Paget. That was Harry Delwin, groaning: "Why, Paget? Why? Why? For heaven's sake?"

Paget looked down at him and smiled.

"Because I wanted to blunt the edge of your teeth, Delwin," he said. "Before you gnawed into the souls of a hundred poor devils, as you have gnawed into mine. But you went too fast. I might be ready to lie for money but to keep a horse from running for that reason— No, Delwin, I had not come to that."

OF THE several colonels in Clarenton County, Colonel Victor Tolliver Stanhope was pre-eminent, therefore it was fit that his raised voice should spread around it a silence through the big, crowded rooms of the Baring house: "Ladies and gentlemen, when I ask you to raise your glasses, I am not asking you to honor the finest fighting finish that these eyes of mine have ever seen ridden. I am asking you to consider a man who doubted himself and his horse so much that he laid a handsome wager on another, but then, regardless of profit—my friends, I toast the pure honor of a gentleman, Freeman Paget!". . .

When at last the house was still, Paget was saying to Jim Baring: "I wanted to tell them all the truth; when I laid my bet on Bristol I wasn't quite sure that I wouldn't pull Which Way in the race."

"That isn't the truth," said Baring.

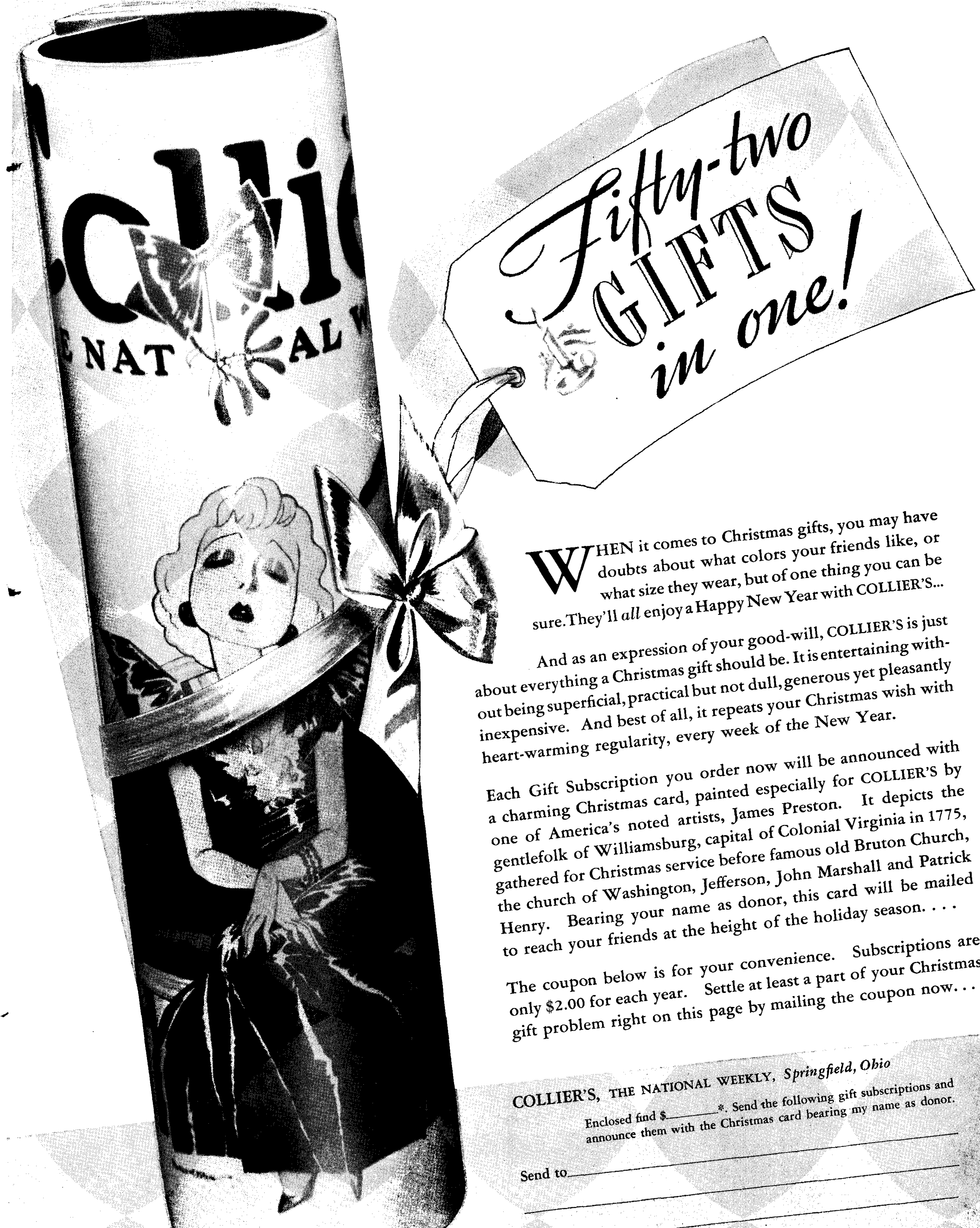
"I think it is, Jim," said Paget.

"Perhaps," said Baring, "but I think Judith will know. It's she that's at the piano in there, and playing it to let you understand. A day before the race she knew that you'd laid a heavy bet on Bristol. Suppose you go in there and talk to her about it?"

"I can't see her," said Paget.

"What a damned fool you are, Free!" said Baring. "Go in there to Judith. It's plain that she knows you better than you know yourself."

It seemed to Paget, when he came to the threshold of the room, that an infinite distance lay between the door and the piano, and the reflection of the lights laid a dim, watery moonpath across the floor. Through this he forced himself to hobble on his crutches until the music stopped. With it he stopped also. It seemed to him a moment as long as birth or death before she turned to him.



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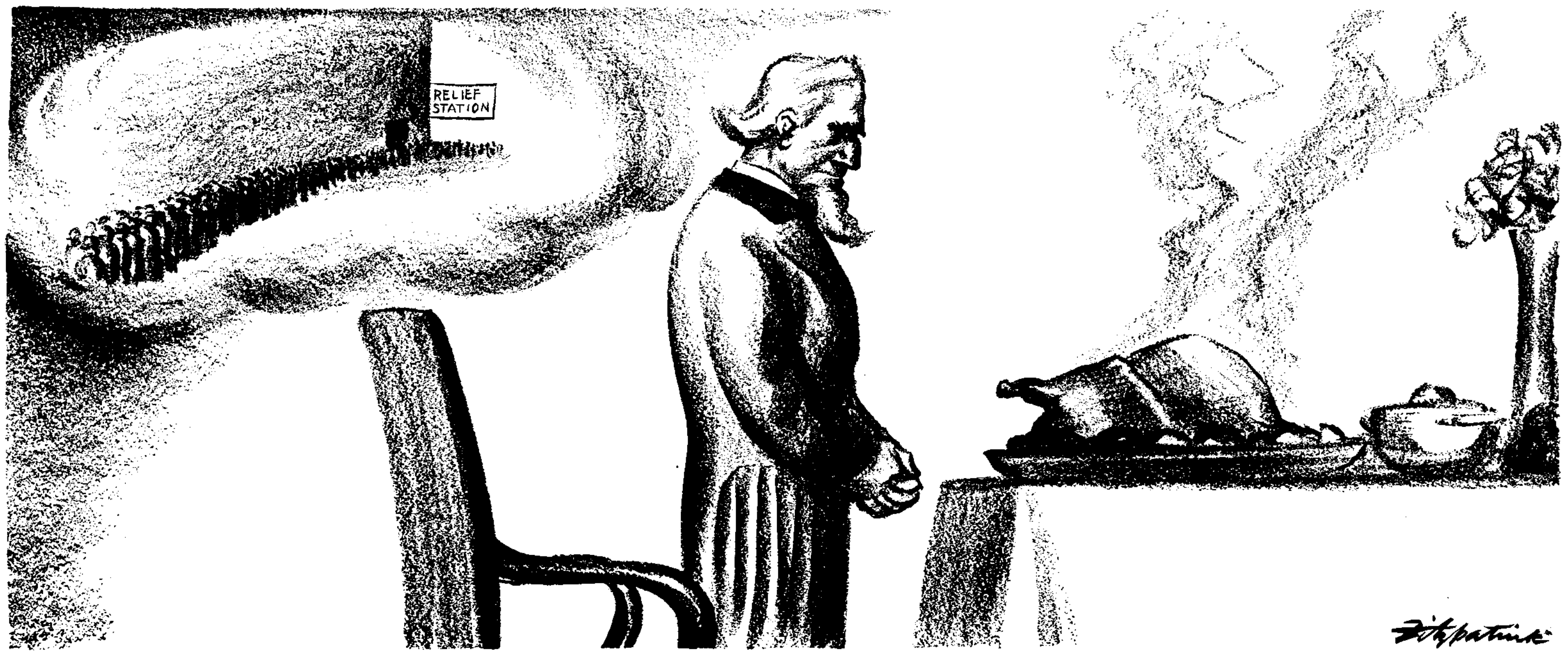


With Flags Flying

BUSINESS news is good and for this good news we have reason enough to be thankful. Not much harm can come to our political institutions so long as our economic foundations are sound. Beyond all doubt the business outlook is very bright.

It would have taken a bold prophet to foretell that we as a people could have endured, without breaking, what we went through during the dark years. Yet the record has been made. Despite anxiety, uncertainty and difficulty, morale stood up. As a people we retained our sanity and our courage.

It was not easy. Hard times breed demagogues. In seasons of uncertainty the loudest mouth spouting from the emptiest head may seem to have the largest following. We produced our due quota of addlepates and crackpots. They had their day. The flag of the republic still flies. We were sick and we are recovering. We can give thanks for very solid benefits.

It took character, fortitude and wisdom to stand the strain of events of recent years. Just as we seemed to be entering into a Promised Land of comfort and luxury to be enjoyed by all classes and conditions of men, suddenly all seemed in jeopardy. Security against the vicissitudes of life appeared to be unattainable. Men who hitherto had spoken in the firm tones of authority were no longer sure of themselves. Jobs disappeared and savings vanished. Men wondered what the future would hold.

Short of a devastating war or a blighting plague, a great people could not have been put to a sterner test. If as a nation we were ever to lose faith in ourselves and in the traditions we inherited from those who came before us, we should have done so during the recent past.

Millions were actually jobless and more millions were fearful of the future. The familiar rules of conduct and of business seemed no longer to answer the questions we had to face. We were thrown back upon our inner resources and we survived.

When the days were darkest preachers of despair and of hatred arose. Of necessity we listened to them. It was not possible to get beyond the reach of raucous voices. But we were not persuaded to hate or to despair. We rejected counsel that denied the best we knew.

We are traditionally a cheerful and an enterprising people. Those who settled this land and founded our government and created our institutions were not weaklings. They came to America because this continent seemed to offer them a better way of life.

Men who gave up old homes because of the desire for more freedom or because pioneering in a distant land promised the opportunity to improve their fortunes were a hardy lot. If they had been easily discouraged America would still be a wilderness populated by roving Indians.

The dangers we faced and the difficulties we encountered were different from those experienced by earlier generations. But they bequeathed to us resourcefulness and steadiness in the midst of trouble and an immense belief in the freedom and self-reliance we have been taught to call American.

These spiritual resources, qualities too elusive and intangible to be recorded in any balance sheet or weighed or measured, were our refuge and defense. It is hard to persuade a man to abandon the freedom he inherited from the sacrifices and struggles of long generations. It is impossible to teach men to hate when all the wisdom of the race runs counter.

So we stood the shock. We were battered, but we endured. Now the storm is retreating into history and we are free from the strain. For the great majority life is resumed along familiar lines. We look ahead without fear and with no great uncertainty.

We may well be thankful for the recovery we have attained and for the progress we have made toward normal living. However, we don't have to be smug over our escape. We are the beneficiaries of other men's efforts. We are free because freedom seemed to be worth any sacrifice to our predecessors. We have the chance to benefit by personal enterprise because our fathers had the courage to take long chances and the stamina to fight against endless odds.

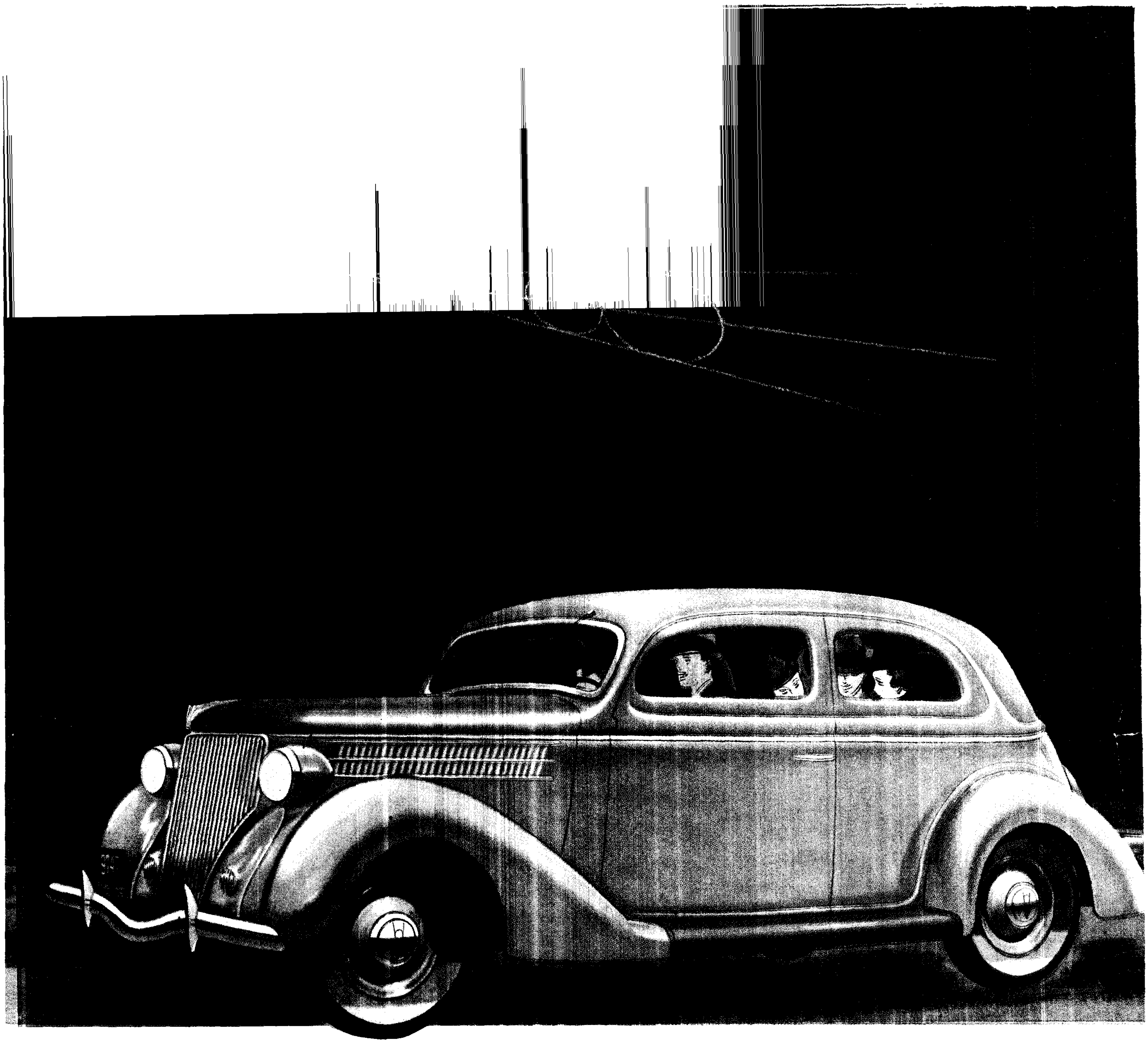
We are comforted now by bright prospects and by the knowledge that we do not have to contemplate a revolutionary break with our past. We are glad that the good things we have had will continue. We shall be very foolish if we seek to retain, also, the weaknesses, the injustices and the stupidities which brought us so much trouble and anxiety during recent years.

As we give thanks for our recovery we shall do well to clear away the tangle of abuse and neglect which contributed to our common misfortune. We know that with all its advantages our free way of life, even in the best of times, neglected many. The rugged and the ambitious drew prizes. Too many, less fortunate, had too little.

A social order which refuses to consider the plight and the problems of its less favored groups breeds trouble for all. Large numbers of willing workers unable to find employment are a menace to the stability of any civilization.

If we are to build as well in our time as the elders did in their generation, we must remove such threats to the health of the nation. The American system is good enough to extend its benefits not merely to the favored majority but to all the nation. When everyone, wherever born and reared, enjoys the opportunity historically accounted American, no successful attack can ever be made on our institutions.

To carry on the great tradition, to extend American opportunities and privileges to increasing numbers of people, is our obligation now. We give thanks for our recovery. We prove our good faith by bulwarking our social order so that it may survive future storms and our children may also enjoy the good way of life our fathers handed on to us.



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326,093,357 lbs.;
an increase of 2392%

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Cigarettes give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people.

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